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The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND*

September

15c



Spotlight Cover
of Loretta Young
Read Complete
Fiction Story
Of "RAMONA"
In This Issue

Claudette Colbert's New Home Life,
With First Exclusive Pictures!
A Day On The Set With Shirley Temple



If you want the truth, go to a child

LATELY, Jepson had felt himself slipping as a salesman. He couldn't seem to land the big orders; and he was too proud to go after the little ones. He was discouraged and mystified.

Finally, one evening, he got the real truth from his little boy. You can always depend on a child to be outspoken on subjects that older people avoid.

* * *

You, yourself, rarely know when you have halitosis (unpleasant breath). That's the insidious thing about it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice.

But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth wash and gargle. It is an interesting thing that this well-known antiseptic that has been in use for years for surgical dressings, possesses these unusual properties as a breath deodorant. It puts you on the safe and polite side.

Listerine halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. The entire mouth feels invigorated.

Get in the habit of using Listerine every morning and night. And between times before social and business engagements. It's the fastidious thing to do. *Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.*



Two's Company

[UNTIL SHE SMILES]



She evades all close-ups . . . Dingy teeth and tender gums destroy her charm . . . She ignored "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

It's immensely and vitally important—that first impression...when *boy* meets *girl*—when man meets woman.

And the first smile she gives him should be a quick flash of sheer beauty—white teeth in a healthy mouth.

But if she's been careless, heedless—her smile may be just an unpleasant glimpse of dingy teeth, of tender gums . . . and that "moment of magic"—that "instant of glamour" is lost forever.

NEVER NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

For the sake of your own good looks and good health—go directly to your dentist whenever you see that tinge of

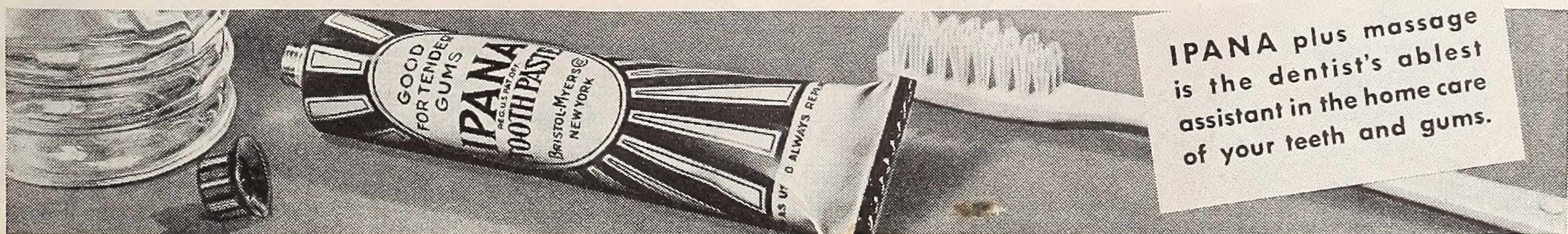
"pink." It may be a symptom of a serious gum trouble. But it is far more likely to be a simple warning of gums that need more exercise, more stimulation—gums that will quickly respond to the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage.

Modern dental teaching emphasizes this fact—today's soft foods are largely responsible for tender, ailing gums. They need far more work and exercise than they get to keep them *firm* and *healthy*. And that is why Ipana Tooth Paste and massage is so widely recommended—so widely practiced. Rub a little extra Ipana

into your gums every time you brush your teeth, and *the reason is soon evident*.

For those lazy gums waken. Circulation increases. Gums feel stronger. You'll notice a firmer feeling, a healthier look. They're less "touchy," and more resistant.

Ipana is especially designed to benefit the gums as well as the teeth. So when you use Ipana in *addition* to massage, you are using the dentist's ablest assistant in the home care of teeth and gums. You are giving the really serious gum troubles far fewer chances. And you are adding, every day, to your own beauty and your own power of attraction.





BEST THRILL OF THE MONTH

New Love Team,
Gary Cooper and
Madeleine Carroll,
in "The General
Died at Dawn"



The screenplay's by Clifford Odets.
One of the modern drama's pets.
He's famous for "Awake and Sing."
And his first film has everything.



They meet—on a train, in the rain.
Not in Maine, not in Spain—nor in vain.
It's in China, according to plan.
She's a Blonde; Gary Cooper's the Man.



Boy gets Girl; Girl gets Man. Top that ending if you can.
 Yes, "The General Died at Dawn"—But Love goes on and on, doggone!



Very clever, these Chinese.
 They look grim, but aim to please.
 Yes, it's awfully Oriental—
 Well spiced with the sentimental.



There's Yang and Chen, or Wong and Wu;
 There's thrill and chill before we're through.
 There's bang and bong, there's blood and thunder—
 This film's just a nine-days' wonder.

SCREENLAND Honor Page

To Fredric March, most versatile of all our actors!



Fredric March, and only Fredric March, has creative talent important enough to enable him to play, in one cinema season, two such totally dissimilar rôles as in "Anthony Adverse" and "The Road to Glory." First, the film realization of a noted book character: Hervey Allen's Anthony, portrayed by March with painstaking fidelity to the author's conception. Second, the realistic French lieutenant in "The Road to Glory," whose bravery, thanks to March, is portrayed without pathos. If Fredric March is not Hollywood's First Actor, then SCREENLAND would like to know who is!



On this side of our Honor Page, Fredric March is seen in various phases of his exacting rôle of "Anthony Adverse." Above, in the African episode with Steffi Duna; right, with Olivia de Havilland, as the exquisite Angela.



Here is March in his so different characterization of the courageous but always quite human French officer in "The Road to Glory." Above, with June Lang. Left, in an amusing scene with Victor Kilian, also a splendid and able trouper.



UNIVERSAL PRESENTS

WILLIAM

POWELL

AS THE BUTLER

CAROLE

LOMBARD

AS THE DEBUTANTE

in

"MY MAN GODFREY"

with

Alice Brady • Gail Patrick • Jean Dixon
Eugene Pallette • Alan Mowbray

From Eric Hatch's glorious Liberty Magazine serial "Irene, The
Stubborn Girl," and "My Man Godfrey," the popular novel version

Produced and Directed by GREGORY LA CAVA
CHARLES R. ROGERS, Executive Producer

INSIDE THE STARS' HOMES

Frances Drake gives a real English tea party for her Hollywood friends. Come along!

By Betty Boone



That lusciously lovely lady, Frances Drake, keeps up the good old British custom of afternoon tea in Hollywood. Above, a mysterious guest gets a big piece of cake.

FRANCES DRAKE lives at a famous "Garden" in Hollywood, consisting of a central lounge and dining room, a group of villas and an inviting swimming pool that stretches in gorgeous greens and blues between banks of flowers and blossoming shrubs.

Her villa is like a tastefully decorated bungalow, with living room, dinette, kitchen, and bedrooms. The color scheme is dull creams and ivory and old blues, and Frances' favorite flowers, pink roses, bloom in ivory vases.

"Pink looks so lovely in these rooms," she explained, "it adds just the right note. When I was ill recently I had truckloads of flowers sent me, and do you know *everybody* sent me yellow roses?"

Frances' complexion is rather like a pink rose, as is correct in a girl from England; her hair is surprisingly brown-gold instead

of the black it usually photographs, and her eyes are clear gray.

"Julia Dean, my cousin, and I came to Hollywood two and a half years ago and we've lived right here ever since," she went on. "Considering that this story concerns

food, I think I'd better tell you right away that my sole accomplishment in cooking is scrambling eggs. Julia is the real authority. You see, the dining room here closes at 8:30 and if we want a hot bite after that hour, we must get it ourselves, so Julia exercises her talents."

"I am what might be called an imaginative cook," confessed Miss Dean. "I invent a dish and then I have the courage to invite people to eat it and hope for the best. I make a stew that we often have for after-theatre hot bites. I call it Midnight Stew."

"You take mutton, fresh mutton, and cut it up; you also use onions, carrots, parsley, parsnips, potatoes and brown gravy. First you fry the onions in your big frying pan, then take them out and drain them and turn the meat in the dripping you used to fry the onions; then you pour away the dripping and make a thick brown gravy in the pan, put everything in it—gravy, vegetables and the flavoring—a dash of lemon, a dash of Worcestershire sauce, salt, pepper, paprika, etc.—and let it all simmer for three or four hours."

Though a native-born American, Frances spent her childhood in England, and made her debut as an actress in London. Her acquaintance among the English stars now in Hollywood is wide, and they are frequent guests at her house to partake of dishes that tempt the palate and also soothe the nostalgic pangs which must ever stir within one who is away from the homeland.

"The most frequent way of entertaining the English colony is to have them in to tea, of course. That happens whenever we're not working. Very often we have Nigel Bruce, Frank Lawton and Evelyn Laye, Margot Grahame, Ida Lupino, Sir Guy Standing—whoever happens to be free."

"We serve crumpets, which must be toasted very slowly so as to be done all the way through, put pounds of butter on them so that they are simply swimming with it, and eat them while hot. We have thin bread and butter and strawberry jam and some sort of cake, too."

"But of course the hot bite after the theatre calls for more imagination. Nigel Bruce likes kidney sauté, which Julia will tell you about."

KIDNEY SAUTÉ

Remove the fat, split and remove the white center from 18 lamb kidneys; cover with cold salted water and let stand one hour. Heat 2 tablespoons butter in a sauté pan, add 2 tablespoons chopped onion and the kidneys drained, dried, and cut in half-inch pieces; sauté for five minutes, add 1 tablespoon flour and cook one minute; add half a cup boiling water, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, and a seasoning of salt and pepper and cook five minutes, no longer, as long cooking will toughen the kidneys. Serve on squares of toast on a hot platter.

"Another favored dish for Englishmen is Cornish Pasties."

CORNISH PASTIES

Chop half a pound of tender beef in small pieces and mix with 2 peeled and chopped potatoes, 1 peeled and finely chopped onion and a seasoning of salt and pepper. Roll short pie pastry cut on a floured board one-quarter inch in thickness and cut in rounds with a large biscuit cutter; place a tablespoon of the meat mixture in the center of the pastry rounds, wet the edges, fold over and press together; place on a buttered baking sheet and bake in a hot oven forty minutes. Serve hot with brown gravy.

(Continued on page 84)



MARY OF SCOTTLAND



History's greatest love story

...told on a screen athrill with pageantry and conflict!...Two nations tremble as two women clash — and a fighting son of Scotland goes to war!...in the sweeping human drama of the virgin queen whose passion was her greed for power ...and of the fiery queen who threw away her throne for love!

**KATHARINE FREDRIC
HEPBURN ★ MARCH**

in RKO-RADIO'S glorious picturization
of MAXWELL ANDERSON'S outstand-
ing stage success with

FLORENCE ELDRIDGE ★ DOUGLAS WALTON ★ JOHN CARRADINE

and a tremendous cast of famous stars

Directed by

J O H N F O R D

RKO-RADIO PICTURE

Produced by Pandro S. Berman

Quickly...

Correct These Figure Faults

Perfolastic Not Only Confines,
It Removes Ugly Bulges!



Reduces Hips
Thighs and
Diaphragm

Takes away
Abdominal
Fat and Bulge
"Derriere"

IF YOU Do Not REDUCE
at least 3 INCHES in 10 DAYS
... it will cost you nothing!

Thousands of women today owe their slim youthful figures to the sure, safe way to reduce... Perfolastic! "Hips 12 inches smaller," says Miss Richardson. "Lost 60 pounds and reduced my waist 9 inches," writes Mrs. Derr. Why don't you, too, test the Perfolastic Girdle and Diaphragm Reducing Brassiere at our expense?

IMMEDIATELY APPEAR INCHES SLIMMER!

■ You do not risk one penny... simply try Perfolastic for 10 days without cost. You will be thrilled with the results... as are all Perfolastic wearers! You appear inches smaller at once, and yet are so comfortable you can scarcely realize that every minute you wear the Perfolastic garments you are actually reducing at hips, waist, thighs and diaphragm... the spots where fat first accumulates.

MASSAGE-LIKE ACTION REDUCES QUICKLY WITHOUT DIET, DRUGS OR EXERCISE!

■ You do not have to risk your health or change your comfortable mode of living. You reduce simply by the massage-like action of this "live" material. The perforations and soft, silky lining make Perfolastic delightful to wear.

■ See for yourself the wonderful quality of the material! Read the astonishing experiences of prominent women who have reduced many inches in a few weeks... safely! You cannot lose. Mail the coupon now!

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

Dept. 739, 41 EAST 42nd ST., New York, N.Y.
Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Post Card

TAGGING THE TALKIES

Delight Evans' Reviews on Pages 52-53

We
Went to
College
M-G-M



The cast includes such facile fun-makers as Una Merkel, Charles Butterworth, Walter Catlett, the quaint Hugh Herbert—the latter as an absent-minded professor and husband of Una—Walter Abel, and others. But the material is so thin and tired from overwork of late, that unfortunately for these fine players they can bring forth only a snicker now and then. It's all about some old college grads having a reunion.

And
Sudden
Death
Paramount



Randolph Scott as a traffic cop, Frances Drake as a spoiled rich girl who laughs at traffic laws—a very engaging couple, but here given little real acting opportunity. Tom Brown has the best chance and makes the most of it. It is a timely subject—this one of safety along the highways of a land where too many motor casualties occur—but this film becomes merely a sermon and so there are many dull moments.

The Bride
Walks
Out
RKO-Radio



When the plot doesn't get in the way, this moves along right entertainingly, with Barbara Stanwyck, Robert Young, Gene Raymond, Ned Sparks and Helen Broderick doing a really nice job of it. It's a mixture of farce, romance, and melodrama with dialogue ranging from so-so to pretty good. Gene insists Barbara marry him and live on his \$35 a week. They go boom on that, with Bob Young, very rich, in the background. But, of course, everything manages to straighten out. It has its modest share of laughs and appealing sentiment—and it has Barbara, who's always worth seeing. Go, but don't expect too much.

M'liss
RKO-Radio



Folksy and pure as the driven snow, and as Anne Shirley portrays the little spitfire of the frontier country, it's a film to appeal to all who love the simple and the earth-earthy type of play irrespective of material that seems out-moded. John Beal returns to the screen as the school teacher who falls in love with M'liss, and he, along with Guy Kibbee, Douglas Dumbrille, Moroni Olsen and others give fine support.

Doomed
Cargo
Gaumont-
British



Take our word for it, you'll be glad you went to see this, because you'll find out who wrecks two express trains in France and England, an exciting business in itself, and get a lot of laughs in the bargain. Edmund Lowe handles the comedy with a deft touch as an American detective trailing a murderer with the aid of Constance Cummings, who registers very charmingly. The plot's good, dialogue and acting fine.

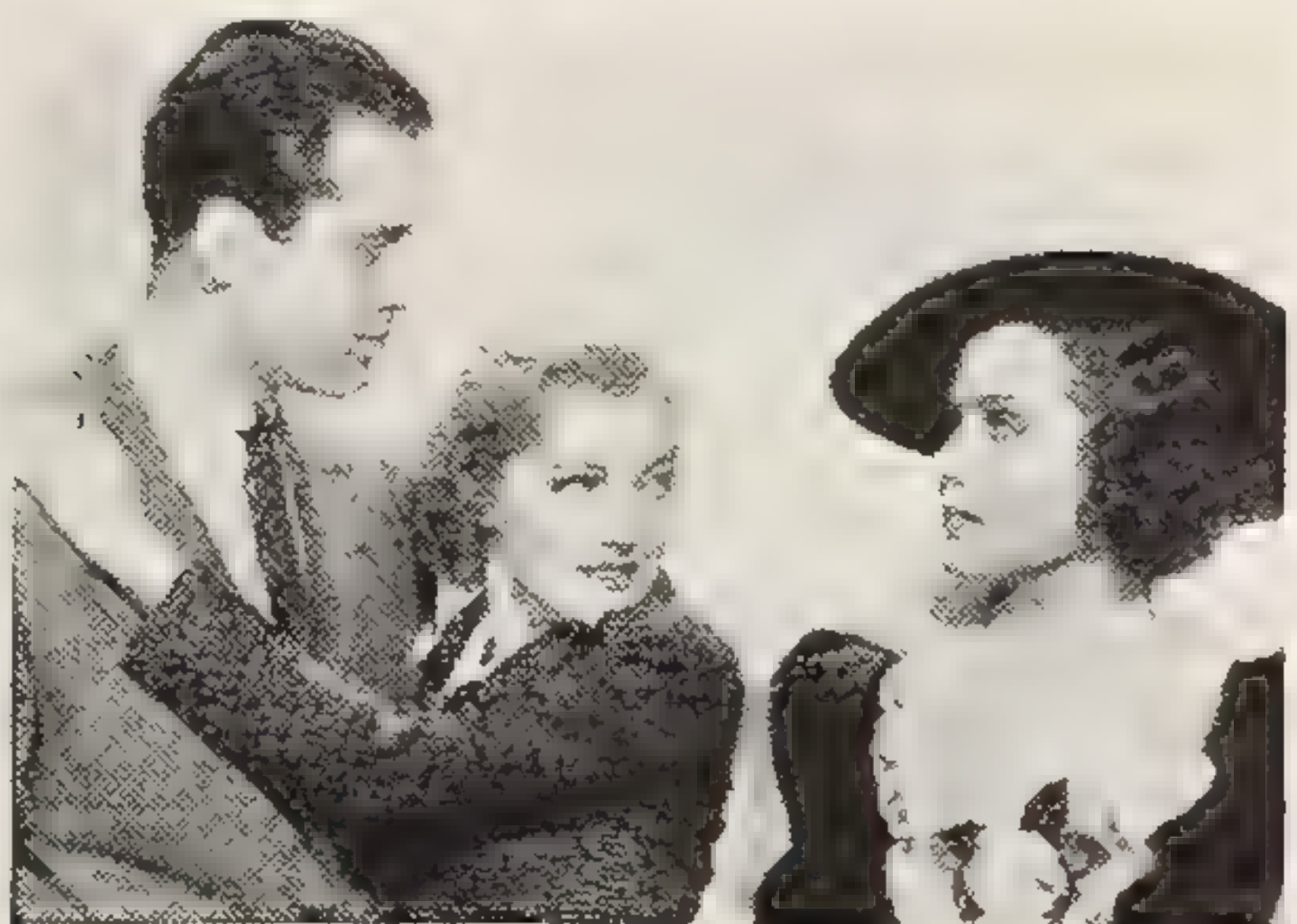
I Stand
Con-
demned
United
Artists



Another spy melodrama, this dealing with pre-revolution Russia. Harry Baur, being publicized here as one of Europe's greatest character actors, plays the middle-aged war profiteer who wants to marry a cultured young girl. But she is in love with a dashing young officer; and he, indebted to the profiteer, innocently accepts a loan from an enemy spy. He's accused of treason. Baur we shall no doubt see again, but let's hope in films far better than this inept, fumbling work, reminiscent of the early films from England. Laurence Olivier and Penelope Dudley Ward make attractive lovers. Just another picture.

Public
Enemy's
Wife
Warners

An exciting chase, a little suspense and a few laughs churned up by a combination of silent-day hokum, talkie tantrums, and general abuse of "writers' license." It could only happen in the movies, this yarn about a G-man, Pat O'Brien, catching up with a snarling, lip-chewing gangster, Cesar Romero, and falling in love with the crook's ex-wife, Margaret Lindsay. Melodrama for its own sake isn't so exciting.

Spend-
thrift
Paramount

The idle rich idling away their, and the spectator's time at the race tracks and such, as a thin little romance unwinds aimlessly. Henry Fonda is a rich playboy, a boy so spineless that Henry himself seems in a daze and ends up behind the eight-ball with his poorest part and performance to date. Mary Brian marries him for his money, but Pat Paterson loves him, not for his money, but for himself.

Hearts
Divided
Warners

One of the finest supporting casts ever to surround a star appears with Marion Davies in this period piece concerning the romance of a New Orleans belle and the young brother of Napoleon Bonaparte. Miss Davies has with her Dick Powell, Claude Rains, Edward Everett Horton, Charles Ruggles, Arthur Treacher, and others. But their valiant efforts produce only disappointing results, alas, and alack!

Navy
Born
Republic

William Gargan as a bachelor father who takes over the orphaned child of his pal. There's the deuce to pay because the in-laws on the maternal side want that child and they nearly get Bill bounced out of his beloved Navy, in which he is an aviator. Melodramatics crowd the end, with the baby kidnapped, and Bill flying out to rescue it. He wins back the child, and also a pretty girl, Claire Dodd. Just about fair.

'SWEETHEARTS FOREVER'

— when she learned —



A CHARM SECRET! Always remember it...the allure of MAVIS' all-over fragrance

Straight from Paris—comes this delightful first-aid to feminine charm. Mavis gives you a feeling of constant freshness—a tantalizing fragrance men can't resist . . . Always—after you bathe, before you dress—safeguard your daintiness with delightful Mavis all over. It keeps you fresh all day—or evening . . . Mavis brings you Spring-time enchantment at any season. And

it actually *protects* your skin—prevents dryness . . . Remember this before-you-dress beauty rite. You'll enjoy it! And so will those around you! Try Mavis today.

Mavis Talcum in 25¢, 50¢ and \$1 sizes at drug and department stores—convenient 10¢ size at 5-and-10¢ stores. White or flesh. We invite you to try Mavis—use coupon.

MAVIS
Genuine
Mavis
Talcum
IN THE RED
CONTAINER



V. VIVAUDOU, INC.
580 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

I enclose 10c. Please send by return mail the convenient size of Mavis Talcum (white . . . flesh . . .)—so I can try its fragrant loveliness.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____

They're telling you—

and who should know better than these beautiful models what tooth paste keeps teeth looking loveliest?

Anita Counihan, voted New York's most popular model, says:

"I find that Listerine Tooth Paste is the best dentifrice that I have ever used. It leaves the teeth so bright and luminous."

What says piquant Sally Bynum, a charming newcomer to the ranks of beautiful women in New York studios?

"The first thing a model has to learn is what dentifrice is best for her teeth—that is why I use Listerine Tooth Paste. It is so safe, so pleasant."

How does dark-eyed Annette Downes keep her teeth looking their best? "With Listerine Tooth Paste," she says.

What finer praise could a dentifrice have than the approval of these young women, much of whose success depends on their teeth staying attractive!

Now there's a wonderful special bargain offer of Listerine Tooth Paste that no woman will want to miss. (See panel below.) Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

SALLY BYNUM

charming newcomer to New York and Hollywood studios

ANITA COUNIHAN

voted New York's most popular model

Summer's Best Bargain!

MOIRE VACATION KIT

Rubber lined Glider lock Choice of colors

AND

25¢ LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

AND

DENTAL SPECIAL TOOTH BRUSH

Choice of tufted or oval type

ALL 3 FOR 49¢

ANNETTE DOWNES
of California and New York

At your druggist's while they last



on the Set Shirley

By

Ida Zeitlin

against possible drafts. The head with its golden cascade of curls is bent over a piece of work. Shirley is absorbed in threading strips of raffia through a cardboard pattern.

But not too absorbed to bob her head and smile. "How do?" she says. "Excuse me for not stopping. I'm making a blotter for my daddy's birthday, and his birthday's tonight. So excuse me for not stopping."



Shirley's mother sees that her daughter learns to take a stitch in time, top. That's the babe's own little sewing-basket on the studio chair beside her. Above, the charming living-room of Shirley's studio home. Left, the rabbit-hutch in the backyard of the Temple dressing-room bungalow. Want a bunny? See Shirley!

She has just finished one of her scenes, and is back in the dressing-room to go on with her school work. As she sits on her stool, Miss Anderson, her dresser—known affectionately to Shirley as Andey—is smoothing the filmy flounces of her frock. Her teacher, Miss Klamp, is preparing her arithmetic problems. Shirley, just seven, is a year ahead of her grade—yet, even at that, takes her lessons in an easy stride.

"Maybe if you read me the problems, Miss Klamp," she suggests, "I could do them in my head. Does it make you nervous, Andey, if I do (Continued on page 78)"



Illustrated by
Georgia Warren

Bill leaned forward, intensely eager as he watched Carol dance. Mavis, beside him at the ringside table, sat tense, her eyes blazing, her lips tightened in a jealous sneer.

DISTANT STAR

By MARGARET E. SANGSTER

CHAPTER II

BILL BANTON stared at his image in the long dressing room mirror, and a wry smile twisted his mouth. The face that looked back at him was undeniably handsome; even under the comic peaked cap of a court jester it was handsome! And yet Bill's glance didn't linger on his face. It traveled down over the length of a weary body, attired in motley. The velvet doublet, the silken tights, ending in pointed, bell-tipped slippers, accented rather than hid his crooked leg.

"Just a clown!" Bill said aloud. "Just a contrast! Like any broken, old piece of furniture!"

Standing there, surveying himself with humorless eyes, Bill went, mentally, over the events of the past week. It had been an amazing week—an Arabian Nights adventure set to a grimly hectic tune—a rhapsody in blue. Bill had been jerked from the place where he had fallen at the feet of Mavis Dorian—he had been shuttled from screen test to voice test—he had been fitted for both off-screen and on-screen clothes. He had been given speeches to memorize, and had submitted while an expert in illu-

sions did things to the line of his eyebrow and the contour of his jaw. He had rehearsed scenes with Mavis Dorian's stand-in; he had stammered and flushed to meet the excited approval of the director. And today—today he was going to do the big scene, the court scene, with Mavis Dorian, herself. The palms of his hands were moist and sticky as he thought about it.

There was a knock at the door. Bill swung sharply from the mirror—moved as swiftly as possible to a place behind a long, littered table. He called, "Come in." He thought, "Another dresser—or maybe that white wig I'm to wear in the last episode."

But it wasn't a wig nor yet a dresser. It was Carol Kelly. She popped into the room, fairly rattling in her stiff brocade, and walked around the table and kissed him.

Bill recoiled, involuntarily, from the caress. He said harshly: "How do you get that way, Carol?"

Carol laughed. She had a light, carefree laugh—her mirth was elfin, like a small girl's mirth.

"I want to be first!" she told Bill.

Kaleidoscopic Hollywood recasts the real life rôles of a newsboy and a chorus girl. Here's romance that fires the emotions and grips the heart!

Turn to Page 86 for Synopsis of Preceding Chapter

Bill said, "I don't understand."

Carol explained. "I'm an extra. I hear all the conversations. What the star thinks—if she ever does. What the second lead thinks. What the ballet, collectively, thinks. They talk in front of me as if I'm deaf and dumb. I don't matter, see? I'm super-cargo."

Bill queried, "What are you trying to tell me?"

Carol seated herself carefully on the corner of the table. She said: "Sitting on tables is bad luck," and bounced up and transferred her hoop-skirted body to a chair. She looked at Bill with quizzically raised brows and murmured:

"Hollywood women are tired of pretty boys who play polo and drive fast cars. They're tired of the Arrow collar type. They want their men to be interesting, a trifle jaded, a shade different. They think, Bill, that you're different."

Bill said, "I am. I'm a cripple. I've got a lump of stone where a foot ought to be. Oh, I'm different, all right!"

Carol had ceased to murmur. "I told you once before that your profile had me licked," she said, rather too loudly, "and I meant it. Well, it's going to have other women licked, and don't you forget the fact. It's going to—"

Bill interrupted—"I never had enough schooling to put in your eye. I was a newsboy until a week ago. I only happen to be here because I made a comedy fall that hurt like hell. And even that was a mistake."

Carol went on, ignoring the interruption. "I've heard them talking about your tests," she said. "Seems your voice has something—God knows what—called timbre. Seems your face takes the curse—I'm being frank, Bill—off your foot. You've got a chance to do all the trick rôles Lon Chaney made famous—to do them with a new slant. Because of this timbre in your voice, because you've got beauty as well as tragedy. Don't blush, Bill—I'm quoting. I don't think you're beautiful. That's why I kissed you. Why, some day, I'll kiss you again."

Bill laughed. It was a sorry business, that laugh.

"Guess I better sell my newsstand to a curio store," he said, "now that I'm a cross between the ghosts of Valentino and Chaney."

Carol answered very seriously, "I guess you better."

* * *

Carol was right. The ballet eyed Bill with interest, the second lead let her ringed hand linger, over-long, upon his arm. But on that day of shooting the court scene, Bill was conscious of no one save the star. Mavis Dorian, supremely lovely in her costume of jeweled satin and lace, completely filled his line of vision, and his soul. Bill wondered if she was wearing the frock that he had torn, carefully mended. Or if it were a new one. He longed to touch a fold of it. He'd know by the feel of the fabric.

The part he had to play was not hard. In the court scene he was made to crouch at the feet of the lady, looking up with adoration into her downbent, scornful face. This wasn't very difficult to do—and yet it was. The adoration came to Bill as naturally as did the way in which he breathed. It was this (*Continued on page 86*)



What Men Wish

By
Helen Louise
Walker



Don't look now, but Bill Powell likes ladies who eat like normal humans, hates those who diet to the point of emaciation. Clark Gable smiles very politely but "burns" inwardly at frilly, over-dressed ladies.

IT ALL came about because Bill Powell complimented a slim young thing at a party. "I like your hair," was his innocent comment. "It looks charming that way."

"Oh, dear!" the slim young thing fluttered. "It hasn't been 'done' for *days*. It's much too long and there is no wave in the top and Nancy said—"

"There you are," Bill drawled. "'Nancy said!' I've always contended that women dress not to please men but to impress other women. They dress for them, follow, slavishly, the current fads in hair-cuts, tailor their figures to compete with their sisters. Now, my dear," he went on, addressing the fluttering young thing, "if you want to please *men*, you will leave your hair just as it is. It is natural, unaffected and, as I said before, charming."

"You girls bleach your hair, dye it black, stain it red, let it grow long, cut it off, because some other woman has set a style. Men *wish you wouldn't!*"

The alert hostess sensed an interesting discussion. "What else," she urged, "do men wish women wouldn't do?"

The suave Powell exploded. "Diet!" he almost shouted.



"I mean, if a woman really wants to please a man, (and I wonder whether she ever really does!), she will *not* diet until she resembles a human skeleton, starve herself until her disposition is ruined, and then sit across from him at dinner and be plaintive and irritable because she is half-starved. If she wants to please a man she will eat like a normal human being, take on a few natural curves, eat a square meal with him and be a cheerful companion for an evening's fun because she feels well."

Women Wouldn't Do

Opposites of charm as seen in the opposite sex by screen heroes. Such candor!



That pained expression of Bob Taylor's isn't feigned when a "gimme" girl meets him at the door with her hand out for a bunch of orchids. George Raft won't even look at women who wear pants in public.



comes a peril to his sanity also!"

This was beginning to be really interesting, and some of the women guests were beginning to have guilty, introspective expressions. "What else?" someone entreated, rather faintly.

Bill was warming to his subject. "Perhaps you will put this down to masculine ego," he said. "And perhaps you will be right. But it is true that men wish that women with careers wouldn't take those careers too seriously, at least in conversation. It is unreasonable, I know. But a man likes to think of himself as 'head man' and if the woman across the table from him has a career he likes to think, with tolerance, that it 'amuses' her. His own career, of course, is a serious matter!"

"He wishes that she wouldn't

interrupt him when he is relating his own exploits to tell him some of her own! Nothing annoys a man more than that, especially if her exploits, in sports, business or whatever, have topped his!

"Oh!" he interrupted himself. "I think that *all* men wish women wouldn't wear scarlet fingernails which make them look as if they had just butchered a herd of calves. I'd rather see green ones than those crimson affairs."

(Continued on page 72)

"Now, no one admires a pretty figure more than I do. I don't think that I could be really emotionally interested in a woman who was not—er—well-put-together. And I am aware that some unfortunate women must take rather heroic measures to keep those natural curves down to normal. But they needn't carry the thing to the point of emaciation, and they certainly needn't *talk* about it constantly. The average woman, when she goes on a diet, becomes a menace to any man's pleasure—often she be-

"Shoot Fast" Fonda

"THERE'S that Fonda guy!"

Far across the set I could see a young man squinting into what looked like a small pair of binoculars. I couldn't see his face, but the man with me assured me that wasn't necessary.

"You never do see it—he's always got the camera in front of it, taking pictures. The guy's nuts!"

"Maybe I *am* nuts, but I'm happy," grinned Henry Fonda, somewhat later when I had tracked him down. "I don't know how I ever got to the age of thirty without finding out how much fun you can get out of a camera. I never had such a good time in my life as I've had since I found out.

"Now don't run away with the idea that I'm *good*. I don't really know a thing about taking pictures. I do it because I enjoy it. There's nothing professional about me.

"I began taking pictures in the first place to illustrate my letters home. I'd never been on a picture set before I came to Hollywood to make 'Farmer Takes a Wife,' so it was all new and thrilling. I was sure my folks would get a kick out of it if they could see what I saw. I could buy stills of the production, of course, but those were taken by professional cameramen who were used to production and never thought of taking shots of the things that amazed and interested me.

"I got a small kodak—one of those that pulls out—and took shots to put in my letters. I took 300 pictures during that first film, and the family was crazy about them. I didn't know a thing about cameras, and I just ran around shooting what appealed to me—interesting character faces, people doing something, now and then special effects. Once we were working on an enormous stage, but only one spot at the end was lit. In this spot, were two figures in a scene. I got 'way back at the dark end of the stage and shot—in front of me was darkness, then the figures of the director and crew, the cameras and lights, in silhouette, and far away the lighted scene. That was what I mean by a special effect."

Victor Fleming, who started his film career as a cameraman,

Are you an amateur camera fiend, or a Henry Fonda fan, or both? Then don't miss this exclusive feature story in which Henry tells for the first time his experiences in pursuing his hobby

By Ruth Tildesley



Henry Fonda has his own dark room, where he is shown hard at work printing his own pictures, at top, right. Next, one of Henry's best photographs, the fight scene in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." Above, kittens, just kittens. Left and below, two more Fonda camera studies.



was Henry's director on this picture.

"If you have fun out of that kodak, you ought to get a high-speed camera, the sort the news photographers use," Victor recommended. "You can shoot fast with that and get so many more shots without reloading."

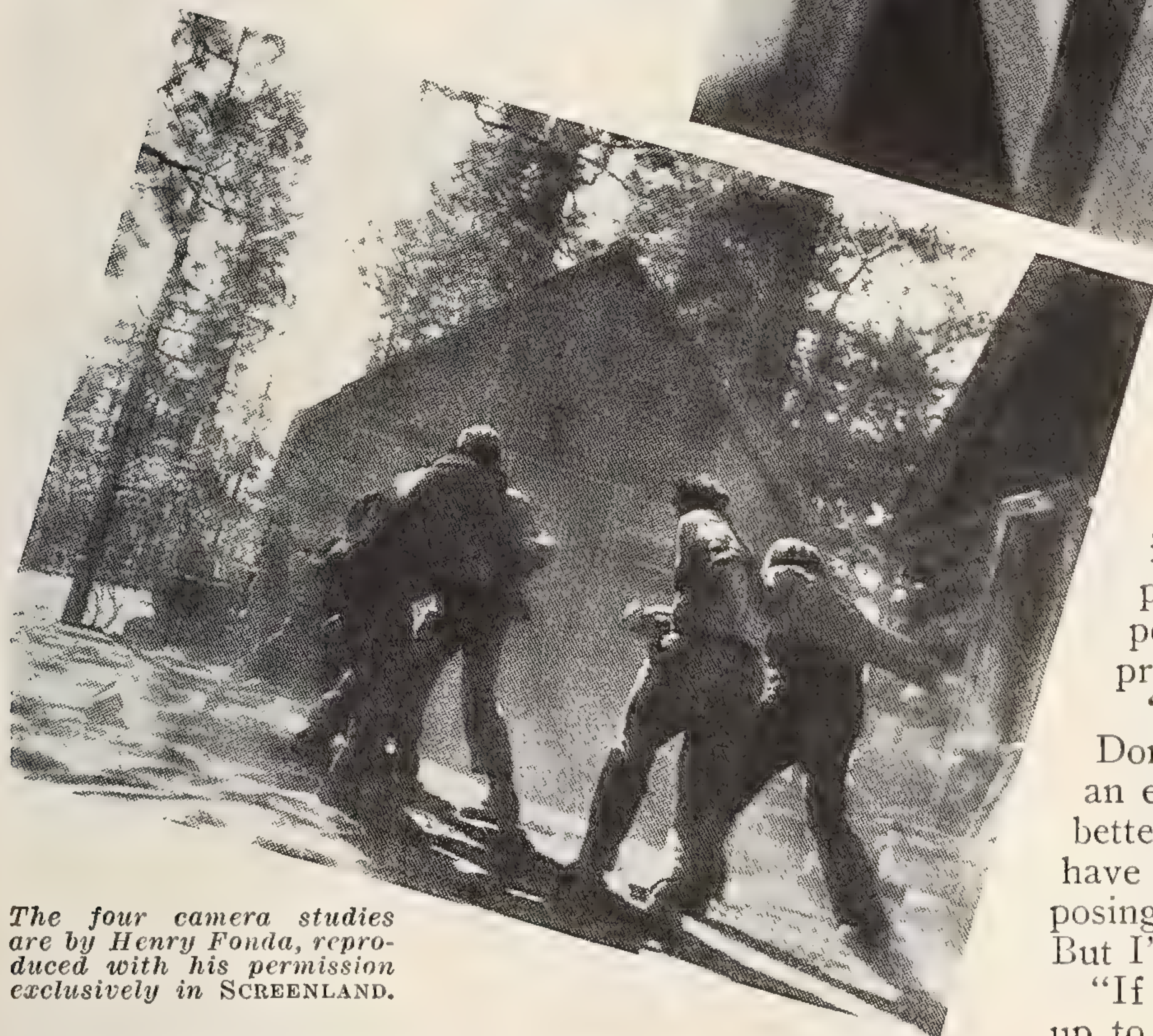
"By that time I knew there wasn't a more satisfying way of putting in leisure time, so I bought a really fine camera," said Henry, fondling the tiny model he wears strapped about his neck. "Yes, it was expensive, but it's been worth it to me because I take so many pictures and it gives me what I want. There's 36 pictures on a roll—a roll costs very little—I print my own and usually get 5 or 6 out of a roll that are worth enlarging.

"The only way I can get good stuff is to shoot fast.

I'm not interested in posed shots because I'm not good enough yet to pose them. That's the reason I never use reflectors. They have two kinds of reflectors for good camera artists—gold and silver; gold is softer than silver, and you can get beautiful light effects if you understand the things. They are marvelous to soften shadows that are too deep, too. But I don't consider myself expert enough to go in for them. My effects, if any, depend on spontaneity. If I had to place reflectors, and fuss around with shadows, I'd have to say:

"Hold it! Don't move!" while I wiggled this or that, and by that time my subject would take on a glazed look and I'd be completely fogged. I just make sure of a strong light on one side and a good shadow on the other and go ahead.

"If a subject is talking or doing something, so much the better for a natural shot. For instance, Jim Stewart likes to play the cornet. He can't really play it, but he has a lot of fun trying. When he's sitting in the patio at our house absorbed in the cornet, I often take a few shots at him. All my friends know I always have the thing hanging around my neck so the sight of it doesn't make them self-conscious. If they are moving toward me, I sometimes say: 'Stay about there and I'll get it!' Then it's all over in a second.



The four camera studies are by Henry Fonda, reproduced with his permission exclusively in SCREENLAND.

"I can't get my dog to stand still, so I throw about six feet away from my focussed camera and then when he jumps for it, I shoot.

"I've had a little success with babies. Sometimes I take a friend's baby and put it on a blanket outdoors and stand by. Pretty soon the baby gives me an expression and I shoot. Then I wait until he does something else. In time he makes enough faces to please any parent, and in the end I have something.

"Personally, I hate retouched photographs. The portraits studios take aren't me at all. I need informality. There was a famous New York photographer here who had me outdoors for three hours monkeying around until he got what he wanted. To make me feel at home he let me have my own camera between shots and while he was working with his plates and lights, I shot some fast stuff of him.

"The only secret I have—if you call it a secret—is to

shoot people while they're doing something. Playing tennis, pouring tea, reading, lighting cigarettes, playing flutes, making mud pies. I never shoot a person who is merely standing still exposing his profile or 'having his picture taken.'

"You can do a lot with an ordinary box camera. Don't think you're out of it because you can't afford an expensive camera. I believe you will probably be a better cameraman with a box camera because you will have to pay attention to composition and lighting and posing and so on, whereas I shoot fast for spontaneity. But I'm an impatient sort of person.

"If you take 'candid camera' shots, you can blow them up to any size you want. I don't bother to develop my film, because that's done by machine anyway and I hate to waste the time. But I always print my own stuff. It's fascinating to me to see the picture suddenly appear from the blank sheet.

"If it isn't the way it should be, I cut off the foreground, or slice off overhead or snip off the side. I can frame any part of the shot I want and omit the rest. I usually take from 3 to 4 seconds to print an average shot, but after experimenting you can find the precise instant to take your print out. A lot depends on the subject or the composition.

"I don't know how to advise people about shooting pictures. I think you should develop your own technique.

"Some of the 'still' men I know get marvelous effects with chemicals after they have the print in the laboratory. Fog effects that look like the real thing, soft focus stuff that looks like an artist's dream, gorgeous lighting effects, and so on. But I'm not advanced (Continued on page 83)

By
Hettie
Grimstead

LONDON

Scenes in the overseas
Mecca of movie stars!
Tea with Arliss, golf
with Arlen, and meet a
host of other celebrities
at work and play in jolly
old England



Four o'clock is tea-time for George Arliss, now playing a Sultan, so he sips a cup with his American secretary, Maude Howell, above. At right, in a scene still with Lucie Mannheim, from the new Arliss comedy-drama titled "East Meets West."



SLOWLY the great white and silver State barge comes over the turquoise lake. Silken sails swaying in the wind, Nubian slaves erect with scarlet landing poles, it draws alongside the marble steps of the Palace and the Sultan's faithful followers prostrate themselves in the dust as he is carried ashore on his golden palanquin.

Suddenly the gorgeous cavalcade halts and the Sultan clambers down, magnificent in flowing satin robes, black velvet coat studded with diamonds and emerald turban secured by glowing ruby. Carefully he screws a monocle into his left eye.

"Ah! Four o'clock, I think."

And he takes the cup of tea which Jenner, the perfect valet, hands him and sits down on the side of his glittering conveyance to drink it. This is Sultan George Arliss, rehearsing a scene of fine pagentry in his new film, "East Meets West," at the Gaumont-British studios, and still faithful to the invariable rule of his professional life-time.

George spent several months considering stories before he finally chose this comedy-drama of a wily Eastern potentate pitting his wits against the English diplomats and grappling with added difficulty in the shape of his Western-educated son. He is taking tremendous pains to ensure that all the local details are correct—he has engaged an Oriental to dress him and wind the regal

turban in precise manner, and his own distinguished brother, Frederick Andrews, is superintending all the backgrounds. Mr. Andrews has just retired from an important position in the Government of India and was at one time curator of the famous Lahore Museum. Tall and courtly, he doesn't resemble George very much physically but they go to cricket-matches together at week-ends and smoke the same type of briar pipe.

George Arliss has some pungent remarks to make about certain people who think he should go on portraying those inimitable historical characters on the screen.

"I won't be pigeon-holed as only capable of playing one type of part," he says. "An actor should not limit himself in his work, and so I am determined to separate my old-fashioned costume films with an equal division of modern rôles. In my next picture, 'The Nelson Touch,' I am going to play a dual part for the first time, appearing as a pompous statesman and also as his disreputable younger brother who pulls him out of a difficult situation. It has a present-day setting and plenty of—ah, wise-cracks do you call them?—and I am looking forward to it very much."

So we can progress happily across the studios to the stage where handsome Richard Arlen is working on the interior scenes for "The Great Barrier," epic of the early trouble-filled days of the Canadian Pacific Railway. As

CALLING!

the young section-foreman, he's once again the Dick we knew in those Wild West pictures, swaggering, virile, and tough in his open-necked shirt and riding-boots. Dick still looks as boyish as he did when he started film-acting ten years ago.

Not much use trying to talk to Dick about his career. "Films? Sure, they're great fun and I know I'm going to enjoy making the exteriors for this one high up in the Rockies. Now tell me, who do you think will win the Golf Open this year?" Off he goes enthusiastically, discussing the matters of the links on which he spends all his leisure. He has tried every golf-course within a dozen miles of London, generally accompanied by pretty Mrs. Arlen, who seems to be as keen on the game as her husband. She'd certainly have to stay home alone if she wasn't!

Take a look at Dick's leading lady, lovely tulip-slender Barbara Greene, just seventeen and come straight from dramatic school to the part which every film actress in London wanted. Gaumont-British regard her as their greatest "find" for years and Dick says it's the first time he has ever had kind thoughts towards an income-tax collector—Barbara's father is one. She's dark and warmly gentle, hates fish and insincerity, and declares that the only place she can learn her lines is in her bath!

Down in the studio laboratory (*Continued on page 70*)



Starting at top: Richard Arlen, Barry Mackay, and Lili Palm "The Great Barrier." Next, Tullio Carminati and Leslie Banks in a scene from "The Great Barrier." Helen Vinson in her London flat, and in a scene with Brook. Left, Anna Neagle on the set; and adjoining, in a scene from her new film about circus life.

The Love Story

The complete fictionization of one of the big new pictures, adapted from the immortal romance by Helen Hunt Jackson; recreated on the screen in natural color, with Loretta Young as the lovely heroine

EVERYWHERE on the rancho there was dancing on that fiesta night. Outside the tall gates the Indians who had come for the yearly sheep-sheering felt the rhythm of the guitars and sometimes one bolder than the rest would catch a serving maid as she passed and swing her high in his arms.

Alessandro stood there with the others. He whose father had been a Chief as distinguished among his people as the great Dons who danced in the courtyards were among the old Spanish families in California, knew that here was a barrier that must remain immovable.

Always he must stand so in the background. He was an Indian, and so there was that invisible bridge he must not cross. Out on the wind-swept hills he could be a friend of Felipe Moreno, the son of the wealthy Señora who owned the huge rancho. As they worked together over the vast droves of sheep they could laugh and talk.

But here at the Moreno hacienda it was different. Here he must stand outside as the others danced within. Must only look at the flagged courtyard, at the orange trees vivid against white walls, at the clusters of purple bougainvelia climbing up the balconies, at the ladies in their silken gowns and lace mantillas.

Somewhere in all that pageantry there was one brighter than all the rest. One whose young beauty made little of all this loveliness of sound and color.

He had seen her for the first time that morning, when she had called to him for help when her dress had twisted and caught on a limb of the apple tree she had been climbing. A small thing she was, who barely reached to his shoulder, and he had known in that moment when she laughed down at him that he loved her. Known, too, that always he must have borne within him the knowledge of this day and moment of meeting, or else why would the dusky girls of his own race have always held so little power to move him?

In this colorful romance of old California, Loretta Young plays Ramona, beloved of Alessandro (Don Ameche), the Indian; and Felipe (Kent Taylor), Spanish grandee, whose mother (Pauline Frederick), opposes his choice. Ramona regards Felipe as a brother, not a lover. "Ramona" is a poignant tale of joy and tears, sorrow and laughter; an enduring story of love.



of "Ramona"

Fictionized by
Elizabeth B. Petersen

Please see Page 95 for complete cast and credits.

Now he knew what it was to love, and his heart became gentle with that knowledge. The girl had only to smile and the course of his life was changed forever more.

He looked for her among the serving maids in the courtyard and his heart was glad that she must be one of these so he might woo her. And he remembered the color of her arms, brown as California hills in mid-summer, and the rise of her small breast under the cotton of her bodice.

His heart leaped then, for he saw her. Not among the servants where he had sought her, but dancing in the arms of Felipe. And instantly the heart that had leaped at that first sight of her became heavy and dull again when he saw her gown was of silk and that she wore a rose in her hair in the manner of Spanish girls who were of gentle birth.

"Look at her!" A voice chuckled beside him, and Alessandro turned to meet the twinkling eyes of old Juan, who shepherded the Moreno sheep. "It's the Señorita Ramona, just home from the convent, and every man here trying to dance with her. And why not? She's the prettiest girl here. Some of 'em drove forty miles just to dance with her to-night."

There were no stars now, no music, no laughter. Only that desolation in the boy's heart as he turned and went back to his own people. She was not for such as him, the Señorita Ramona. She, whom the Señora Moreno had adopted and brought up as her own daughter. And already talk that the wealthy Señor Valdez himself sought her hand in marriage had reached even the Indian pueblo.

Ramona was laughing as she glanced up at Felipe, laughing because she had felt so strangely happy since that morning, as if she always would be happy again.

"I'm jealous at the thought of your dancing with anyone but me." Felipe's arms tightened about her as he spoke. He loved her so much, (Continued on page 95)



At the gay fiesta Felipe plainly shows his devotion to Ramona, to his mother's anger. But Ramona, loving Alessandro, elopes with him when she learns that she herself is part Indian. Sharing his life, she learns the hard lot of his people. It is finally Felipe who is waiting to comfort her when, losing Alessandro, she comes back "home" to the hacienda to find peace.



Astaire is always a bit scared by the attention he attracts in public, but he's always good-humored, as he was even when crowds invaded his new home, shown at right, before it was completed, in search of souvenirs and remained to get autographs.

Ten Lives

Fred Astaire has been reading others' views of his "secret" life and decides to set forth a few ideas of his own on the subject. Read and you'll know him as well off as you do on-screen, and like him better

By Jerry Asher

"WHAT—another secret life!" exclaimed Fred Astaire humorously. The time was Thursday evening, (my weekly dinner date with the Astaires). The place, their lovely new English-type home, overlooking Hollywood from a hilltop and the first that Fred has ever had time to build and settle down to live in. I had just handed him a new magazine that contained the "innermost facts" and the "hidden secrets" in the life of public dancer number one. Fred prefers not reading about himself. But this particular story was so amazingly amusing, I just couldn't resist showing him the article.

"Now let's see—how many private lives does that give me?" Fred mused. "Oh yes, that makes ten in all. Not so bad for one guy, I would say. Well, even if I didn't give any of them out, at least the other nine variations had some vestige of truth. But this one sure tops them all. (And Mister Astaire knows his tops.) This one is *so* private it's all news to me. The facts and circumstances are strangely unfamiliar and definitely quite unknown. I'm certainly glad to learn all these things about myself. Just think what I've been missing—or who knows? Maybe I'm twins and don't know it."

We sat talking across the dinner table. Fred, who had just come in from the studio, was comfortably attired in a white polo shirt and flannels. (Formal Hollywood please note.) He had just completed his most difficult dance number in his new picture—and had done it all in one "take." Yes, he was in a gay mood. Fred is always happy when his work is going well. But it's seldom that it ever pleases him. This was a gala occasion indeed.

I've known the Astaires ever since Fred's "Dancing Lady" days and it's been a most delightful friendship.



Every week I've had dinner at their home or we've dined out and gone to a preview. Last summer I spent a few days with them at Palm Springs. Many's the Saturday night I've called for them and we've gone out together to Joan Crawford's dinner parties. I've even gone with Fred to the dentist—which I strongly suggest as a guaranteed way of getting acquainted with a movie star under the most drilling conditions.

This is all being prefaced, because it just suddenly dawned upon me that I've never attempted to do a story on the "private life of Fred Astaire." (I'm the one who didn't—remember?) To be honest with you, it never occurred to me that he had one. During the four years we've been friends, I've always been conscious of his great desire to remain as inconspicuous as possible—except in his work. Whenever I have Astaire assignments to do, having respect for Fred as a friend and regard for him as an artist, I always get twice as upset as he does. (Ye Ed, please note.) Maybe I've been all wrong—what—again? But I'd really like to know. *Does* Fred Astaire have a private life?

—All Secret!

When the Astaires were building their new home, one evening at sunset we drove up to see how the work was progressing. As we started walking through the partially-completed house, loud voices drifted down from the second floor. Then down the stairs marched a group of fans, burdened down with shingles and old hunks of wood, to be kept as souvenirs. They took one look at Fred and screamed for autographs. So Fred signed his name on everything, including a brick. But don't think for a moment the fans were satisfied. They insisted on remaining. Fred, who is much too nice for his own good, wouldn't think of asking them to leave. In his own home, he was practically taken on a personally conducted tour, by people he had never seen before in all his life.

Another time when we drove up to see the house, a second machine filled with people arrived at the same time. Naturally Fred thought they were more fans walking away with the foundation. Just then the driver called out to Fred and addressed him by his first name. Not knowing what or whom to expect, Fred breathed a sigh of relief when the man came closer and it turned out to be John Boles. The lot upon which Fred's house stands was originally owned by Boles. He was just calling on his former property, to see how it looked all dressed up with a house.

Before Fred had even broken ground for the new home, a local paper ran the story that he was planning to build. That evening I met Fred at the studio, as he had invited me to dine and attend the skating exhibition of Sonja Henie at the Polar Palace. As we drove up to the house he was living in then, Fred couldn't find a place to park. The street was lined with cars and his front yard looked like a convention. As we came up the walk, the men formed a circle around us. They represented contracting firms, architects' offices, landscape gardeners, plumbing establishments, frigidaire sales-

Fred steps out! Here's Astaire as you'll be seeing him in his new picture, and very much as he is off-screen—a natural, smiling, courteous chap with a polite word and friendly bow for all who greet him. He's genuine!



Fred and his wife shy away from the spotlight. At left you see them in one of the few snapshots made of them, this one taken at a costume party. Above, Ginger Rogers and Astaire in the new film, "Swing Time."



men, brick layers, house painters and interior decorators. Fred, who was fresh from eight hours of hoofing, stopped and talked to every one. By the time we got in the house, there was barely enough time for a cup of soup and we were off to the ice rink.

Besides myself, the Astaires had also invited Hermes Pan, who is Fred's dancing assistant. While they look nothing alike, Fred and Pan have similar coloring and are about the same size. No sooner were we seated in our box, than the fans and cameramen started charging. Fred, who is a past master on skates himself, was especially anxious to see the show. Instinctively he slumped in his seat, mostly because it upsets him to be (Continued on page 91)

On his way to Hollywood—and, who knows, film fame and fortune! Silver Wolf, one of those talented canines, carries his own make-up box along the road to picture-town, where, he hopes, he'll bark all the other dogs right off the screen.



To The Bow-Wows!

Yes, Hollywood has gone to the dogs, all right. But in a nice way, as this entertaining story about the lucky pets of picture stars tells you. Even if you're a cat fancier instead of a dog devotee, you'll enjoy this. (What, no Donald Duck?)

By Ruth Rankin

“ONLY fleas love dogs more than actors love them,” some wise-guy has said. You could make it more general than that. Any person who *doesn't* love dogs is the conspicuous exception. Let's consider Hollywood's canine crushes.

Ruby Keeler has had her pedigreed Pekingese, Happy, for six years. She has never entered him in a dog-show, but Happy has flown back and forth from New York with her on many occasions. On the train, she has managed on every trip to smuggle Happy in her drawing-room, and he automatically knows it is time to retire under the seat when the conductor appears. Ruby's Scotty, Smokey, was given to a friend when the family moved into the new San Fernando place. Al acquired two Great Dane pups, and after one cautious introduction, it was discovered that Smokey resented them bitterly. Smokey growled himself out of a home, but the Jolsons saw to it he had a new one just as good—and with no competition.

Jeanette MacDonald's Old English Sheep Dog, Captain, finally had to be retired from a too-public life. It wasn't old age that did it—Captain is still a sprig. But he grew too intensely devoted to his mistress, with the result that nobody could get within ten feet of her. He slept outside her dressing-room door and no one could get in until Jeanette officially opened the door. He sat with the driver in her town car, and when they were blocks away from her dressing-room, Captain set up a hollering and yelping enough to call out the reserves. When she arrived home from Europe, Captain pranced all over her new traveling wardrobe until it was reduced to shreds.

So Captain has been placed on a farm where Jeanette calls on him often. He was so jealous of the other dogs, they really were



Jeanette MacDonald, left, and what looks like a woolly rug but is in reality a bit of Old English Sheep Dog named Captain. This dog is Jeanette's pride and joy despite the fact that he had to be retired from a too-active private life because of his fierce devotion to his mistress. Ruby Keeler, below, prefers her Pekingese, Happy, who has been her pet for six years. Happy is highly pedigreed, and lives up to his optimistic name, says Missy Keeler.





Freddie Bartholomew and his Cocker Spaniel, a gift from Constance Collier. Jean Harlow, far left, poses with one of her two Persian cats. Dick Powell, center, with his police dog, Ranger, who is appropriately named—see the story. Dolores Del Rio's two white Bull Terriers need no introduction to her many admirers.

in danger. Stormy Weather had to play second fiddle, and so did the Bedlington Terrier named Piper, which Bob Ritchie brought back from Europe and presented.

Jeanette gave Nelson Eddy an Old English Sheep Dog he calls Sheba, and a marriage was arranged with Captain. Freddie Bartholomew's Cocker Spaniel was presented to him by Constance Collier, so he named the pup Concoll. Concoll effected many major changes in Freddie's life. First, Freddie and his aunt lived in an apartment, which didn't work. When they were absent, Concoll barked. So they took a house.

They traveled by bus, which meant that Concoll had to stay home. So Louis B. Mayer gave Freddie a car and a chauffeur. Sometimes, when he was going to the studio, he couldn't take the dog anyway, so they engaged a maid.

You could call it the house the dog built—Freddie has a house, a maid, a car and a



driver—all due to Concoll! Due a little bit also, perhaps, to Freddie's winning way and ability, too.

Jean Harlow has a Dachshund named Nosey given to her by Walter Wanger. Her 2¼ pound Pomeranian is called Oscar, after Jean's lawyer. Before Oscar, Jean had a Great Dane which met with a tragic demise. She told the lawyer one day, over the telephone, that she had "named her dog for him." He thought she meant the Dane. When he arrived and saw his

namesake, he was some time recovering.

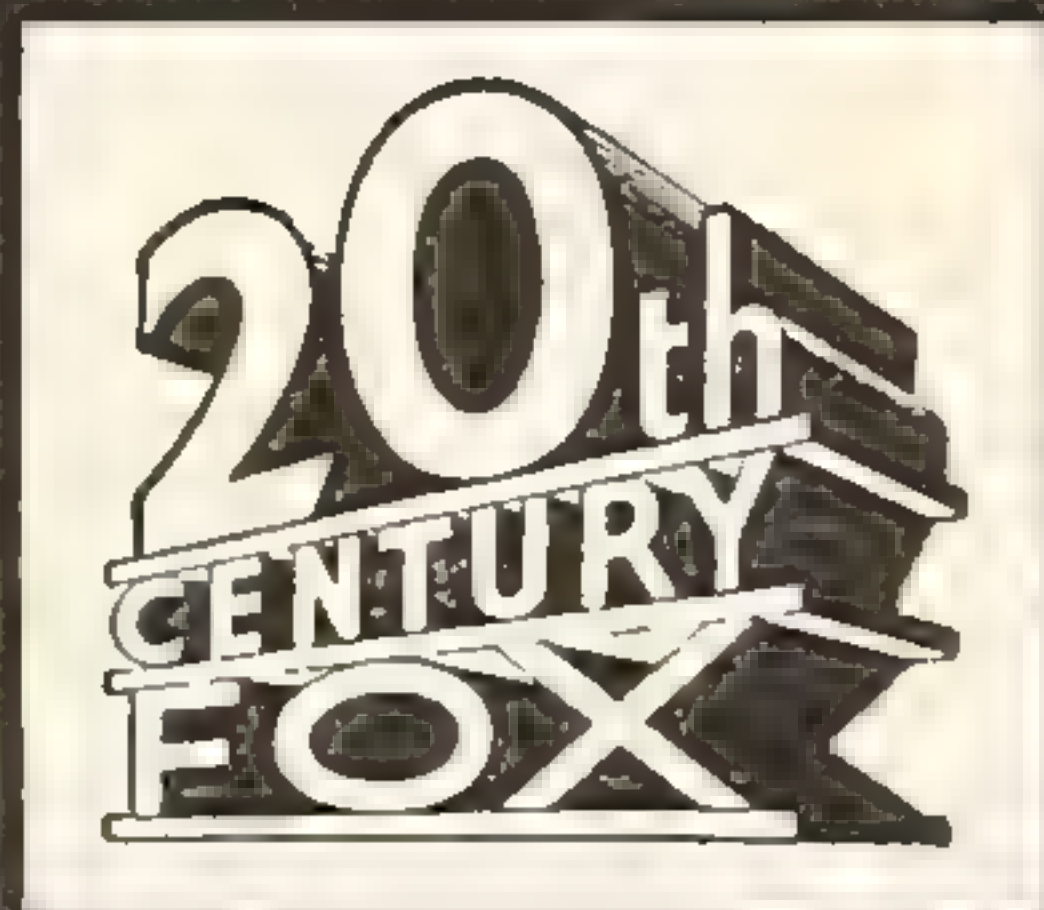
Jean's two Persian cats have no names; they look so exactly alike no one could tell them apart, anyway. They are perpetually in a vile mood and detest being left alone. It makes them so furious they have been known to crawl into the beds and rip the sheets to ribbons. They love to be praised, and bring home a variety of unique offerings, like defunct lizards, to lay at the lady's feet, purring like mad.

Bill Powell has a huge Saint Bernard, lumbering around the place with sad eyes. A present from Jean.

Dick Powell's German Shepherd, (commonly known as a "police dog"), is appropriately named Ranger. He ranges all over the neighborhood and brings home doormats, garden hose, trowels—whatever he can find loose on the lawns around about in Toluca Lake. Dick tried to embarrass him by having him shaved and clipped like a French Poodle, but it didn't do an awful lot of good. The neighbors really don't mind, much. They love having Dick call on them to return the watering-can, and make a pretty apologetic speech. (Continued on page 92)

3 SMASH HITS YOU MUST SEE!

All from



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production



Reunited in the best love story The
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CONSTANCE COLLIER • J. EDWARD BROMBERG
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SHIRLEY DEANE





Elmer Fryer

Beauty into Actress!

Frankly, we never thought that Kay Francis would ever turn in a performance as touching and true as her portrayal of Florence Nightingale, right. But she fooled us! Now, she is a top actress as well as a ranking beauty. Just to prove, however, that she still qualifies as one of those "best-dressed stars," we present her, above, in a new gown designed for her next modern film, "Give Me Your Heart."





Ah, and again ah! Robert Taylor and Joan Crawford in a torrid moment, when all the time he's thinking of Babs Stanwyck, and Joan's Mrs. Franchot Tone. Next, Adolphe Menjou, Verree Teasdale's devoted husband, and Alice Faye don't mean a thing by that look into each other's eyes. Right: an indoor picnic with Roger Pryor, Ann Sothorn's beau, flirting with Wendy Barrie, who likes another boy; while Cary Grant, Mary Brian's suitor, and Jean Harlow, who sort of likes Bill Powell, share a sandwich—for a scene.



Who'd You
Think You're
Fooling?



What's this? Wait until Clark Gable and Jean Harlow see this lovin' scene of Carole Lombard and Bill Powell, at left, above. Will Garbo sigh when she sees George Brent, above, make love to Kay Francis, who in turn may bother Delmar Daves? The top in threesomes, left, has Henry Fonda with Mary Brian on one arm, and Pat Paterson on the other. Need we remind you that Henry still likes Margaret Sullavan, Mary smiles on Cary, and Pat is in private life Mrs. Boyer?

Yes, they do look real, these love scenes. But when you unscramble the hectic twosomes, you find they're only fooling, for their real heart interest is elsewhere



Kenneth Alexander

Lady in Lace

Merle Oberon poses for you in lacy loveliness just before beginning work in "In Love and War," a thrilling story of the Irish rebellion by John Balderston. Brian Aherne leaves Katharine Cornell's "St. Joan" company to play opposite Miss Oberon in her first film since her great success in "These Three."



Lederer, our "Still" star this month, plays a tenderfoot who finds the West not so tough in his new picture. The scene still below shows him as "The Count of Arizona" before his Westernization, with Fred Stone and Billie Burke.

Francis Lederer
in "My American Wife"

The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

the West



WE HERALD

The day of the drawing-room Adonis is done, if you can credit screen cycles. Right now we're enjoying the renaissance of the real hero, who must be not only a grand actor, but a regular guy. Here are examples

Two leading exponents of our new athletic culture are Walter Huston and Edward Arnold, left, above, who met "on the set" the other day at the Samuel Goldwyn studio, where Huston is making "Dodsworth" and his old stage buddy, Arnold, is in "Come and Get It." The scene at left shows Huston in his new film with Ruth Chatterton and a new comedy team, Harlan Briggs and Spring Byington. Below, Huston at his lodge in the San Bernardino Mountains—where, as you can see at lower left, he leads the simple life.



THE HE=MEN!

Here are more convincing proofs that you don't have to be spectacularly handsome or polished to be a popular screen hero. One of the motion pictures' greatest box-office successes, Buck Jones, beloved idol of thousands of small boys, is shown at right on his yacht, the Sartaria, (Indian for "Little Star"), where he spends much of his time between pictures. His latest Western, by the way, is "The Phantom Rider"—but Buck's no phantom! The family group below includes from left to right: Mrs. Jones, Buck's pretty wife of 21 years, their daughter, Maxine, and Noah Beery, Jr., Maxine's best beau. And now for fisticuffs! That's George Brent "working out" with his trainer in preparation for "God's Country and the Woman," his next picture—which will be in natural color, to show off George's tan!



Anything for a Laugh!



Joan Blondell, top, is quite capable of scooping her own ice-cream, but it's cuter if Dick Powell does it for her. Besides, he's her best beau, and it's really pretty serious. James Stewart, above, just has to practice his piccolo playing while having his 1823 coiffure combed out on the "Gorgeous Hussy" set. Mickey Rooney, right, panics Freddie Bartholomew and Peggy Ryan at lunch. The three kids are playing in "The Devil's a Sissy." Sybil Jason, far right, calls her Scottie "Guy Kibbee." Haw!

Hollywood may be goofy, but it's always gay, and that's why we like it. We may be annoyed at its antics, but we're never bored!



Irvin S. Cobb said he had to leave Hollywood for a rest to get away from Jane Withers after finishing "Pepper" with her. Looking up, we don't wonder. Above, three newcomers, Frank Shields, Kathryn Marlowe, and John Payne, catch on to Hollywood's kidding technique very quickly. Left, a motorbike built for three beauties: Mary Carlisle, Cecilia Parker, and Jean Chatburn—who'll hop right off as soon as the cameraman turns his head. Far left, Charles Collins and his wife, Dorothy Stone, Fred Stone's daughter, "step" off a train. Anything for a grin, a giggle, a lark or a laugh!

American Classic

Ultra-modern Hollywood now re-creates "The Last of the Mohicans," J. Fenimore Cooper's enthralling tale of Colonial America

A notable cast will bring life to the screen's portrayal of such characters as *Hawkeye*, *Uncas*, *Alice*, *Cora* and the others. Above, Randolph Scott, as *Hawkeye*, and Binnie Barnes as *Alice Munro*. Right, Phillip Reed as *Uncas*, and Heather Angel as *Cora Munro*; below, Henry Wilcoxon as *Major Duncan Heyward*, and lower left, Binnie Barnes and Bruce Cabot.



Winnah, and New Champ!



Battle of the Century of
Romance! Stars: Clark
Gable and Marion Davies,
to say nothing of Kid Cupid

Ringside pre-view! Clark, trained and fit to fight a winning battle in the ring and in romance too, deftly dodges his adversary's blows, and blasts out with his own fists. Below, Romance, round-by-round: Marion feigns a faint. Clark tries smelling salts. Round two: the "champ" counters and tries an idea of his own. Round three: Gable leads with his lips, they clinch—and, and—the battle's over! It's a draw. It all happens, ladies and gentlemen, in "Cain and Mabel."



SCREENLAND pre-
sents the very first,
exclusive pre-view
of the new Colbert
estate. Our readers
are Claudette's
honored guests



The First Pictures of



Views of the Colbert mansion,
inside and out! Our hostess
herself, at top and right, on
her terrace. The interior
views show you, above, the
pine-panelled library; and left,
reading up: the living-room
with its pale green rug, twin
sofas, tables and lamps, and
priceless Monet painting over
the fireplace; center above, a
corner of the same room,
showing its handblocked linen
drapes, antique secretary and
tables; then the exquisite up-
stairs sitting-room, with color
scheme of lemon yellow, hand-
painted wall paper, and fine
Chinese antiques.





Claudette Colbert's new home at Holmby Hills is a handsome, yet homelike mansion. Claudette created it all herself, worked with the architects, helped plan the gardens and plant the trees. Left, an imposing view from the driveway. Below, the terrace with its enchanting daisy hedge.

All photographs of Claudette Colbert's new home made exclusively for SCREENLAND by courtesy of Miss Colbert. Photographs by Eugene Robert Richee and Tom Evans.



Claudette's Home!



Now for more glimpses of the interiors of Claudette's beautiful home. Left, a lovely antique table with unusual porcelain lamp and flower holders, collected by Claudette on her visit to New York. Left, above, the star's own bedroom, a symphony in grey-green, with pale green rug and paler green walls. Right, her dressing-room, all in white with many mirrors. Here Claudette makes up for her rôle every morning before leaving for the studio. Right, above, the dining-room, with pale blue rug, and the hand-painted wall paper described by Elizabeth Wilson in her story on Page 51.



Now Here's the Playhouse!

All photographs on this page by Eugene Robert Richee.



The playhouse on Claudette's estate is almost as amazing as the house itself, as the views on this page show you. Left, above, Claudette and a long view of the playhouse. Left, the loggia which gives a lovely vista of the big house. Right, the playhouse itself, where the star entertains at private picture showings. Below, right, the tennis court; and finally, the owner proudly surveys her domain.



Claudette's NEW Private Life

And now read the exclusive story of the Colbert dream-house, how it was planned, built, and furnished; and the happy life being lived in it

By Elizabeth Wilson

COME, come, now, you smug bunch of homeowners, move over and admit another member to your club. Miss Claudette Colbert, née Lily Chauchoin of the Paris Chauchoins, having had boiler trouble, bell trouble, and mouse trouble, having coped with painters, plumbers, and little men with big bills, having paid her taxes and built her fence six feet high to please the law, is now a qualified home-owner, and so *bona fide* that it hurts.

Two summers ago the Colbert estate in Holmby Hills was but a rolling knoll, quite desolate, with a fine view of the sea on one side and Katharine Hepburn on the other. It was also a glint in Claudette's eye. One of those super-colossal real estate salesmen saw that glint and it was only a matter of days before he had in his possession a rather valuable piece of paper which one of our favorite glamor girls had personally autographed—in exchange for which he gave her what he charmingly called a deed, *not* one of the deeds that go to town, which assured her that she was now a landed gentry and would have to keep on making pictures indefinitely to pay for the darn thing.

Our little Claudette, who had always lived in apartments in New York and rented homes in Hollywood, never knew what real worries were until she became one of the landed gentry. For quite some time she had suspected in a mild sort of disinterested way that something was wrong with the human race, but she never really knew what it was until she bought property and decided to build. Then she discovered that the human race was mostly concerned with putting one over on Colbert.

Now Claudette is one of the sanest people I know, but when it comes to business she is completely impractical but wouldn't admit it for the world. All *good* actresses are impractical when it comes to business. It's sort of the law of compensation or something. Anyway, Claudette has a brother, an agent, and any number of friends, all in their right minds, who would gladly have stood in for her on this little land-buying adventure; but no, Madame must do it herself. So what happens? So the very minute the super-colossal salesman glimpsed the Colbert pan the price of the property went up like a skyrocket. An old Hollywood custom. But in the meantime Claudette had set her heart upon it because it was such



Claudette in her happiest mood, as the owner of the beautiful new home which SCREENLAND is privileged to picture and describe for you in our unique and exclusive feature. You'll enjoy this story by Claudette's best friend among Hollywood writers.

a beautiful location, high in the hills, and no one could build close to her because of the two canyons, (Irene Dunne muscled in on the side where there wasn't a canyon), and no matter what strange eccentricities in the way of architecture might strike people down in the valley they could never cut off her fine view of the sea.

The day before she signed the papers she took me out to see the lot, and I who don't even own the ground in my geranium pots was deeply impressed, and oh'd and ah'd at length. "How much of this is yours?" I asked in awe. "Please," said Claudette to the beaming salesman, "will you walk off the boundary lines for Miss Wilson? She's afraid of snakes." Well, it happens to be Miss Colbert who's afraid of snakes, (she never was a Girl Scout and I was once), but that was no time to argue. The salesman gladly obliged and it looked like an awful lot of land to me, and it looked (Continued on page 81)



ANTHONY ADVERSE—Warners



TRULY "colossal!" Yes, for once a motion picture lives up to its label, for "Anthony Adverse" is indeed an epic—as elaborate, lengthy, and impressive as Hervey Allen's best-selling novel from which the film was adapted. The complicated plot has been cleverly telescoped into a celluloid drama that includes all of the story's high spots and misses few of the outstanding episodes. For me, the most moving chapter was the first—the dramatic events leading to the birth of *Anthony*, with Claude Rains as the colorfully cruel *Marquis*, lovely Anita Louise as his hapless wife who becomes the mother of the hero, and the fascinating tapestry against which their tragedy unfolds. The episodes of the boy *Anthony*, charmingly played by Billy Mauch, are quite enchanting. Then Fredric March strides on as *Anthony* the man, and embarks upon his memorable adventures. March plays *Anthony* exactly as the author wrote him, and the result is a conscientiously restrained but scarcely inspired performance. Olivia de Havilland as *Angela* is always a joy, Anita Louise is exquisite; but it is Claude Rains and Edmund Gwenn as *Bonnyfeather* who linger in memory.



NINE DAYS A QUEEN—Gaumont-British



THE finest English historical screenplay since "The Private Life of Henry the Eighth," this is a picture not to be missed. "Nine Days A Queen" is as poignant, tender, and touching as Charles Laughton's great success was rousing, ribald, and robust; and in its necessarily less strident manner the new film is equally picturesque and effective in its humanizing of historical characters. Amazingly, this is the very first work of Robert Stevenson, who not only wrote the screen story, but directed as well—in intelligent and at times masterly terms. In the tragic story of little Jane Grey, pawn of political intrigue, Stevenson has selected the most sympathetic cinema material, for he is able to surround his pathetically appealing heroine with the dark and sinister figures of the powerful nobles who used her youth and position to further their own ambitions. Nova Pillbeam, England's wonderful young-girl star, plays *Jane* with fine feeling, and holds her own in a cast which includes Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Dame Sybil Thorndike, and a clever boy named Desmond Tester. This is the best current British picture, and I advise you to see it, for rare appeal.



Reviews of the best Pictures by

Delight Swann



THE POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL—20th Century-Fox



YOU may fight against it, but you will find yourself giving in along about the third scene in which the Terrific Tot of Hollywood exerts her wiles and wins you all over again in her latest. Frankly and unashamedly constructed as a vehicle for the Temple charm, "The Poor Little Rich Girl" is a highly-colored, madly modern version of the Eleanor Gates story beloved of childish readers. Shirley, pampered motherless pet of a rich young father, wanders away from the palatial homestead into incredible adventures which include a career as a child radio star, a near-kidnapping, and assorted songs and dances and funny sayings. The uncanny child is at her best in ingratiating songs such as *But Definitely*—wait until you hear Shirley mispronounce that one; she'll have you cooing right back at her; and particularly in a scene with Claude "Crusty" Gillingwater, second only to her memorable Lincoln scene in "The Littlest Rebel." The cast sparkles with gay people, with Alice Faye especially agreeable, Jack Haley breezily likable and Michael Whalen managing to make you like him in spite of his handsome profile. Mike will go places.

TOP ACTOR:

Fredric March, in "Anthony Adverse"
and "The Road to Glory"

TOP ACTRESS:

Nova Pillbeam in "Nine Days A Queen"

TOP TEAM:

Carole Lombard and William Powell in
"My Man Godfrey"

TOP CHARACTERIZATIONS:

Claude Rains and Edmund Gwenn in
"Anthony Adverse"

LOVELIEST ACTRESSES:

Olivia de Havilland, Anita Louise, and
June Lang

SURPRISE DISCOVERY:

Victor Kilian, giving new meaning to the
term "character actor," and standing
out in a cast crowded with showy stars,
with his heartwarming human charac-
terization of a humble, not tough this
time, sergeant in "Road to Glory"



MY MAN GODFREY—Universal



MORE fun than any picture of the month! For real amusement value, here's your best current movie "buy." It's perfectly mad, it's silly, it's sheer nonsense; but thank heaven and Hollywood for such film fare, say I. Of course, you know that it's the screen reunion of William Powell and Carole Lombard, who used to be real-life Mister and Missus; but you can't imagine, until you've seen it, what an elegant team they make, these two—the super-sophisticated Powell, the stunning and alluring Miss Lombard. She plays a dizzy deb who finds Powell, a down-and-out "Forgotten Man," on a treasure hunt; gives him a job as butler, and—well, wait until you watch Bill buttle, with Alice Brady and Eugene Pallette standing by, and Gail Patrick for additional decoration. For once, a frothy comedy doesn't turn into a huge bore before your eyes; "My Man Godfrey" maintains its pace, poise, and patrician quality throughout. Thanks a lot, by the way, to director Gregory LaCava. Bill and Carole are so superlative together that my idea of a perfect evening at the theatre would be to attend when Clark Gable and Jean Harlow watch this picture—but not together.



THE ROAD TO GLORY—20th Century-Fox



IF THERE must be war pictures, then let them be as powerfully compelling, as close to grim reality, as this one! As a cinema drama, here's an almost "great" picture. Where it falls short is not in its overwhelmingly impressive depiction of men at war, in agony and in heroism; but in its convenient coincidences, its timid treatment of the love passages between the impossibly pretty and babyish hospital nurse, and her two stalwart soldier suitors. I'm not complaining, however, of one particular amorous episode that proves the exception: that in which Fredric March makes love to June Lang before he discovers his mistake; here, March gives the most extraordinary portrayal of a fancy-free, roving-eyed officer you've ever seen—he is superb, and so is Howard Hawks' direction. For the rest, if you rule out the French postcard sex appeal, you'll find a fine and honest film, with terrific suspense. Warner Baxter is excellent as the Captain of the 39th company, who faces the horrors of war and personal tragedy with identical courage. March, Lionel Barrymore, Gregory Ratoff, Victor Kilian—all fine. If we had two Honor Pages, Kilian would get one!



SAN FRANCISCO—M-G-M



MELODRAMA of the month, and not to be missed if you like Clark Gable, grand opera, earthquakes, Miss MacDonald, or Spencer Tracy. So—you'll see it! Definitely designed and shrewdly devised as only Metro can make 'em, this is "Entertainment" in great big letters, never letting you down from the first scene to the last, although when you've left the theatre you may find a few sneaking objections, such as why Clark wasn't more mussed up by the "fire;" but you won't want your money back, far from it. "San Francisco" is one big smash of excitement, except when the story enables Miss MacDonald to run off an operatic aria, introduced just when the Barbary Coast atmosphere is beginning to get you. Jeanette, as a nice girl with a glorious voice, is torn between her operatic ambitions and her love for Mr. Gable, and you don't even have to see the picture to find out which wins; but see it anyway; for mere words can't describe the effect of a scene between Gable, boss of Barbary Coast, and Spencer Tracy, as a priest—Tracy, by the way, gives one of the most honest and intelligent performances of his splendid career. Jack Holt is also present.

SCREENLAND Glamor School

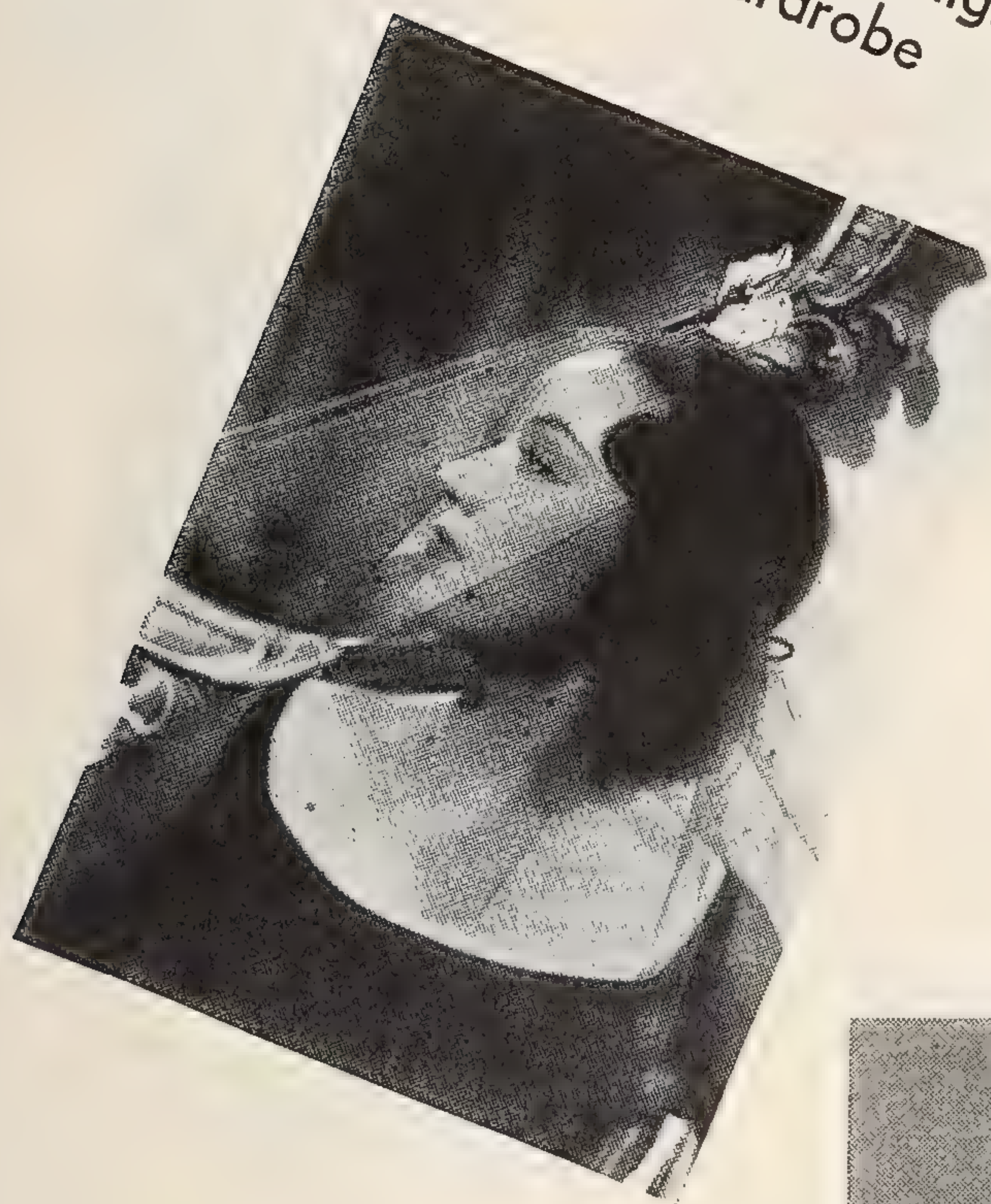


Suit of the season, straight from London—at left, above: three-piece, of grey Angora tweed, with the top-coat tailored in the best British tradition. Fay wears all grey accessories with an off-the-face hat of the suit material. Lower left, an entirely different type of suit, this of the dressmaker variety, of sheer navy woolen with blouse of eyelet embroidery. Fay's pie-crust beret is of navy felt, and her accessories are navy. A large wine-red carnation is the only touch of color. Left, Glamor Girl's striking evening ensemble: a Tahitian evening print under a full-length broadcloth coat in warm vermillion, with cowl collar and fur cuffs. Above, Schiaparelli's new Glamor innovation: evening combs designed of fine gold leaves and outlined in seed pearls.

All photographs of Miss Fay Wray made exclusively for SCREENLAND by Ray Jones and A. L. Schafer.

Edited by
Fay Wray

Our globe-trotting guest star brings the best from the shops of Paris, London, and New York back to Hollywood, where she shops some more, and makes new pictures! Here is Fay's own collection of the highlights of her world-minded wardrobe

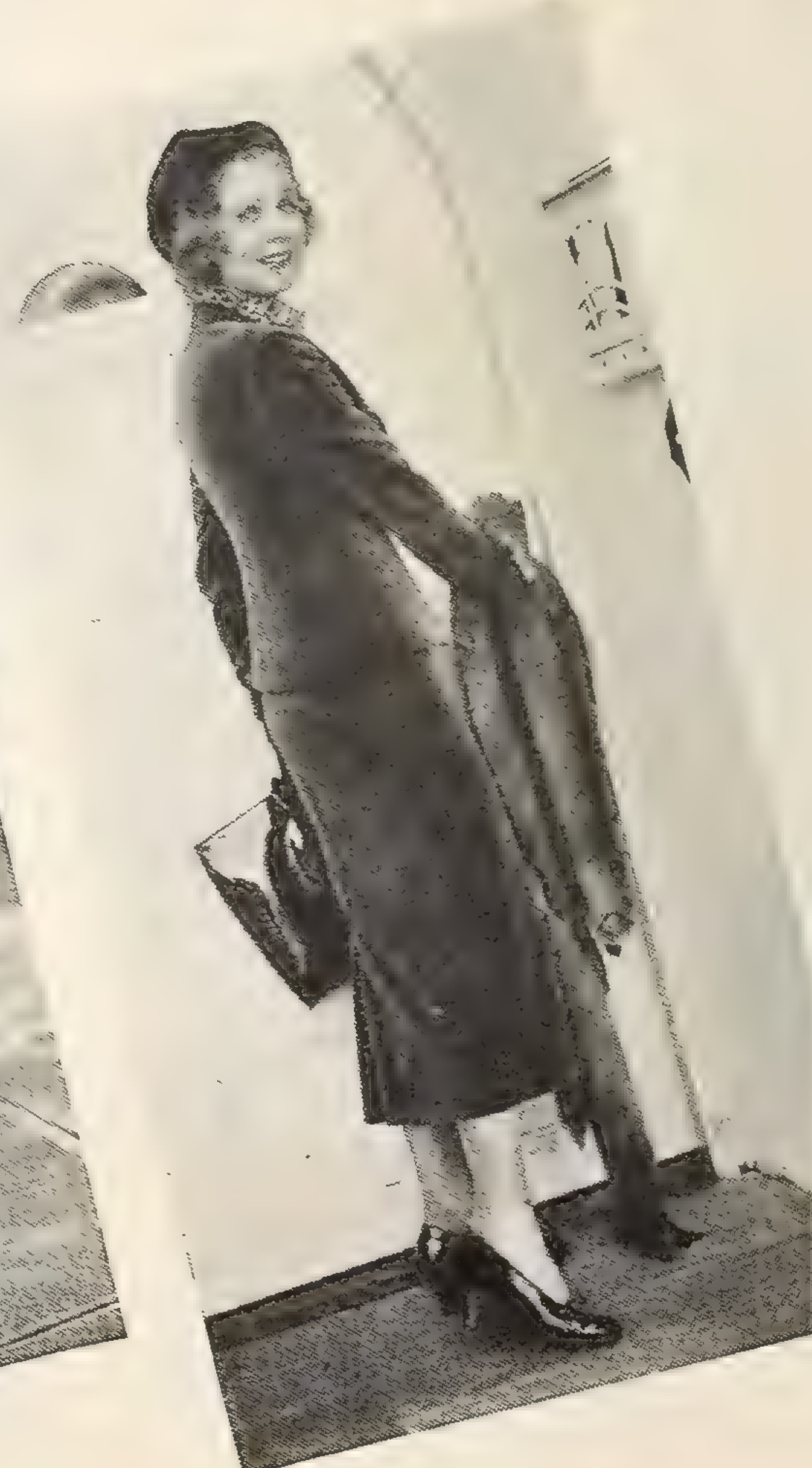


Clothes with charm and color! at top, right: the stunning feature of Fay's evening costume is the coat, which Fay wears to the theatre and does not remove. Fashioned of century-old brocade, the Mandarin influence is evidenced in the high choker-neck. The gown is a severe silhouette of black crepe. Magenta sandals are worn, and a last and perfect touch is Schiaparelli's newest bracelet made of old gold coins. Right, below: ideal through-the-day suit, with its Glamor accent a gay yellow tulip tucked casually through the belt. Right: called a negligée, really a Glamor gown, of satin-striped rajah silk in aquamarine, with color contrast attained by a neckerchief of Burgundy georgette. Above, designed especially for Fay Wray and Glamor School by Lily Daché, this Juliet evening cap of brown maline has a brilliant butterfly perched on top!

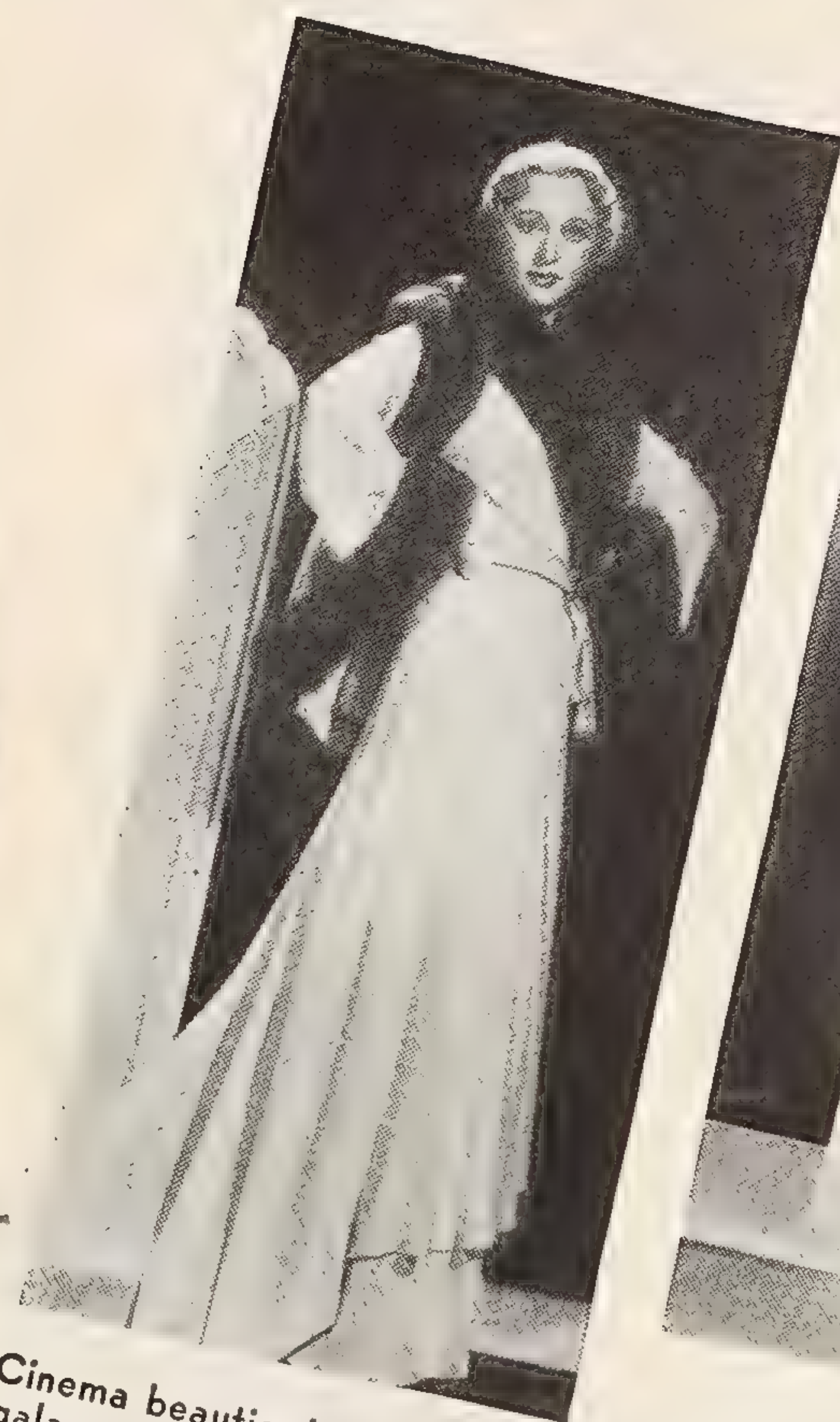
Tailored Trimness



Heralding the first days of Fall, Hollywood's alert young ladies do their suit-shopping early! Julie Haydon, at left, above, tops her black tailleur with sable scarf. Jean Harlow, above, prefers silver fox. Wendy Barrie, right, lets her trim, slim tailored suit speak for itself. Eleanore Whitney, center, left, in her navy gabardine ensemble. Virginia Bruce, center, below, wears sand-colored tweeds with big fur collar, and brown hat and accessories. Gloria Stuart, at right below, in her favorite suit of mole-colored velveteen with a printed taffeta blouse showing a new neckline, the honeycomb ruff. Gloria's hat is an off-the-face beret. Her handbag and pumps are brown patent-leather.



Evening Elegance



Cinema beauties blossom into rarer loveliness for gala evenings. Ann Sothorn, left, in her very new evening gown which is slit up the front. With it Ann wears her magnificent new sable cape, hip-length. Dolores Costello Barrymore and Elizabeth Russell, above, both prefer regal gowns with soft drapery and trains. Left, below: Pat Paterson in jade-green chiffon fashioned along classic lines, with chains of brilliants. Ida Lupino, below, wears a hostess gown of Nile green lamé with princess lines. Dolores again, at right—in a black dinner costume of Balinese influence.





We put the question squarely up to the most popular screen idols: "Is your professional life in the hands of feminine film-goers?" Read their own replies—you'll be amazed!

Nelson Eddy smiled when he was asked if the fair sex is the power that rules the destinies of movie idols—and well he may, for many believe Nelson's romantic appeal as much as his glorious voice made him a great star. Robert Montgomery, below, is another actor with a great feminine following. You'll be amused at what Bob has to say about the power of women over an actor's success.

Do Women Make

MOVIE actors are the most highly praised and highly paid class of men in the world.

The first condition is essential to the second. For to gain great financial reward there must be equally great personal acclaim. While this may begin with printed approval, it does not end there. Lasting applause, in which may be heard the clink of gold, comes from audiences. But it swells in volume with lip-service.

What counts most of all is the spoken word. It is heard everywhere—in the street, in the shop, in the office, and in the home. Social gatherings are its special forum. There talk is fast and sometimes furious. Screen reputations are fashioned into rich splendor or torn to shreds.

Since women flock to pictures in far greater numbers than men, they may logically be considered to wield the balance of power, together with having the advantage in speech. What they say would seem to be equivalent to thumbs up or thumbs down.

If their decision were restricted to women stars the matter would be quite simple. But the situation takes on peculiar interest for the reason it includes men stars. Naturally, perhaps, the chief effect is upon the popularity of so-called romantic actors. Inevitably, then, it brings up the question: *Do women make or break actors?*

"There isn't any question about it," declared John Barrymore. "Feminine interest is of excessive importance to the actor, provided"—this with the flicker of a smile—"it doesn't meet him off the screen without his make-up on. Inasmuch as possibly three-fourths of every audience is composed of women it's a cinch they can make or break an actor. But I don't think the



By
Charles
Darnton

Fredric March, right, says: "Women choose the film the family will go to see. The husband may hate Fredric March, but if his wife says March, that's what he gets! The woman rules." Below, Herbert Marshall, the very suave and polished British actor, is one of the most romantic stars in films. Bart puts sincerity into his statement about feminine rule of the screen.



or Break Actors?



actor's work itself is affected by any influence. No actor worth his salt plays deliberately to an audience any more than Paderewski plays to a Steinway—he plays on it. I don't know whether women's approval of an actor is for good or bad; but it's very pleasant, a most agreeable sensation. Incidentally, I don't believe there is anything sexual about it. So far as that goes, some feminine stars have a great following of their own sex. This was proved years ago by the thousands of girls and women who adored Maude Adams on the stage and waited for her at the stage door to show their affection. When my own sister Ethel gave a matinée in her earlier days she was fairly mobbed by them. Much the same loyalty to men stars of the screen, particularly Clark Gable, is evident today. It may at times embarrass them personally, but it's all to the good of their professional success. It makes them, whereas the lack of it would break them."

Herbert Marshall put all his sincerity into: "Whatever women do in the bulk, and of course they do constitute the bulk of movie audiences, means that their effect on the fortunes of the actor is enormous. Meanwhile he is left to the bewilderment of wondering how to keep in their good graces or out of their bad ones. An accidental word dropped here or there in a women's club may be disastrous to him. This is perfectly disgraceful if it happens to be unjust. In such case the actor may well ask if the women are discerning enough to hold that tremendous majority which they do in the picture theatre. But of one thing we may be certain. Women are emotional, and for this reason are sure to respond to emotional acting. It is through their emotions they have become the greatest influence upon the welfare of the screen actor."

(Continued on page 89)

Hollywood Says: Watch That Hair-Line!

Screen hair styles may look care-free—but they're sculptured with an eye to beauty

By Elin Neil

We're placing our bets on the "tailored long bob" worn by Madeleine Carroll as one sure winner among the countless hair styles which vie for leading places in the '36 beauty derby.

THE return to naturalness espoused by Hollywood stars and rapidly taking hold among seekers after beauty, is typified in an English actress—Madeleine Carroll. Her "tailored long bob" strikes the happy medium between that unmanageable mass of hair overflowing the back of one's neck and the all-too-mannish shingle. A whole chorus of thanks to Madeleine for showing us it can be done!

Her hair is combed smoothly back, showing a shapely forehead and graceful hair-line. Soft, loose waves end in sculptured curls, upturned and just slightly below the tip of her chin. The effect is classically simple but perfectly conceived to bring out the best lines of her profile as well as to provide a flattering frame for her face from the full-front view.

The important thing about new coiffures is to make the most of your hair-line. Betty Furness shows how the fashionable center part can be made more becoming. Her part is cleverly concealed at its inception by a strand of hair brushed softly across it. This reveals a bewitching "widow's peak" and an unbroken hair-line outlining one of Hollywood's loveliest foreheads. Her hair is brushed up and off her pretty ears, and it ends in a short long bob—abandoned with careful precision.

The vogue for saucy curls atop one's head will probably continue, at least if they're as becoming to everyone as they are to Louise Lattimer! Her coiffure starts with a side part, and the soft little curls commence about two inches away from it. If you adopt these top curls for yourself, you must experiment to find out just where to place them to give you the most flattering lines. Sometimes they're piled evenly across the back of one's head providing a "halo" effect when seen from the front; and the whole back of the head may be banked with soft curls from the neckline up.

There's been a vast revival in bangs—but they're not for everyone! Constance Bennett is the type who can wear them to perfection. She has a slender face, tapering gracefully to the tip of her chin. Her forehead is high enough to support bangs, although it's very attractive unembellished when she chooses (*Continued on page 76*)

Reading up: the lovely, becoming coiffures of Betty Furness, Louise Lattimer, Constance Bennett, and Irene Hervey offer hints for styles you can adopt.



He's one of Hollywood's happiest husbands as well as a favorite person of all who know him, and a star who has maintained his popularity since his first film, "The Iron Horse." Left above, a bit of "chow" with his wife, Marguerite Churchill, at their ranch. Left, on his famous horse, Mike.

The Super Cowboy

George O'Brien, ten years a star,
starts a new phase of his career

By
Tom Kennedy

GIVE an actor a horse he can ride, and you have a western star—not always, of course, but sometimes. But always when the screen "mounties" make a hit, they stick to that saddle and ride a smoother, longer trail of popularity than stars of the top-hat-and-tails division. Because most actors like variety and know once they get on a horse they'll probably never get off to have a go at the drawing-room drama, many of them, unlike *Richard* offering his kingdom for one, they would rather offer their options not to have a horse—except for a little polo, or cantering over the Beverly hills, or maybe to carry their silks around the tracks in a cloud of dust kicked up by fleeter feet of entries from the stables of Whitney, Vanderbilt, Brookmead, and other equine castles in the kingdom of the turf.

Even so, if being happy off-screen as well as heroic on it means what it should to all humans, these actors might do worse than be in the very boots of the boys who shoot straight, ride hard, and know the short cut over the hills to beat the villain to the little ranch house where lives the pretty little girl, all alone and unprotected.

They're a happy lot off-screen, these western stars. No harried looks of care and woe over stories, and billing, and proper lighting line the faces of these boys. Take George O'Brien, Buck Jones, Bill Boyd, Ken Maynard, or other westerners now in the blue-chips. But let's take George O'Brien, because only the other day George took a film company sales convention like the smart little pig took the wolves in that recent Disney classic.

This sales convention brought into solemn conclave all the boys who sell Astaire, Hepburn, Rogers, Pons, and other RKO films to the theatres. George O'Brien has joined that company, and his presence at the meetings started an orgy of autograph collecting like something you'd see at a premiere at Graumans—and from a lot of drummers who talk hard and fast, and think in a hard-boiled way about pictures. How do you like that as a demonstration of popularity?

Maybe it's not good for their business to keep exposing these western heroes, who are supposed to be bashful, home-tethered, city-shy fellows, as chaps who get around quite a bit after they finish their (Continued on page 93)



HERE'S HOLLYWOOD!

The news at a glance.
All about the stars!

By Weston East

RIGHT up to the time of her departure for England to co-star with Robert Donat in the Korda film, "Knight Without Armor," Marlene Dietrich continued to startle the natives with her bizarre costuming. On one of her last appearances at the Troc, Marlene was up to there in silver fox, and all you could see of Dietrich was one roving eye, peeking from under a hat-brim.

THE behavior of Ruth Chatterton, (who hasn't had a success in several years), is not befitting her title of the first lady of the screen. On the "Dodsworth" set, Ruth was doing scenes with Madame Maria Ouspenskaya, the famous Russian actress, who was brought to Hollywood to re-create her rôle. Not only did Ruth object to the length of Madame's close-ups, she suddenly developed spells of coughing in the middle of Madame's best scenes.

JOAN CRAWFORD, who suffers from an inferiority complex, went to see "The Great Ziegfeld." Just that day Joan had seen rushes of "The Gorgeous Hussy" and, for the first time, was a little pleased with her work. When she saw Luise Rainer's performance as Anna Held, Joan

It's Hollywood all right! Look at the girls, especially the one in the center. She's Alice Faye, a brownette now, but prettier and cleverer than ever.

remarked the next day that it made her feel she was just a beginner. Later on Joan happened to meet Luise on the lot. The Viennese lady was sobbing her heart out. Joan stopped to ask if there was anything she could do. Luise had just come from the "Good Earth" set, where she had given a great dramatic account of herself. So realistic was the scene, she just couldn't check her tears. Thirty minutes later Luise was back on her set showing everyone a beautiful bouquet of orchids that had just arrived. Attached was a card bearing a friendly word of greeting from Joan.

FOR the moment the studio was quite alarmed over the condition of Jean Harlow. On the set of "Suzy" she became ill and it left her so nervous, she couldn't go on with the scene. Jean has been working very hard these last few months. Between times, she has been moving out of her white house on the hill. She has sold it and is now living comfortably in smaller quarters in Beverly Hills.

JEAN MUIR and Julie Haydon, who are the best of friends in real life, are deadly rivals for the rôle of *Ophelia*, in Leslie Howard's forthcoming stage production of "Hamlet." And the funny part of it is, Leslie is quite interested in the work of both girls.



Wide World

Love wins! Fred MacMurray's studio did not want him to marry, but Fred had other ideas, so: meet Mr. and Mrs. MacMurray, the former Lillian LaMont.



Acme

Douglas Fairbanks, his wife—the former Lady Sylvia Ashley—Norma Shearer, and her husband, Irving Thalberg, at the Los Angeles stage premiere of Katharine Cornell in "Saint Joan."



International

Arthur Hornblow, Jr., and Mrs. Arthur Hornblow, Jr., whom you and the world know better as Myrna Loy, smile across the table at each other as cameras shoot at the happy Hollywood couple.

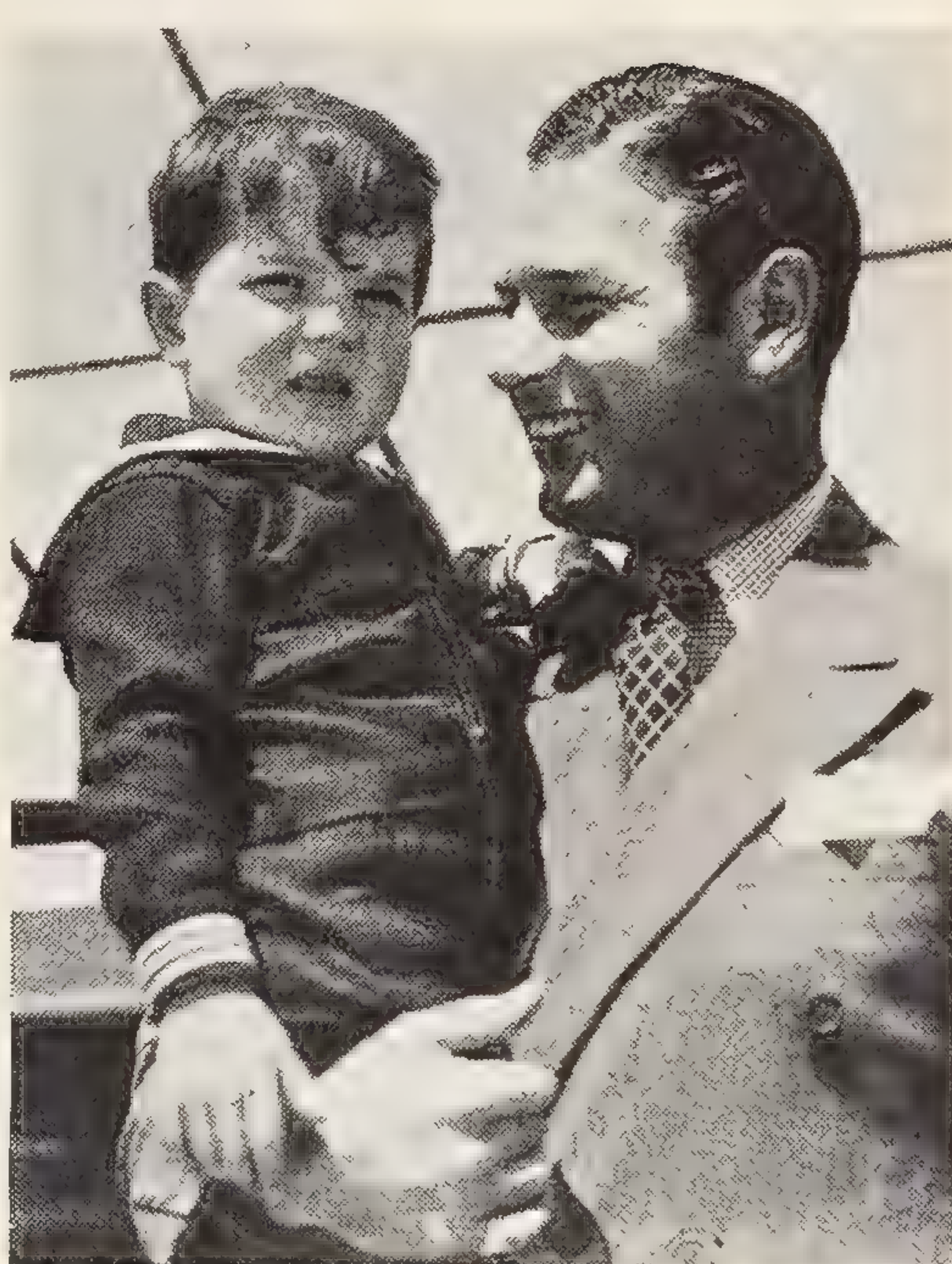
WHEN you see the actor who plays Errol Flynn's brother in "Charge of the Light Brigade," you're going to have the shock of your life. His name is Pat Knowles. He's from England too and actually looks enough like Errol really to be his brother. The two met for the first time on the Warner lot.

SHIRLEY ROSS threatens to sue James Stewart for plagiarism! With the craze for "Handys" sweeping the country, the young singer, who is a good friend of Jimmy, would get in touch with him, every time she learned a new "Handy." Jimmy has a wonderful memory. At every party he went over like a million with the nonsensical hand gestures Shirley had showed him. Now the studio has decided to make a "Handy" short, and Jimmy has been asked to do his stuff. Shirley "threatens" court action unless he comes across with half the profits!



Wide World

Hollywood said: "This is so sudden!" But Henry Wilcoxon and Sheila Browning, actress, only smiled happily when they applied for their marriage license.



Acme

A chip of the young old block is Dick Arlen, Jr., snapped here with his dad as they had a look-see at London, where the proud parent was making a picture.

THERE'S going to be two of everything for the Crosby twins, in Bing's new home. His sons have their own suite, each with his own bath tub and even his own kitchen. The house will have twenty rooms in all. "Just a little place we call home," Bing explains.

JUST as Joan Blondell was getting ready to walk into a scene, an electrician quite innocently pulled a big cable. It sent Joan sprawling and tore the ligaments in her leg. She was carried to a doctor and then sent home for the balance of the week. Dick Powell, who but recently recovered from a serious throat operation, was acting in the same scene. Every time he'd finish a "take," he'd rush to the phone and call Joan's house to see how she was getting along.

ALITTLE bird tells me that Luise Rainer is consulting a psycho-analyst. If it's true, it's more amazing that this newcomer, who scored an instantaneous success in Hollywood, should be suffering from such a complex. But it seems that Luise gets microphone nervousness—which makes her performances seem all the more remarkable. More power to you, Luise.



Wide World

They huffed, and puffed, and had a swell time blowing out the candles on the birthday cake at the surprise party given Jeanette MacDonald by Gene Raymond, John Mack Brown, Nelson Eddy, James Stewart, and Anita Louise, left to right, with Jeanette ready to carve.



Marylyn Thorpe, daughter of Mary Astor, realizes her ambition to have her picture taken with her famous mother. This is Marylyn's first.

JOAN CRAWFORD'S swimming pool on Sunday afternoon was a sight that would have thrilled the hearts of fans the world over. It was Joan's and Franchot's first garden party of the season. Imagine if you can, Joan, Franchot, Francis Lederer, Gary Cooper, Barbara Stanwyck, Robert Taylor, James Stewart, Ginger Rogers, Una Merkel, Henry Fonda, and Madge Evans—all in the pool at one time! And the funniest sight of the afternoon was Gary Cooper riding a rubber horse to victory, against the deadly rivalry of Henry Fonda.

THERE'S a bit of early Los Angeles called Olvera Street that is one of the few remaining landmarks of Mexican origin. All the tourists gather there and purchase the gay pottery and scented candles to take home as souvenirs. Jean Arthur took a party of friends down to see the sights. In one of the booths she



Looks like Eddie Arnold is down a shot or so to his son, left, because there's a determination in those features that declares: "this one means business."

saw a stack of peon straw hats, that were selling for fifty cents apiece. Jean turned up a brim, dented in a crown, and pinched the feather trim into a rakish angle. The result was one of the smartest "Tyrolean" chapeaux of the season. Now many of the stars are sending their chauffeurs down with fifty cents to get a new hat.

THE Sally Blane-Norman Foster baby has been christened Gretchen. She was named after her famous aunt, whom you know as Loretta Young. Incidentally, Loretta dashed up from the "Ramona" location when she heard the news, and a special cable was sent to Loretta's best beau, Eddie Sutherland, who was then touring around in Europe. Several hours before the baby was born, the Fosters were dining quietly in the Beverly Brown Derby. The baby wasn't expected for two weeks.

THERE'S a certain room in a Los Angeles hospital, where worthy cases can always be assured of a bed and the best medical attention. The donor is Mary Bolland, who would much rather not have this story printed. It came to me through an ex-patient, who owes his life to Mary's kindness.



Her dad's new film is "China Clipper," so Mavourneen, seen with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Pat O'Brien, puts a bit of Oriental flavor in her millinery.

GINGER ROGERS was dining out recently, at the home of friends. At seven o'clock she asked them if they wouldn't tune in on Jack Benny. Imagine the host's surprise when Benny, over the radio, carried on a conversation with Ginger, seated at the table out in Beverly Hills. It was a gag all arranged ahead of time between Ginger and Jack. The purpose behind it all, was Jack's introducing "I Can't Understand Why You Can't Understand Me," the song Ginger just composed.

BILLIE BURKE, who just finished a picture with Francis Lederer, believes the handsome Czech is the most charming gentleman in all Hollywood. Billie confides that in all her experience, she has never worked with anyone who shows such consideration and is such a lovable artist to be associated with.

EVERYONE thought Clark Gable was clowning when he remarked that he would like to sign a contract for twenty-eight days, starting with two cents a day. Each day's salary to be multiplied by itself. In other words, the first day he would make two cents. The second day four cents. The third day it jumps to sixteen cents. Believe it or not, by the end of twenty-eight days, it runs up in the millions. If you don't believe Clark, get out your paper and pencil and start figuring.



"They're off," and you can tell that Ruby Keeler has more than an academic interest in one of those horses on the track. Her mother, left, evidently didn't wager—just likes to see 'em run.



Busman's holiday! George Raft, with time off from his own set, visits Gary Cooper and Director Lewis Milestone on the set for "The General Died at Dawn," and they hold a three-way chat.



The pre-view jitters most actors suffer, didn't show when our camera caught Ian Hunter entering the Hollywood Theatre with his wife to see his new film.

MADELINE CARROLL, the British beauty, has evidently been around the Irish enough, to adopt their figures of speech. When people ask her what picture she is doing, instead of saying "The General Died at Dawn," Madeline calls it, "The General Died at the Break O'Day."

WHEN Patricia Ellis walked on her own home lot recently, she unconsciously promoted a personal appearance tour for herself. Pat was wearing a turquoise satin bathing suit. She is pounds thinner, her hair has been closely-cropped to her head, and her body is sun-tanned a deep mahogany hue. When she got home, Pat found a message that she was being sent out into the world, to deliver a sermon to the tired business man!

HELEN BRODERICK, (the comedienne with the surprised look on her face), is the least fussy of all people. She made one request, however, and that was for a rocking chair. It had to be the plain old-fashioned kind, that she could rock in while she sat and knitted between scenes. There were hundreds of chairs in the prop room, but believe it or not, there wasn't a single old-fashioned rocker. Finally they went out and bought one. And just to make it special, the prop man dressed it all up with red bows and presented it to Helen on the first day of her new picture.



"S'long, be seeing you!" says Bobby Breen, juvenile star, to his pal on a train to the coast, Georges Metaxa, stage star who has signed for films.

MARIE WILSON, the whimsical little comedienne, whose long eye lashes grew ahead of her, has been asked to gain ten pounds. The studio has promised Marie time for a nice trip, if she can manage to put on the extra weight. Marie is anxious to gain the weight and get the trip. She was born in Anaheim, California, a town where they practically pull in the sidewalks every night at ten. Believe it or not, Marie has never been anywhere but Hollywood—which is about forty-five miles away from her birthplace.

JAMES STEWART, who measures well over six feet, is taking dancing lessons for the next Eleanor Powell picture. As if that in itself isn't enough to upset James, the studio has now sent Freddie Bartholomew in to take lessons at the same time.

THERE'S never a dull moment in the life of a Hollywood star. But Maureen O'Sullivan says she's still susceptible to sudden shocks. Recently, she was being interviewed by a lady new at the game. Suddenly and quite seriously, the woman turned to Maureen and said: "You aren't by any chance—Irish—are you?"



It's "taps" for Eleanor Powell's tap shoes, and she puts 'em to bed, all nice and comfy. There are sixty pairs in this special wardrobe of Eleanor's.

WONDER if this is what they call "type casting" in Hollywood. For a new picture called "Count Pete," the RKO studio had a splendid rôle for Helene Broderick. When she wasn't available, they sent for Jean Dixon. Jean read the script and turned it down because she felt she could not do justice to that particular rôle. So the studio announced that Beatrice Lillie had been lured from the stage to play the part. At the present time, Jessie Ralph is actually doing it.

TALLULAH BANKHEAD did two things when she arrived in Hollywood recently, to start rehearsals on a new play. First she got in touch with Adrian and asked him to design all her clothes. Then she moved right out of the apartment she had reserved because they wouldn't allow her to keep her dog.

(Continued on page 100)



Maybe we shouldn't have come; after all, these squabbles just will happen at the breakfast table. But this—well, just look at Ida Lupino tell it to Reginald Owen in this scene—from a film.



This advance "still" gives you an idea of the drama Mary Boland is putting into her first serious rôle as she plays a tense scene with Julie Haydon for their new film, "A Son Comes Home."

How Mary Budgets her Career

New two-year plan
for screen beauties,
recommended by
Cutie Carlisle

By Whitney Williams



Mary proves she's smart and sensible
as well as pretty, in this exclusive story.

MARY CARLISLE is so sincere in her quest of stardom that she has budgeted—of all things—her career! Just as most people budget their household and living expenses, Mary applies the same principle to furthering her position on the screen. Judging by results, other aspiring stars might do well in following her example.

First noticed in "Grand Hotel," in which she appeared fleetingly but effectively as the giggling bride, Mary has progressed steadily up the ladder of prominence until today she stands the perfect personification of bubbling youth and is without question the outstanding exponent of the collegiate type on the screen.

The rapidity of her rise to fame, and the serious consideration accorded her as an actress by the studio, is attributable, in part, she believes, to her novel plan.

"I hit upon the idea many months ago, more as a gag than actually believing in it," Mary explained, as we sat in her attractive blue and pink dressing-room at the studio. The light blueness of her silk pajamas accentuated the same color of her wide round eyes.

"A few of us one night were discussing how we budgeted our expenses, how we spent so much for this and so much for that, in the way of necessities and luxuries. Jokingly, I announced that it would be a splendid idea if one could budget his or her career in the same way—so much time for acting, so much for learning lines and rehearsing, for study and improving one's self, for exercise and keeping fit and the like. The others boo-ed me and said it couldn't be done. The matter rested until several days later, when it entered my mind again. I began to think and wonder just *why* it couldn't be done. If households and great business concerns were run on the budget plan, why not a career, es-

pecially that of one who was still trying to achieve attention?

"The more I considered such a step the stronger it appealed to me as being the perfect scheme for aiding my screen career. I believed in myself and felt that with this impetus I might forge ahead far faster than were I to remain passive and let things take their natural course.

"Consequently, I began—in somewhat haphazard fashion, I'm afraid—to allot a certain amount of time each day to diction exercises and reading aloud for expression and euphony, to practice in front of a mirror, to long, swinging walks for breathing and health.

"Before long, I noticed that I seemed easier, not so tense or nervous, in front of the camera and that I was getting more out of my lines. Others caught this change in me, too, for a director with whom I had previously worked commented on my improvement over the performance I had given in his former picture.

"The results were so satisfactory to me that I decided I was finally on the right track and would apply myself even more vigorously to my new program. I still went to parties and had 'dates,' but my mind was more on what I was doing at home and at the studio than ever before.

"I allowed myself more time for study of voice and expression. Along this line, too, I started to take singing lessons. One day, the thought struck me that I had been going around in circles, without any particular destination other than better acting. I knew that I had been improving, but I had no criterion by which to judge myself.

"I had always admired Helen Hayes tremendously, and from the time I first saw her on the screen she had been my ideal. Some day, I (Continued on page 85)

Preferences

OF MRS. WILLIAM I. HOLLINGSWORTH, JR.
OF DEL MONTE AND PALM SPRINGS

MRS. WILLIAM I. HOLLINGSWORTH, JR.—popular Californian who adds a vivid note to the social life of Washington, New York, London. She was educated abroad, and made her *début* when presented at the Court of St. James.



...the swimming at Pebble Beach...Los Angeles for late parties...tailored clothes...*swing* music...Santa Anita for the races...the contemporary American themes in painting...lapis lazuli...Parma violets...dining at Victor Hugo's—a Camel between the entrée and the salad...*coupé au marrons*...Camels again...and to top off—amusing savouries, in the English manner. "How *natural* it is to smoke Camels between courses and after dining," says Mrs. HOLLINGSWORTH. "They are so delicate in flavor, so delightfully mild. Camels stimulate my taste, really aid digestion."

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MRS. ERNEST DU PONT, JR., *Wilmington*
MRS. CHISWELL DABNEY LANCHORNE, *Virginia*
MRS. JASPER MORGAN, *New York*
MRS. LANGDON POST, *New York*
MISS LUCY SAUNDERS, *New York*
MRS. BROOKFIELD VAN RENSSELAER, *New York*
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says. "They have made Camels the outstanding favorite here." Camels help to give one that delightful sense of having dined well. Try Camels. Enjoy their delicate fragrance and mellow taste. Camels open up a new world of pleasure, where mildness and rare flavor reign supreme. They set you right—and never get on your nerves!

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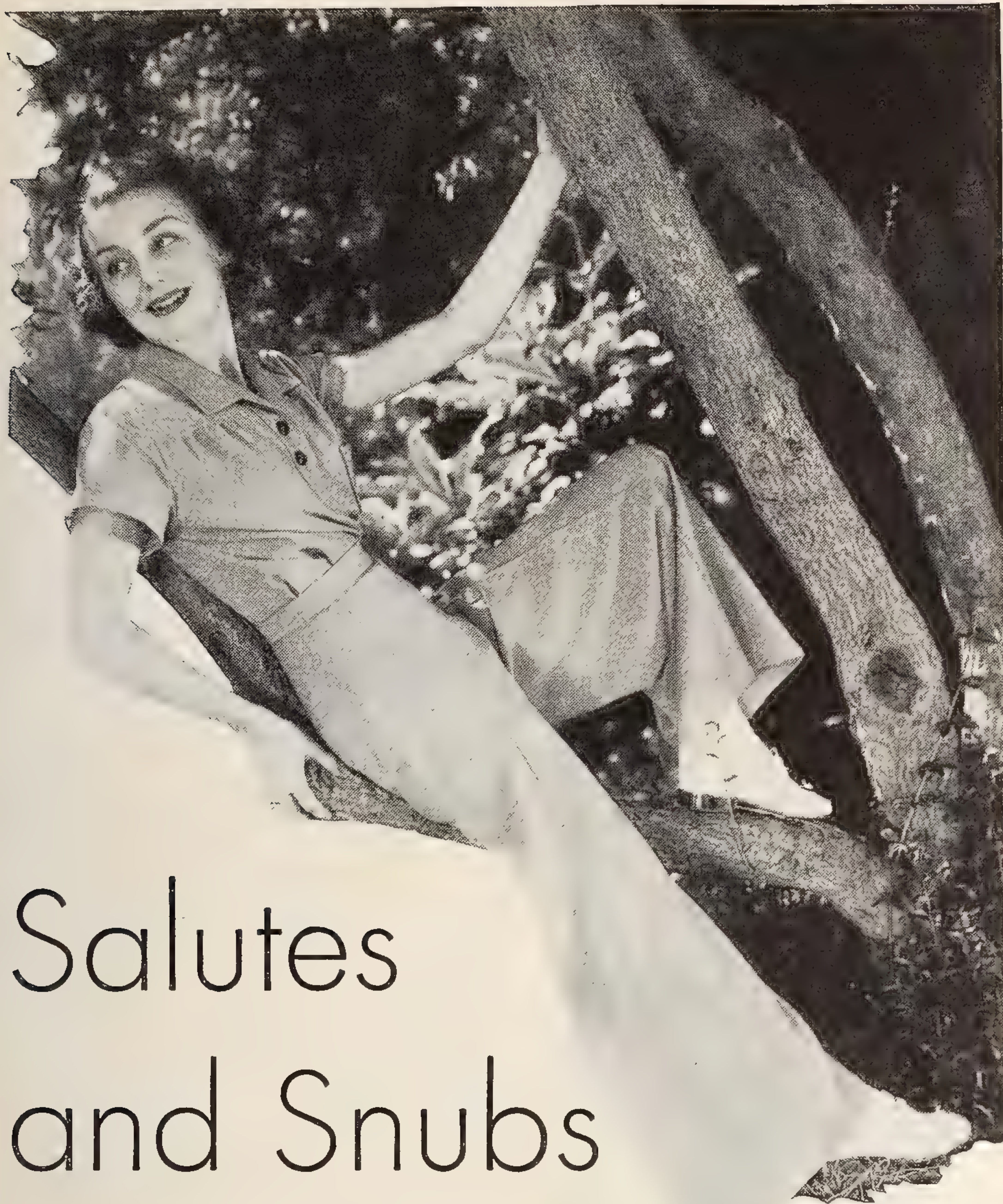


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Salutes and Snubs

DUCK, SUNSHINE, DUCK!

I'd like to know what chances a big-eared guy like Gable has when Fonda and MacMurray are in the same town—or am I too inquisitive?

Sunshine Hughes,
1113 West Drew,
Houston, Tex.

THE DELIGHTFUL "MR. DEEDS"

Going to movies is a treat, for I can go so little. The words "directed by Frank Capra" led me to see "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town," with expectations of humor, natural beauty, and clean entertainment. I was filled with gratitude, for my anticipations were more than satisfied, and I was thankful for the lesson it taught and which many of us so often forget, and that is: "Don't Complain."

Mrs. George McFarland,
4806 Nebraska Ave.,
Nashville, Tenn.

HOW BROAD ARE SHOULDERS?

Robert Taylor is handsome, attractive, and all that, but as far as physique goes Bob isn't tops among the screen men. In "Broadway Melody" he wore a tweed coat with magnificent shoulders. But when, later, he appeared in shirt-sleeves, there was something missing—and it wasn't only the coat.

Anne Wallace,
132 Haverstock Hill,
Hampstead, N. W.,
London, England.

Climbing high in favor is pretty Anne Shirley, whose presence there at the top of our department is "by request" of the letter writers this month.

A SALUTE AND A SNUB

The Salute goes to John Howard, who, if given a chance, could be one of the greatest stars ever. His smile should shine more on the screen. The Snub goes to the producers for not giving John the chance he deserves.

Joan Smith,
Box 298,
Calico Rock, Ark.

LADY ANNE

Anne Shirley brings a new type to the screen. Youth is always lovely, but in Anne it has a new charm that is still as old as Eve because so completely feminine and—

You Read What Others Say and Write What You Think

No straw voting here—this is real, a free forum of expression for candid views, opinions and convictions about pictures and picture people. It's the place where the screen-goer talks back, says what he or she thinks, and lets the chips fall where they will. And it is all in the interest of giving credit where credit is due. So come along—write what you think. Try to limit each letter to fifty words, but send as many letters as you please. Address your letters to: Letter Dept., SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.

to use an old-fashioned word—so lady-like.

Harriet P. Jones,
337 Walnut St.,
Twin Falls, Idaho.

SECONDING THE MOTION

I'd like to second Bertha Barwis' plea for Cagney to play the "Captain Kettle" stories. I hope he makes some of them in London. I'd also like to register a request for Jeanette MacDonald as "Alesia" in Audran's light opera, "La Poupée." And I must say, after reading in "Here's Hollywood" that Ida Lupino thought Francis Lederer put too much reality into a scene in which he slapped her face, I think Ida should get spanked for thinking any man would purposely slap such a pretty little face as hers.

Jill Fish,
2 Hermitage Lane,
London, England.

CANDIDATE FOR "CRAWFORD ADMIRER" NO. 1

Thank goodness "The Gorgeous Hussy" will soon be released. I've waited so long! For several years I've saved every picture printed of Joan, have read every article and interview about her, have seen all her films from fifteen to twenty times, then typed the story in detail, so I may "live over" them.

Lillian J. Gaudio,
1679 64th St.,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

PRAISE FROM THE PHILIPPINES

She's America's Brat, and a gift to the film-goers of the world; a natural born actress with an outstanding talent; in Ziegfeld's time she would have been the Great Glorifier's Glorified Brat; but without Ziegfeld, Jane Withers is still the grand little dramatic troupier.

Mercedes Povice,
884 O'Donnell,
Manila, P. I.

THE LADIES PROTEST

We write in response to Art Long's misguided views in this department in July SCREENLAND, in which he referred to two splendid actors, Henry Wilcoxon and Ian Keith, as hams; and also to that excellent film "The Crusades" as "dull hokum." We suggest that if Mr. Long cannot use better judgment in his criticisms that he keep his benighted opinions to himself.

Doris Kelso & Virginia Virgilio,
1178 S. Crescent Heights Blvd.,
Los Angeles, Calif.

A GRACIOUS BOW TO GARY

Gary Cooper is an actor who is wise enough to surrender to the rôle rather than trying to pump up dramatic effect—a sincere actor indeed. Many salutes to him for his human portrayal of "Mr. Deeds."

Miriam Milton,
216 Leo St.,
Tampa, Fla.

THESE THREE GREAT GIRLS

Jane Withers is a born actress, and I would like to see her in a story in which Jane has real parents to care for and love her. Shirley Temple is always adorable. And little Cora Sue Collins deserves more credit, and even better chances than she has had so far.

Mrs. J. F. Cain, Jr.,
Ball Bround, Ga.

Is THIS Romance!

Continued from page 17

and married Frank Fay, the brilliant and talkative Mr. Fay, and what a picnic that was for an inferiority complex. Barbara, shy to begin with, practically gave up talking as a lost art. She told me once that she lived in mortal terror that someone might ask her a question and she'd have to answer. You have no idea what that girl suffers. After her separation from Frank Fay she hid herself away in the desert with her young son Dion, he's four now, until she was forced to come back to Hollywood to make pictures. Several of her friends who had survived her marriage coaxed her to appear in public more, to go to parties, and to laugh and be the old New York Barbara again—and so Barbara bought herself some new evening clothes, and with her brother, started going to a few parties again, and suffering agony every time she was faced with more than three people.

It was at the Trocadero last March that she first met Robert Taylor. They were both on the same party, but it was a large party, and outside of being introduced they didn't speak all evening. "A week later," said Barbara, "I was most surprised when he called me over the phone and asked me if I would go out to dinner with him some evening. I told him no, that I didn't like to go out, but that I would be very pleased if he would dine at my home with my brother and myself the following Wednesday. I think that was the quietest dinner party in history. My brother talks even less than I do. Bob didn't talk at all. We just sat there and ate and sort of looked at each other rather painfully now and then; and when Bob left that night I was sure I should never hear from him again. He must have been a bit undecided about it himself for he waited two weeks before he called again, and this time he hastily skipped all mention of dinner—he wasn't going to go through *that* again—and suggested that he drop by for me and take me for a drive down by the beach. We drove for hours without saying anything, and then he bought me a hot dog and brought me home. That, I was positive, would be the last I would see of Mr. Taylor.

"But he called again, (and I bet Barbara

was awfully glad), and this time he more than hastily dispensed with dining and driving and said let's dance. Bob is an awfully good dancer, and of course dancing is one of the things I like best, and so that evening at the Trocadero proved to be quite an occasion—we discovered that we were crazy about dancing with each other. Before we even stepped on the dance floor I explained to Bob that I never liked to talk while I danced, and he seemed awfully relieved and agreed that it was the same with him, and what with Phil Ohman playing one number right after another we spent hours with each other for weeks without saying a word. Yes, it was a romance without words. But we talk now."

But not *too* much. I was at Joan Crawford's party with them not long ago and I don't think Bob or Barbara spoke more

than five words the entire afternoon. Finally she tried to play ping pong with him, but couldn't even hit the ball—and she a number one ping pong player! She wanted most awfully to take a dip in Joan's beautiful pool, but couldn't even gather up nerve enough to cross the yard to the bath house to change into a bathing suit. Finally in a complete panic she asked Bob to take her home. "Mercy," I said, me being the type who talks about people, "what a rude girl." But I had to take that back when I met her a few days later, this time only the two of us and no party. I have never met a more sincere, a more honest, a more cordial person than Barbara Stanwyck. "For once in my life," she said, "I would like to be the life of the party. But I just can't. The minute I arrive I begin to have nervous jitters because I'm afraid someone will speak to me, or that no one will speak to me. I can't win. But the trouble is that the more frightened I become the more poised and serene I look. No wonder you thought I was an old snoot."

"Barbara helps me keep my feet right on the ground," Bob told me. "Whenever I want to let a little flattery go to my head Barbara will say, 'And next week, ladies, Johnny Glutz.' I couldn't take myself seriously around Barbara even if I wanted to. And she's so different from Hollywood girls—she doesn't want me to give her jewelry, and she doesn't like to spend a lot of money. Yes, she is the real-est girl in Hollywood."

"The realest girl in Hollywood" was awakened from a sound sleep at six o'clock in the morning one day last month by a New York call—it was ten o'clock in New York, but of course Bob on his first trip to the big city was far too excited to figure out that it was only six in Hollywood. "It's awfully exciting, Barbara," he said, "but where's everybody going?"

Well, I don't know where everybody's going. Visitors to New York have been trying to figure that out for years. But wherever Barbara and Bob are going, quietly and without any words, they'll get there.



Ketti's back! Yes, the exotic Miss Gallian has returned to Hollywood, under contract to Paramount.

London Calling!

Continued from page 27

they are cutting Constance Bennett's first British film, "Everything is Thunder," and talking about the star who proved the complete opposite of everything they expected. She didn't grace any society parties or brilliant premieres; just went back to her hotel to rest when her day's work ended. She arrived in the simplest clothes, often wearing black and white ensembles and her favorite double pearls, and she wouldn't be interviewed or make any personal appearances. She was amazingly superstitious and solemnly crossed her fingers every time the dresser put a frock over her head. Fortunately that wasn't very frequently because she only wore three shabby outfits as the little German girl Anna hiding the escaped British officer in her apartment during the last bitter days of the Great War. In fact, *Madame la Marquise* was just an ordinary hard-working screen actress and not a bit the dazzling superlatively glamorous Personage the studios associated with the title.

Now we've got to travel through leafy

lanes and quiet old villages to the Elstree studios, and on the way we can glance at the latest briefs of British news. May Robson and Chester Morris are shortly coming over to make "Courier of the Czar," historical drama around the legendary Michael Strogoff. Clive Brook has just bought a new house on the wooded heights of Hampstead, or rather an old house built in the days of Queen Anne, with exquisite white-panelled fireplaces and gilded cornices. He has had a tennis-court laid and was partnered in the opening game by Helen Vinson's champion husband Fred Perry. Paul Robeson has just finished a film based on his own life-story called "Song of Freedom," and dusky torch-singer Elisabeth Welch came over from New York to play his wife.

Stanley Lupino is busy on a new comedy picture, "Sporting Love," and looking forward to the forthcoming return of daughter Ida, who plans to spend a short vacation at home between Hollywood contracts. Elisa-

beth Bergner is slowly recuperating from her serious illness at Madeleine Carroll's country house, set right in the heart of a great forest and utterly secluded. There's an open-air pool among the trees and here Elisabeth bathes every morning while Boonski, her sheep dog, chases the rabbits on the bank. She's feeding Madeleine's chickens with the greatest care but nothing will induce her to approach the prize cattle cur beautiful blonde star also keeps as a hobby. As soon as Elisabeth is strong enough, three new films are lined up for her. She is under contract to make "The Boy David," which is Sir James Barrie's Biblical scenario, and a version of Shaw's famous play, "St. Joan," and also Jack London's "Little Lady of the Big House"—all before the Spring, too.

Jimmy Durante has been in London and was he mortified when dozens of admiring fans met him wearing enormous false noses! Neil Hamilton is to partner dainty Gina Malo in a new musical called "Southern

Roses," and John Loder has postponed his trip to Hollywood so that he can realize his greatest ambition by playing Rob Roy, the Highland hero immortalized in Sir Walter Scott's classic novel, in a big spectacular historical film shortly to be put into production by Gainsborough. Incidentally, John has just got a new hobby. He's collecting match-box covers and pasting them on the walls of his study.

Cicely Courtneidge has been completely "done over" with new coiffure and make-up for her next picture, "Everybody Dance." It's being directed by Chuck Reisner, the man who often directed Marie Dressler and first exploited Laurel and Hardy. Jessie Matthews has given up wearing hats—she says they flatten the rolled curls she now piles across the top of her piquant dark head. Hugh Sinclair has moved into a new flat, all the rooms decorated in dead white and relieved by blue-striped curtains and red-backed chairs and couches. Noah Beery plays a different kind of villain, kindly, slow, and quiet, in the latest London mystery thriller, "Someone at the Door."

Well, here's Elstree where new buildings have arisen out of the ashes of the old ones destroyed by the sensational fire last winter. Come across the lawns to the British and Dominion lot where "The Three Maxims" nears completion. Look up at Tullio Carminati and Leslie Banks swinging from the flying trapeze and performing "double angels" and "swinging hooks" over the aerial ropes to the circus manner born. (But don't ask them to tell of the weary painful hours they spent achieving this acrobatic proficiency, the number of close-ups necessary to the story making doubles impossible.)

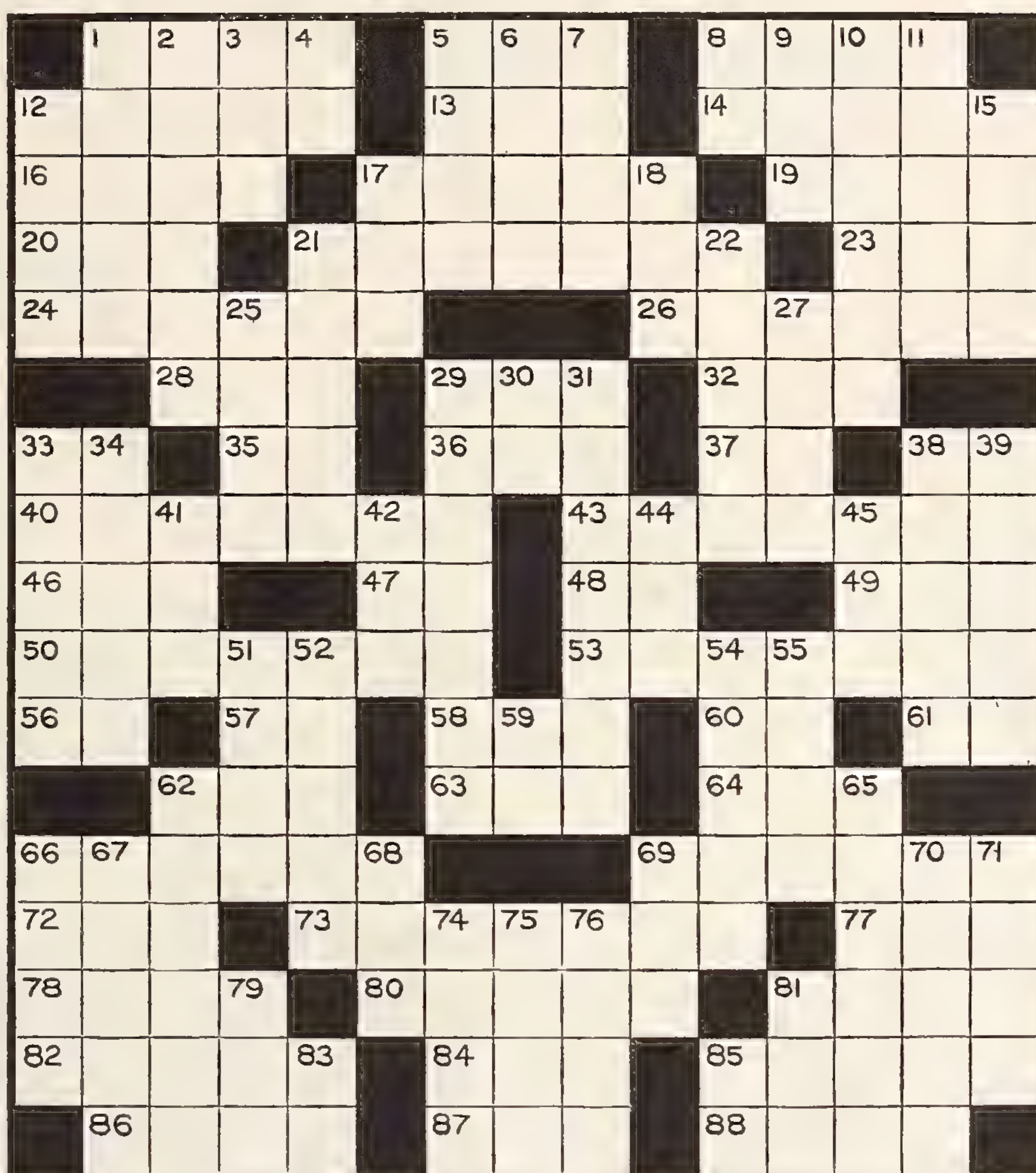
They both have rôles entirely different from anything else they have attempted as *Tony* and *Mac*, the two artistes who become rivals for the love of the girl who completes their professional trio. She's Anna Neagle of the spun gold curls and the dancing blue eyes, our merriest English star, typical open-air girl who swims and rides and plays football and tennis and hockey and has never been inside a night-club in her life. She lives in a country cottage just beyond those woods with her mother and father, a retired sea-captain, her red setter Mike, and her Persian cats.

That's the British International Pictures studio—and that's Lupe Velez's new Sealyham terrier, Thomas, exploring the flowerbeds. Up the road are the Amalgamated lots where brilliant young producer Paul Soskin is preparing for his biggest film yet, a spy story, "The Shadow on the Wall," in which Paul Muni is coming from Hollywood to star. It is planned to cost the equivalent of four hundred thousand dollars, which would make it our most expensive essay this year.

Though Douglas Fairbanks, Junior, will possibly raise that figure when he starts directing Ronald Colman at Isleworth later this winter. Ronald has agreed to play the title rôle in a biographical costume drama about Sir Walter Raleigh, gallant sea-dog who paid court to Queen Elizabeth and introduced smoking tobacco to Europe after his voyages to America, where he noted the Redskin customs. Junior is shortly paying another hurried visit to California to discuss the script details with Ronald, so once again the most-travelled armchair in the world will be carried on board an Atlantic liner. Junior never goes anywhere without this strange piece of baggage. It's a curious old-fashioned affair, padded with shabby leather and reminiscent of Great-Grandmother's parlor, but young Master Fairbanks swears it is his lucky seat and the most comfortable one in which to write, so off it goes to America with him and everywhere else he journeys!

SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle

By Alma Talley



ACROSS

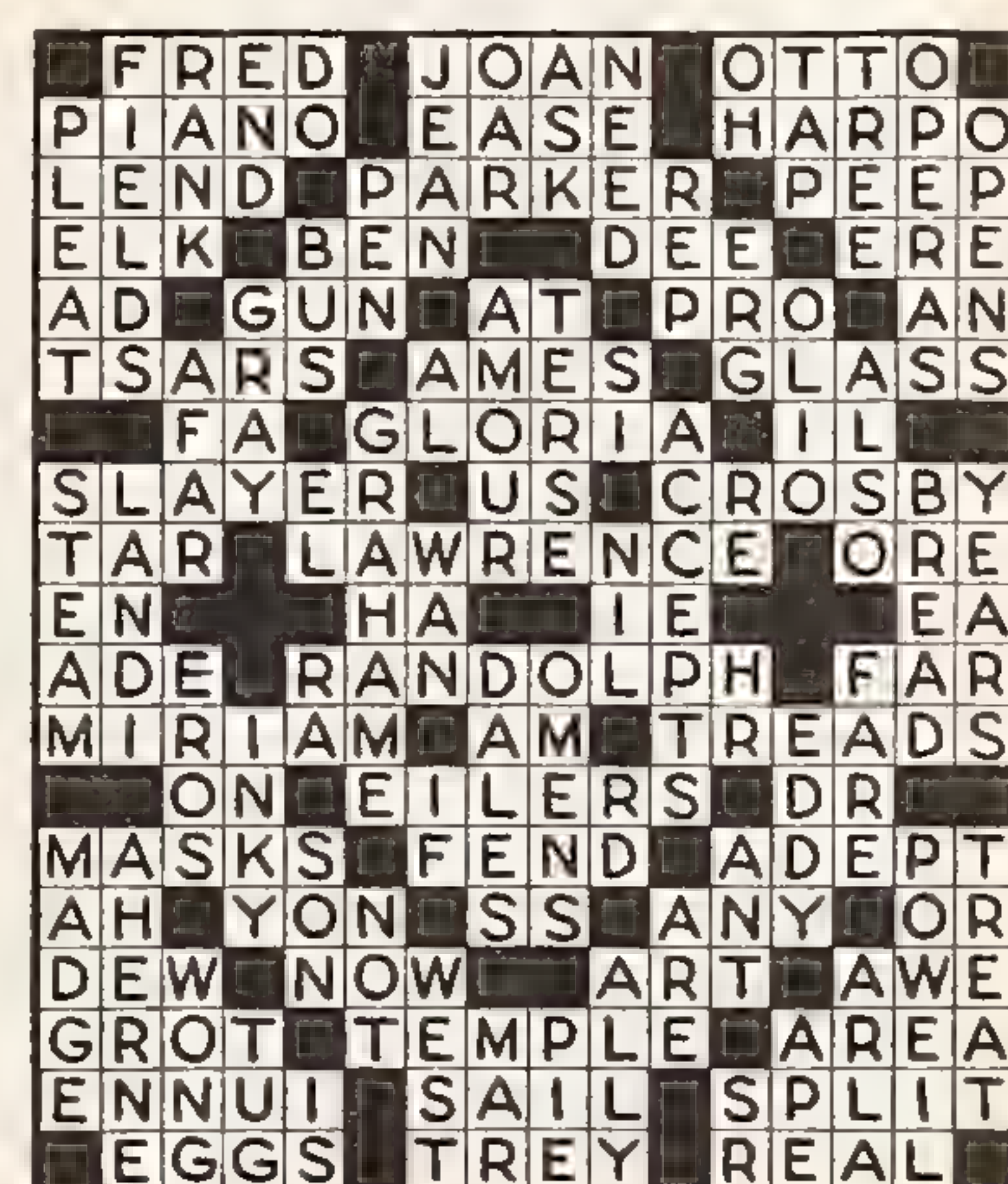
1. Co-star of "Desire"
5. Leading lady in "Roaming Lady"
8. Roguish
12. Villain in "Bridge of Sighs"
13. Raw metal
14. Marie Dressler's former team-mate
16. Persia
17. Operatic solos
19. A dull person
20. Recede (as tide)
21. His new rôle is in "Mary of Scotland"
23. Health resort
24. Sounds
26. Racketeer in "The Law In Her Hands"
28. Dined
29. A despicable man
32. To purchase
33. Since
35. Star of "The Singing Kid"
36. Fuss
37. Upon
38. You and I
40. Herbert Marshall's big moment
43. Written messages
46. Point
47. Nearby
48. King of Bashan
49. Those three-toed sloths
50. Province where the quintuplets live
53. Astaire-Ginger Rogers film
56. Note of the scale
57. River in Italy
58. Born
60. Printers' measure
61. Man's nickname
62. Studio background for movie
63. Thoroughfares (abbrev.)
64. Help
66. Leading lady in "The Scoundrel"
69. Star of "Mr. Hobo"
72. Entire
73. He's married to Jobyna Ralston
77. Ocean
78. Part of a church

80. Co-star of "Case Against Mrs. Ames"
81. Indigo dye base
82. Broad smiles
84. Exist
85. Magnolia in "Show Boat"
86. Created
87. Former screen star, now Mrs. Rex Bell
88. Featured actress in "King Of Burlesque"

DOWN

1. The famous Swedish star
2. A country you see in sheik pictures
3. To hurry
4. Biblical pronoun
5. Golf term
6. Parched and dry
7. Period of time
8. Part of to be
9. To steal
10. Crooning star of "Anything Goes"
11. One of the Marx brothers
12. Legal claim
15. Trim
17. European measures of area
18. To rest
21. Touches with fingers
22. Town bully in "Fury"
25. Oliver Hardy's team-mate
27. Famous stage star married to Lynne Fontanne
29. Deep gorges
30. Public notice (abbrev.)
31. "Dearest" in "Little Lord Fauntleroy"
33. Leading lady in "And So They Were Married"
34. Pigs
38. Legal documents
39. Literary composition
41. Appropriate
42. Japanese sash
44. One's self
45. Part of the head
51. Imitated
52. Moving part of machinery
54. Growth of hair on man's chin
55. German film star, formerly famous here
59. And, in a French version
62. Star of "Fury"
65. Mickey Mouse's papa
66. Some states do this for capital punishment
67. The kind of clock that wakes you up
68. Pen point
69. Screen stars hope their acting is this
70. Fishing net
71. Disposal of goods for money
74. Shell fish
75. Leading man in a movie
76. Again
79. After this part of the film you go home
81. Southern constellation
83. Compass point (abbrev.)
85. Provided that

Answer To Last Month's Puzzle



What Men Wish Women Wouldn't Do

Continued from page 23

He subsided, abruptly, and would not be persuaded to further revelations of personal prejudices about the opposite sex. But I didn't forget. Oh, no! And a few days later I set forth to make more investigations about what famous and sought-after men wished women wouldn't do.

George Raft said, instantly and unhesitatingly, "*I wish they wouldn't wear pants!* Or slacks, or even riding breeches! No woman should ever appear in public in any kind of trousers until she has had some kind, honest friend tell her about how she looks from the back. If women could get views of themselves from behind, *walking*, you wouldn't find one female in ten thousand wearing any kind of trousers! They're almost always awful.

"I wish they wouldn't wear flat-heeled shoes, either. They spoil a woman's carriage, mar her figure. A man likes a woman with a dainty foot and ankle," he went on, plaintively. "He likes to look at her and think how nice it would be if they could start to dance right away.

"I wish women wouldn't get themselves sunburned until they look like Indians. I don't like to look at an almost black woman, lying on the beach, all covered with olive oil and smothered in sand. I like a woman with a nice, pink and white skin, wearing a smart, dark dress, maybe one gardenia, nice gloves, and carrying a smart bag to meet me somewhere for tea. Rather late," he added hastily. (If George could have his choice about the hours he keeps, he would breakfast at about three in the afternoon).

"I wish," he went on, "that if I take a woman to a party or a night club, she wouldn't get tight on three Martinis and lop on me in the taxi going home. I wish women wouldn't get tight, anyhow. It isn't becoming to them. Their faces get loose. *A clever woman won't ever do it.*"

Georgie, you see, doesn't drink, and apparently he has had some painful experiences with women who do. I pursued this matter and presently I caught up with Ronald Colman, who told me that he wished, most earnestly, that women wouldn't be consciously, deliberately, fluffily cute at him.

"It embarrasses a chap, you know," he said. "It gives the woman away, makes her seem obvious and a little cheap. Cuteness belongs to very young creatures who are unstudied and un-selfconscious in their charm. Maybe it's the Hollywood influence," he went on, in his grave, judicious manner. "Most of the women here have careers. They write, or act, or direct, or design. They are sensible, shrewd people who meet men on their own ground, play outdoor games with them, consult with them at conferences in the studio.

"Your helpless, frilly, giggly, sleep-until-noon, take-me-to-tea female hasn't much place here. Nor has she, I think, in any other modern community. We like them crisp and gay and alert and intelligent. A clever woman won't pretend helplessness or affect frilliness."

"*A clever woman!*" I began to catch on. It's showmanship that these men demand. They don't mind being fooled if you do it cleverly. What they mind most is having you give yourself away! The remark kept cropping up as I continued my investigations. "*A clever woman won't do it.*"

Clark Gable, I found, wishes that women wouldn't be noisy or conspicuous—ever. He wishes that they wouldn't be coy. He wishes that they would not try to seem sophisticated when they are not. "They merely

succeed in being vulgar," he said. He wishes that they would not be-deck themselves with what he terms "things"—bangles, ribbons, ruffles, ear-rings, artificial flowers, trains. He grew really oratorical over his dislike of trains.

"I do wish, though," he sighed, when he had quieted down a bit, "that they would wear stockings. About one pair of legs in a thousand will bear scrutiny without them. They should get just one glimpse of their knees from the back! Well-shaped legs may look lovely when thinly covered with silk. But there should be a law against legs appearing in public, unclad."

As I went further and further into this matter, I discovered that it was the comparatively small things which counted. These men who spend their working days in the company of some of the most beau-



Madge Evans wears a sky-blue taffeta negligée, with silver bands and ruffled underskirt of pink.

tiful women in the world and who may, if they choose, spend their evenings with women of the same calibre, are as much affected by small, seemingly unimportant gestures as is your, (or my), Uncle Ned in Dobb's Corners.

Freddie March said, "You don't know what it does to a man when a seemingly fastidious woman suddenly attacks an intimate problem in a public place! Perhaps she is gossiping, (in an elevator), about a mutual friend. Perhaps she is taking up your own affairs with you—love, money, or what the neighbors said. She will complain at her husband or reprimand her child in front of guests or servants. She will shout the latest tid-bit of gossip from one restaurant table to another. She will discuss her best friend's domestic difficulties with her hairdresser.

"This is the type of woman who will make a scene at her husband or her brother or her best male friend over a bridge-table. She won't do it to—or at—a stranger. She is all cheerful tolerance to the man she has but recently met. If she could know what the other men in the room are thinking when she makes those scenes, she certainly would restrain herself. *If she were clever, she would—*"

"If she were clever!" The phrase was beginning to haunt me. Were women, I

wondered, just plain stupid about pleasing men? I sought out some of the younger fry. And there I found some bitterness!

"The aspiring young actresses are the worst," Eric Linden told me. "They must be seen only in 'the right places and with the right people.' If you take one to a premiere or a night club, you can't just tuck her into the little car you yourself use to drive to work. No! You must rent a limousine and a driver. If you want to take her swimming, you can't just pick out a good beach and go there and swim. No! She may be seen only on private beaches or at the side of a pool which belongs to Someone Important. She spends three hours getting ready, appears with a car-load of equipment, and when you arrive at whatever piece of water is good enough, she can't go in because it might spoil her make-up and she might be glimpsed by an important executive when she is not looking her best. We can't have fun with these girls. They aren't waterproof!"

Bob Taylor's complaints were not so different. "I wish they wouldn't meet me at the door, holding the hand out for the orchids and demanding, 'Where shall we go?'" he pronounced. "I like to take a pretty girl places, of course. What man doesn't? But I'd like, once in a while, to think that it was my own idea. I'd like to think, some times, that she would enjoy it if we just sat down and talked. If she would say, just once, 'Let's stay here and make a pan of fudge!' I would probably insist upon taking her somewhere because I should know that she would enjoy it. But the gesture and the offer would be comforting.

"If they were clever, they'd pretend, some times, that they wanted to see a man just for himself."

Robert Young thinks that the nagging, suspicious woman is the worst of all.

"I once thought that I was falling in love with a girl," he related, gravely. "She was lovely and all my imagination was intrigued and fascinated. I left her at her home one evening and was so uplifted and thrilled that I drove about for perhaps an hour and a half, thinking about her. When I finally went home I found several telephone messages from her. When I answered, I found her in a state of suspicious temper. She demanded to know where I had been and with whom. When I told her she didn't believe me; she accused me of various things.

"It was an ugly and revealing scene and it destroyed something very lovely that I had created in my own mind about her. I never went back to see her.

"I know a wife who, when her husband says that he would like to go to the fights or have a game with the boys, replies, absently, 'Certainly, dear. I hope you will have a nice time. I wanted to go to Marjorie's, anyhow.'

"You have never seen a more uneasy man than that husband is at the fights or while he is indulging in his little game. He keeps worrying about what his wife is doing, whether she really is at Marjorie's and why she was so willing to have him leave her for an evening. She makes him so unhappy by *not* nagging or complaining that he won't leave her again for six months.

"She is clever, that one!"

All of which leads me to believe that what a man wants most—even the experienced, male film charmer—is showmanship. Haven't they always?

Carole Lombard's beauty bath

protects daintiness— leaves skin *sweet*



I STEP INTO A
FRAGRANT
LUX TOILET SOAP
BATH—LIE BACK
A MOMENT
COMPLETELY
RELAXED

OFTEN I COME
HOME FROM A
LONG DAY BEFORE
THE CAMERA
THOROUGHLY
TIRED OUT

WHEN I STEP OUT I
AM SO MARVELOUSLY
REFRESHED! MY
SKIN IS SOFT AND
SMOOTH—DELICATELY
PERFUMED

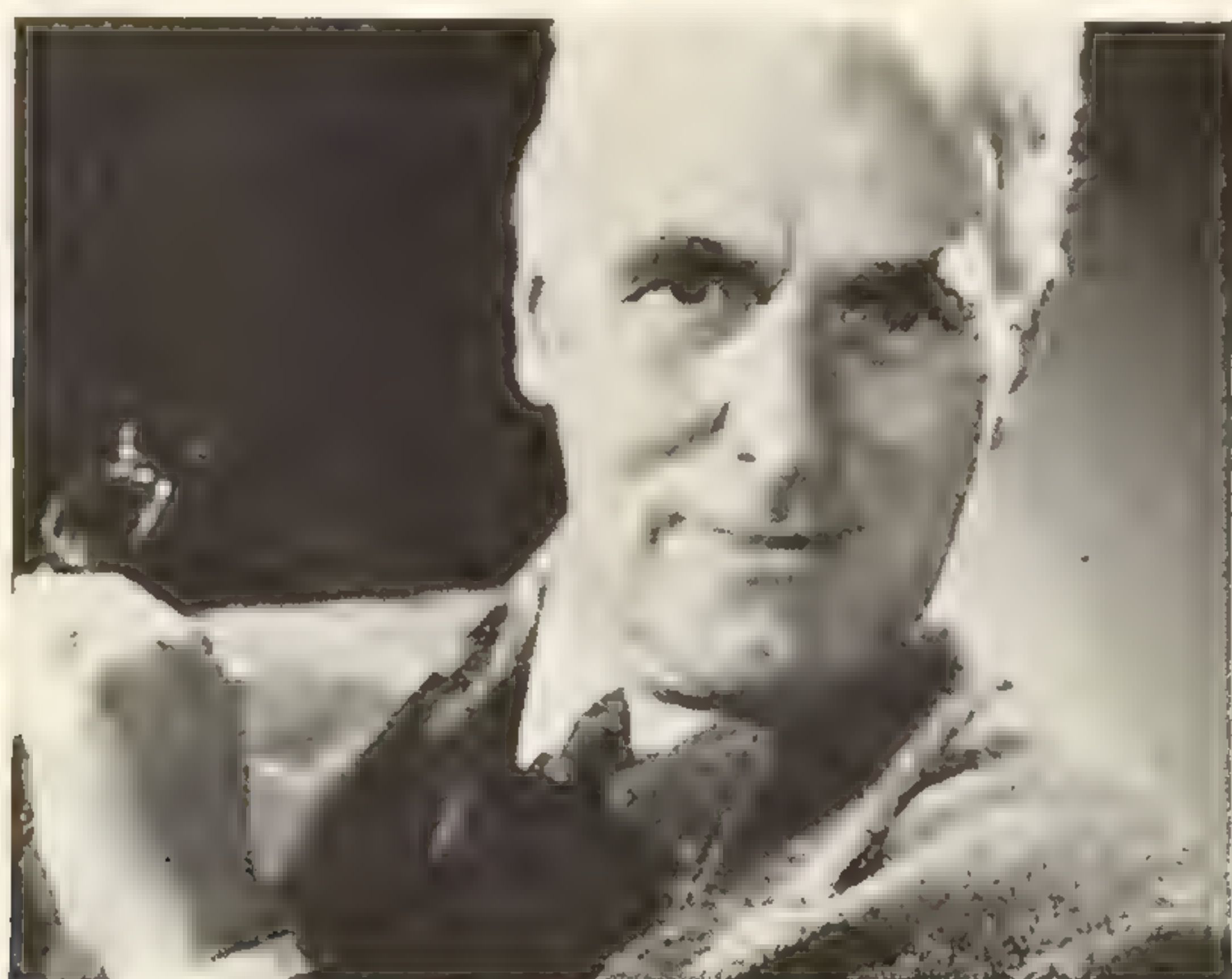
A LOVELY screen star—a famous and beautiful woman—Carole Lombard tells you a simple beauty secret you'll find easy and delightful to follow.

You'll be amazed at the way a luxurious Lux Toilet Soap bath peps you up. The ACTIVE lather of this fine soap sinks deep into the pores, carries away stale perspiration, every trace of dust and dirt, leaves skin *really* clean—smooth—delicately fragrant.

"A swell way to protect daintiness!" popular girls say. Why don't you use this fine complexion soap for your daily beauty bath, too? It's the soap 9 out of 10 screen stars use to keep skin flawless.

CAROLE LOMBARD
Famous Paramount Star

Let's see what the doctor says about laxatives



AS SYMPATHETIC as your doctor is with his patients, he is strictly a scientist in his attitude towards health. He has, for instance, certain definite standards which he demands of a laxative before giving it his approval. These requirements are listed below. Read them carefully for your own good.

THE DOCTOR'S TEST OF A GOOD LAXATIVE

It should be dependable.
It should be mild and gentle.
It should be thorough.
Its merit should be proven by the test of time.
It should *not* form a habit.
It should *not* over-act.
It should *not* cause stomach pains.
It should *not* nauseate or upset digestion.

EX-LAX MEETS THIS TEST AT EVERY POINT

Next time you need a laxative remember this: Ex-Lax fulfills the doctor's requirements at every point. Doctors everywhere use Ex-Lax in their own families. Mothers have given it to their children with perfect trust for over 30 years. Since Ex-Lax was first introduced, it has steadily risen in public confidence. Today more people use Ex-Lax than any other laxative in the world.

PROVE THE DOCTOR'S POINTS YOURSELF

Try Ex-Lax. See how mild and gentle it is—how thorough. Find out for yourself how easy it works. No upset stomach. No pain. No nausea. Ex-Lax is intended only to help Nature—and to do it without shock or violence.

If you have been taking nasty, druggy-tasting laxatives, you'll be delighted to find how pleasant Ex-Lax is. For Ex-Lax tastes just like delicious chocolate. Children *enjoy* taking it. And it is just as good for them as for adults.

At all drug stores in 10c and 25c sizes. Or write for free sample to Ex-Lax, Dept. S 96, Box 170, Times-Plaza Sta., Brooklyn, N. Y.

When Nature forgets — remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE



High time to meet the new Cutex aids to hand beauty!

END - OF - THE SUMMER hands don't have to be pale to be loved! Own up, now—aren't yours at least three shades darker, along with the rest of your skin that's been exposed to sun and sea? Here comes Cutex to your rescue with a stunning new shade of "Robin Red" nail polish that's perfectly attuned to tan skin and sun-tan make-up. Incidentally, it has its own matching lipstick. It's a glowing opaque color with an undertone of dull gold. Robin Red, as well as other Cutex polishes such as rust, ruby, and rose, is made on a brand new formula so it goes on smoother and stays on longer. Besides, it won't thicken and dry in the bottle—so it's good to the last drop. To keep your fingernails in enviable condition, Cutex has a new Oily Cuticle Remover, and their Oily Remover for taking off polish is non-drying.

BEING women, we don't like to admit we use razors—but plenty of us do, nevertheless! If you add a Lektro-Shaver to your beauty equipment, we warn you you'll probably be boasting about it. This little electric shaver is perfect for under-arms. It's used dry, no lather needed, and it has a permanent self-sharpening blade. It's constructed so as to prevent any possibility of scraping or cutting the skin. Each little hair is snipped off right at the skin level, leaving an immaculately smooth, hair-free surface. One reason women are so enthusiastic about Lektro-Shaver is that there isn't one bit of messiness while you're using it—or afterwards. And if you're wracking your brain to think up a different kind of gift for a man—this is it!

WE'VE found a million dollar lipstick in a five-and-ten cent store! Generous in size with a smart cream and green case

Femi-nifties

Greet Autumn with Beauty!



It's all so simple—to remove excess hair with Lektro-Shaver.



Irresistible? He seems to think so—she's wearing Irresistible lipstick!



New Petalskin powder base lends a flower-like softness to complexions.

and a swivel top, an Irresistible lipstick can travel in the best society and nobody who wasn't in on the secret would even suspect where you found it. The lip rouge itself is smooth and lasting, in a variety of popular shades and with a soft, pleasant fragrance. We've been told that masculine connoisseurs think "Irresistible" lives up to its name!

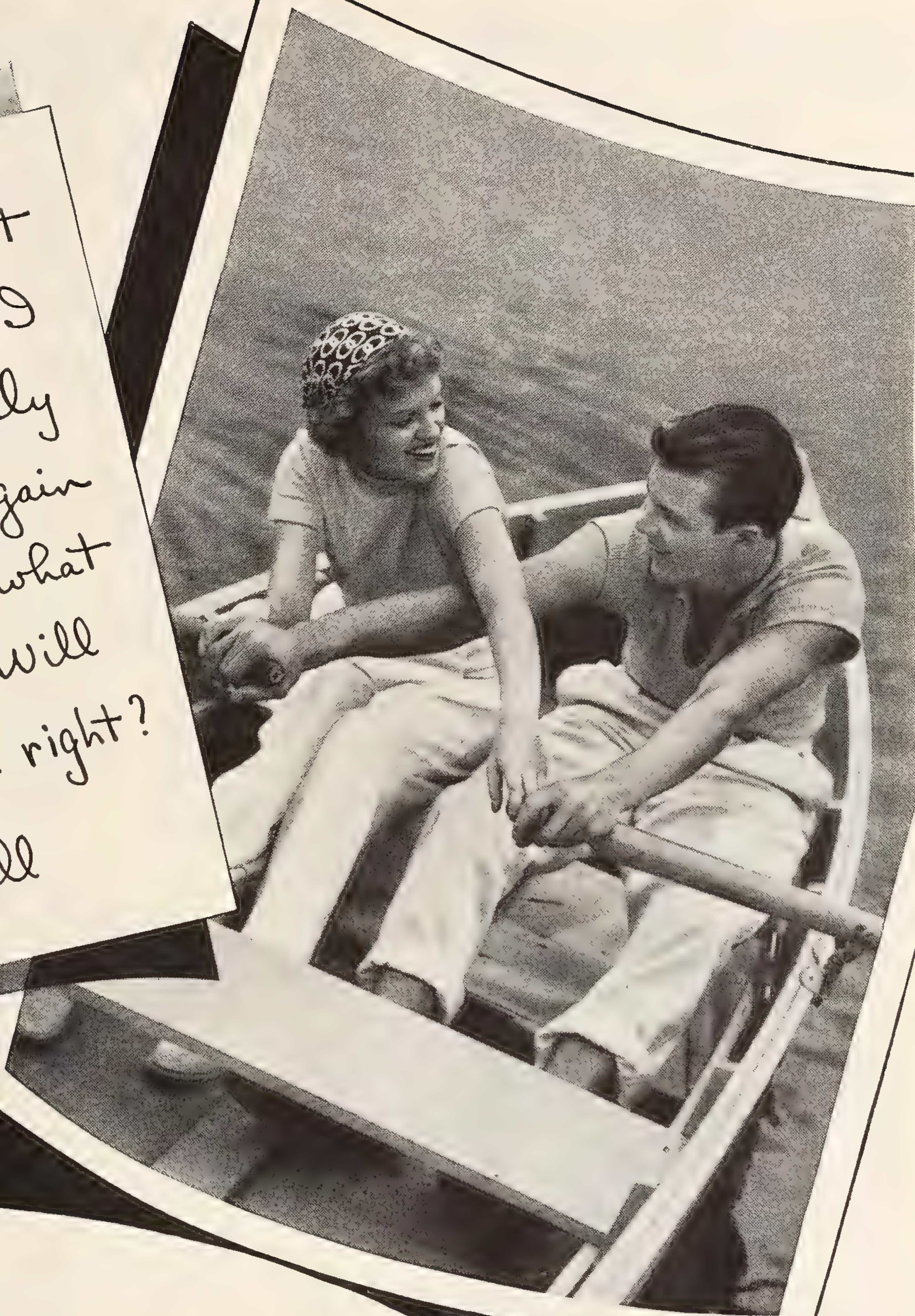
FRECKLES? Naughty girl, you should have been more careful about using sunburn preventatives! But don't despair—go to work right now and get rid of that polka-dot panorama before you start shopping for Fall clothes. Nadinola Freckle Cream will fade those little brown spots into oblivion if you use it conscientiously. Here's how: first, cleanse your skin thoroughly at bed-time. Then smooth on a light film of Nadinola Freckle Cream and leave it on all night, cleansing your face as usual in the morning. A few bed-time applications should do the trick, so this cream comes in a little jar, very inexpensive yet holding enough to fade out average freckles. If yours are the stubborn kind that need longer treatment, re-order the small jar or get the larger size.

THERE'S something new and very nice under the sun; a powder base called "Petalskin" Cream Pastelle, that's just as delightful as its name. A smooth semi-liquid in a lovely apple-blossom tinted bottle contains worlds of beauty for aspiring complexions. Besides forming a velvety, instantly beautifying surface for make-up, Petalskin refines the texture of the skin. And, if

you've let yourself in for a case of sunburn, you'll be thrilled with the way it takes out soreness and redness, leaving your skin cool and fresh for that evening date! There are sister preparations of the same name to fill other beauty needs.

THERE aren't many external reducing remedies that actually take off weight and inches, but we know from personal experience that Nancy Hatch's Reducing Cream does! You massage it into the skin after a warm bath. It is quickly absorbed. An application every other day will get results if you confine your bathing to quick showers in between times.

and then this snapshot
 fell out of a book I
 was reading. I only
 hope seeing it again
 will do for you what
 it did for me. Will
 Saturday be all right?
 Bill



The snapshots you'll want Tomorrow—
 you must take Today

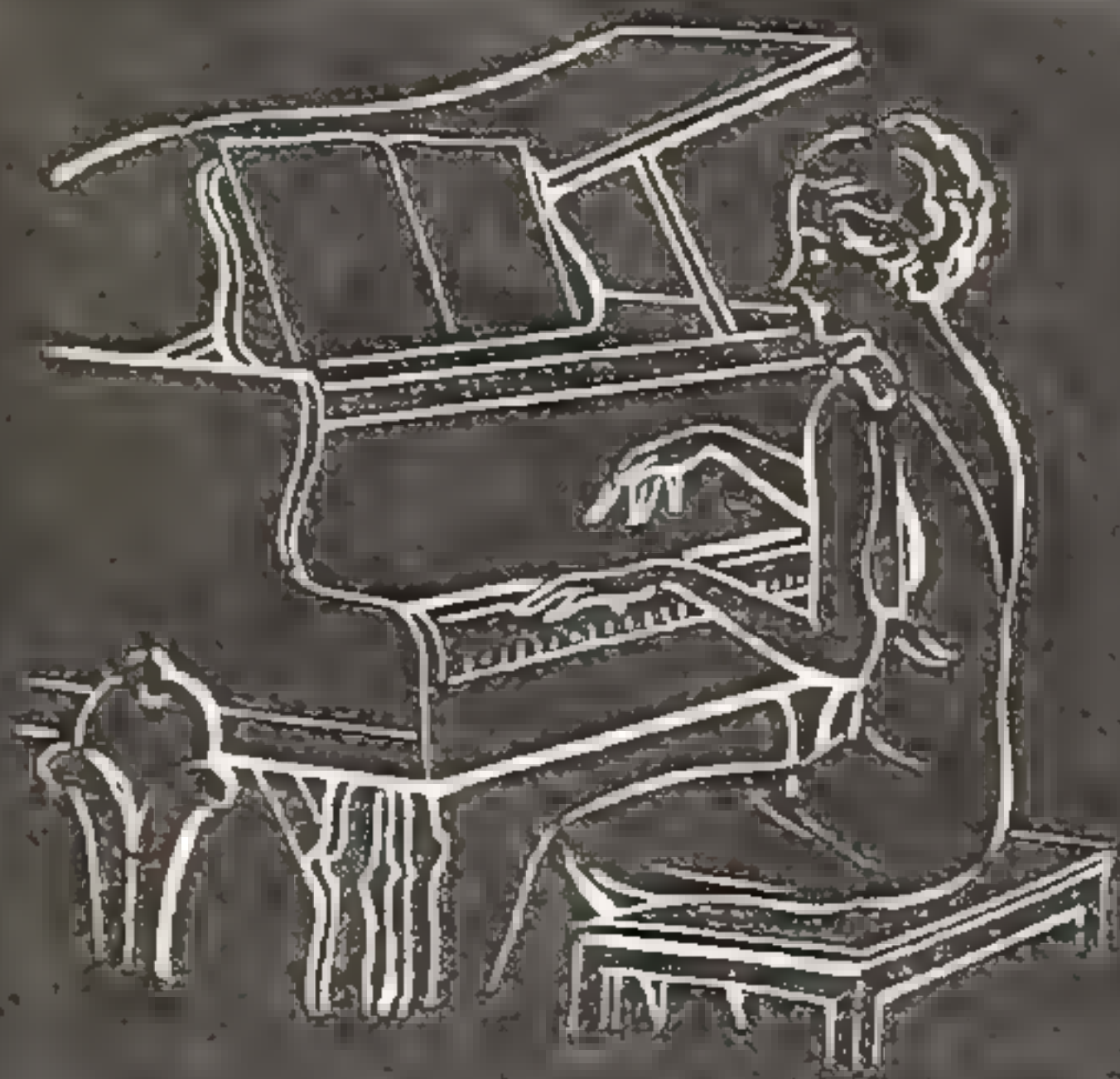
SNAPSHOTS remember things you've let yourself forget. They keep, safe and true, the feeling of some special time, the thrill of some wonderful moment. Make those snapshots now that are going to mean so much to you later. And don't take chances—load your camera with Kodak Verichrome Film. This double-coated film gets the picture where ordinary films fail. Your snapshots come out clearer, truer, more lifelike. Any camera is a better camera, loaded with Verichrome—use it always . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

Accept nothing but the
 film in the familiar
 yellow box.



She's a Celebrated
MUSICIAN..

yet she TINTS
her own nails!



THE alluring rhythm of her music fascinates his eyes as well as his ears, for her finger tips reflect brilliantly her fastidiousness and taste. Lovely as blossoms, her tinted nails are her own individual care.

With F-O Nail Polish in six magnificent shades (creme or transparent), you, too, can have the finger tips that attract and hold admiration. It's a matter of seconds with F-O Oily Polish Remover to prepare for a new shade, and this corrective remover will keep your nails from becoming brittle. Learn the charming secret of irresistible finger tips with F-O.



• F-O manicure preparations in liberal 10c packages at all ten cent stores.

FORT ORANGE CHEMICAL CO., ALBANY, N. Y.

ASK ME!

By Miss Vee Dee

Miss Phyllis M. Fred Astaire has danced his way into millions of feminine hearts but has had few changes in his dancing partners. His first was his sister Adele who appeared on the stage with him until her marriage in 1932 to Lord Charles Cavendish of England. Fred danced for a time alone in "The Gay Divorce," a stage show that ran for months in New York and London. His first picture contract was for a dance number with Joan Crawford in "Dancing Lady," then came "Flying Down to Rio." The Astaire-Ginger Rogers team made a big splash hit in "The Gay Divorcée," changed from "The Gay Divorce," followed by "Roberta," "Top Hat," "Follow the Fleet," all with Ginger Rogers. The Astaire-Rogers team is now making "Swing Time," with Jerome Kern music.

Jane C. K. Tiny Lily Pons, the great soprano from the Metropolitan, is one of opera's best gifts to the picture world. She was born April 13, 1905, in Cannes, France; is 5 feet tall, and weighs 104 pounds. She married a Dutch publisher, August Mezritz, but they are now separated. Lily made her opera debut in "Lakmé" in Alsace in 1928; and sang the *Bell Song* from the same opera in her first motion picture, "I Dream Too Much." Yes—Pons will make another picture soon.

Young Charmer. That's admitting a lot, or are you just being very modest? One of the men of the hour seems to be John Howard. His recent picture is "Thirteen Hours by Air" with Joan Bennett and the very engaging Fred MacMurray. Ruth Chatterton was in "Lady of Secrets" with Otto Kruger. Now Ruth is playing in Walter Huston's film version of "Dodsworth." She's also in "Girls' Dormitory."

M. H. B. I'm sorry to tell you that David Landau passed away during the past year. He was a very fine actor, both on the stage and screen, and his work will be greatly missed. One of his first screen appearances was in "Street Scene," followed by "Union Depot," "Judge Priest," and "Death on the Diamond," as well as other films.

Elsa R. "The lady with the lovely voice and real beauty" who played the wife of H. B. Warner in "The Garden Murder Mystery," starring Edmund Lowe, was Frieda Inescourt. Among the other lovely ladies in the cast, Virginia Bruce and Benita Hume, Frieda rather dominates the picture. Miss Inescourt was well-known on the Broadway stage. Watch for her in "The King Steps Out," with Grace Moore; and in "Mary of Scotland," with Katharine Hepburn and Fredric March.

Hollywood Says: Watch That Hair-Line

Continued from page 60

to reveal it! Please notice, however, that her bangs are soft, not too heavy, and artfully arranged with a slight curl to allow turning the ends to one side. This avoids the harshness of a straight line across the forehead which is almost universally unbecoming. Bangs which suggest a beautiful forehead only partially concealed are far more intriguing than thick ones which hint they have something to hide.

Only the ultra-beautiful, with clean-cut chiselled features, should attempt the hair-dress with a braid across the top of the head. Irene Hervey can do it, and she can wear an undisguised center part, too. This type of coiffure gives the impression of stately, mature beauty, and it accentuates perfection of features. However, it is ageing to those of us who can't afford to look older. Avoid it if you have the slightest suggestion of heaviness around your chin and lower cheeks. If you're blessed with youthful looks, plus classic features, it may lend you an air of distinction that's priceless. Be sure, though, that you set the braid far back from your forehead.

The flower in one's hair that showed its first bloom last Spring is such a delightfully romantic accessory to evening allure that it threatens to become permanent. A fragrant gardenia at the side-front of a gal's coiffure adds much, and at the same time it intensifies the fairness of her skin and whiteness of her teeth.

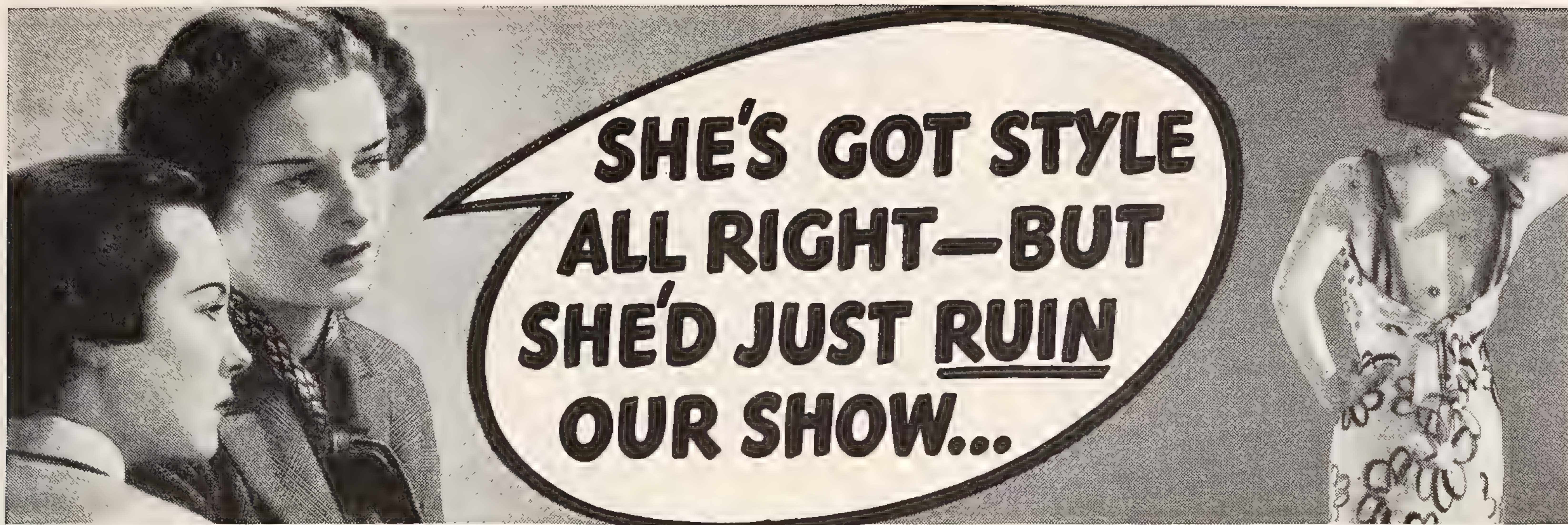
Now I've talked myself out on the subject of natural-looking coiffures and how the movie stars achieve them. Except for the lucky few who are blessed with naturally curly hair, you must depend upon the right permanent wave as the basis of the "studied abandon" that's as smart as it is becoming. The old days, (I won't say good ones), when the value of a permanent was judged by how long it lasted are gone for-

ever. No well-groomed woman nowadays wants to go through three months of "kinks" for nine months of curl. And—it isn't necessary.

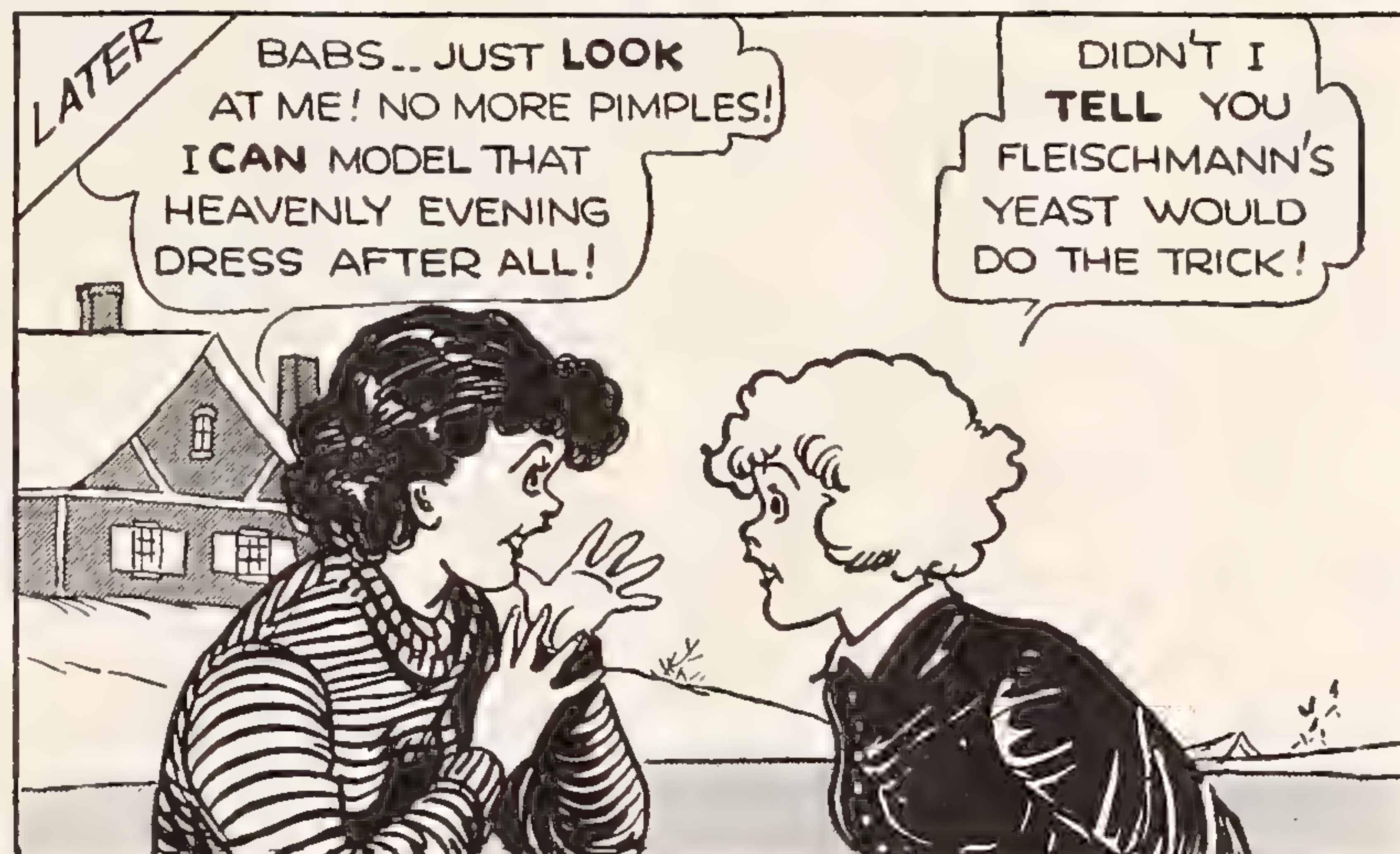
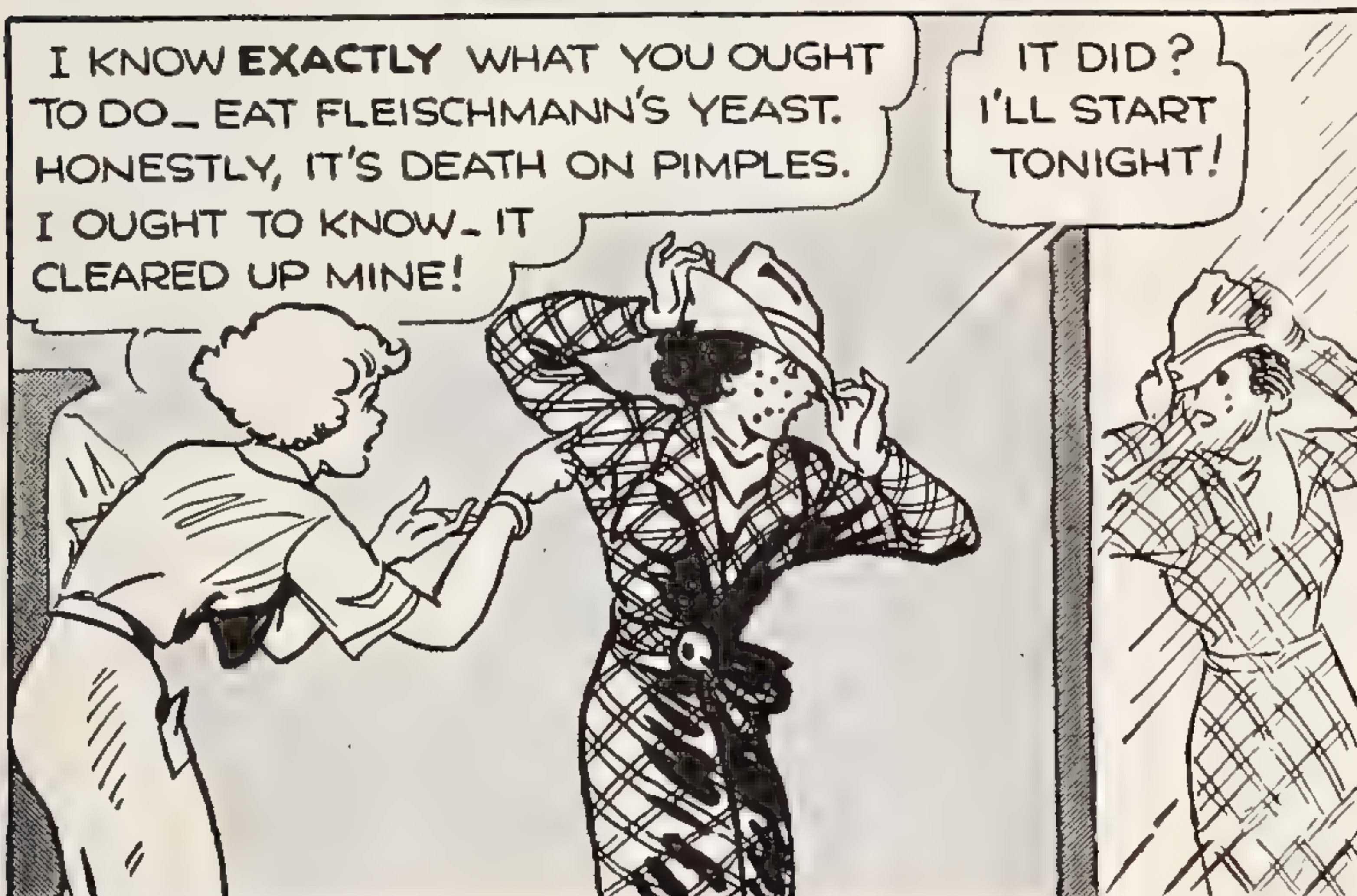
Permanent waves have been immensely improved. However, you yourself should contribute something to the success of your wave. Have oil treatments or give yourself soapless shampoos a month or so before your new wave. Let your hair grow fairly long before—and have it cut after. Hair is always thinned out toward the ends so you must expect a tighter curl there. The haircut will do most of what's necessary to get those ends in shape. And here's something you can do yourself to help train those curls you roll around your finger: put a little hair ointment or tonic oil on your comb. You'll be surprised how much it helps the curl-making process!

It's excellent treatment for any new-born permanent to brush your hair regularly and vigorously every day until the softness and sheen are as much of a joy as the curl. Oil treatments or soapless shampoos are helpful following the wave, too.

Naturalness in hair styles goes double, as it includes color, too. Extreme artificial shades are fading out of the picture. No doubt Jean Harlow had a lot to do with this trend when she renounced platinum blonde tresses for her natural "brownette." Brighten up your hair, bring out its highlights and disguise embarrassing grey, by all means, but avoid obvious extremes. Don't pull out grey hairs. Cut them close to the scalp instead. There really is something in the old warning "pull out a grey hair and two grow in," according to a prominent hair specialist I talked with lately. Pulling out a firmly entrenched hair is likely to injure surrounding color glands, and frequently more grey hairs actually do appear.



READ HOW
KAY'S
PIMPLES
NEARLY
KEPT HER
OUT OF
THE
FASHION
SHOW



—clears the skin
by clearing skin irritants
out of the blood

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A Day on the Set with Shirley

Continued from page 19

my 'rithmetic when you're fixing my dress?"

"Guess I can stand it, honey," Andey reassures her.

"Eight plus six plus seven," begins Miss Klamp.

Still threading raffia, Shirley replies: "Twenty-one."

"Seventy-eight minus thirty-five."

Her work drops into her lap. Hazel-brown eyes are fixed for a moment on space. "Forty-three," she says, and picks up her cardboard.

"Some boys are going on a picnic. If four boys go in a rowboat and six boys go in a sailboat, how many are going on the picnic?"

"Ten boys," says Shirley, with that side-long smile that tells you a good joke is coming, "and two *boats* are going on the picnic."

Besides arithmetic, she learns reading and spelling, writing and sentence structure, French and drawing. The work is planned so as to enrich her experience, rather than to push her still farther ahead of her years. She reads the books prescribed by the school course, which still leaves time for other books—the beloved classics of childhood—to be read aloud to her. She prefers fantasy to realism, and loves fairy-tales above everything else. Rapt and dreaming, she drinks in the ancient lore of princess and goblin and fairy queen—the little girl who doesn't for a moment realize that she's living a modern fairy-tale of her own.

Today Miss Klamp is reading "Pinocchio" to her, while Shirley's fingers stick patiently to the self-imposed job of finishing "daddy's blotter." She asks an occasional question, though she'd rather figure things out for herself when she can. They come to the "good fairy with azure hair."

Shirley looks up. "Azure hair?"

"Yes, Shirley. It means blue, like the sky."

"That's good," approves Shirley heartily. "I'm glad they have blue hair in fairyland. It's my favorite color."

The word "philosopher" crops up in the text, and Miss Klamp pauses instinctively for the question she expects. No question is forthcoming.

"What's a philosopher, Shirley?" she asks.

"Well," comes the answer, "I believe it's a sort of teacher." She holds out her cardboard. "How d'you think I'm doing with this red?"

"You couldn't be doing better," Miss Klamp assures her, with an emphasis that serves to cover her astonishment. "How did you know what philosopher meant, Shirley?" she inquires cautiously.

Shirley shrugs. "Must've heard it somewhere."

She's more interested in a friend who has just appeared than in her linguistic prowess. Shirley has a passion for crayons, and she knows that her friend, who uses them in his work, is likely to have one crayon to spare for her.

He offers them on his outspread palms. "Which will you have?"

Her fingers hover, she looks up, and the tiny dimples at the corners of her mouth start flickering. "Guess I'll take the red," she announces, "because it's the reddest," and they burst into laughter at some conspiracy of their own. You begin to realize that Shirley's the kind of person who can always find something to laugh at—that

the sunniness she radiates on the screen belongs not to "Bright Eyes" nor "Curly Top" nor "Little Miss Marker," but lies deep in the disposition of Shirley Temple.

"Mommy says you spoil me," she informs her friend.

"What do you think?" he inquires gravely.

She ponders this for a moment. "I don't think so—I *hope* not," she replies with equal gravity. There's nothing coy or self-conscious about this rejoinder. You have only to hear her "I hope not" to know that she says it because that's what she means, that nothing lies behind it but her own clear candor. "It's impossible," you may hear people say, "that a child surrounded as she is by the world's adulation should



They're husband and wife, both appear in "Mary of Scotland," but this is Fredric March's day off, so he visits Florence Eldridge.

remain simple, untouched, without affectation." Let these same people spend a day on the set with her, and they'll leave convinced that the impossible is true. I defy the most vigilant eye to detect in her any hint of the show-off. A miracle, maybe—but a miracle that works—partly because of her mother's wise training, partly because of her natural qualities. Watching her, you grow gradually conscious of something about her that's difficult to define—a kind of serenity, spiritual poise, dignity—call it what you like, for I don't know what to call it—which is proof against anything cheap or false. It's a quality rare in a child, usually coming, if at all, with the mellowing of years. Perhaps it's that, even more than her gifts as an actress, which lies at the root of the love she inspires.

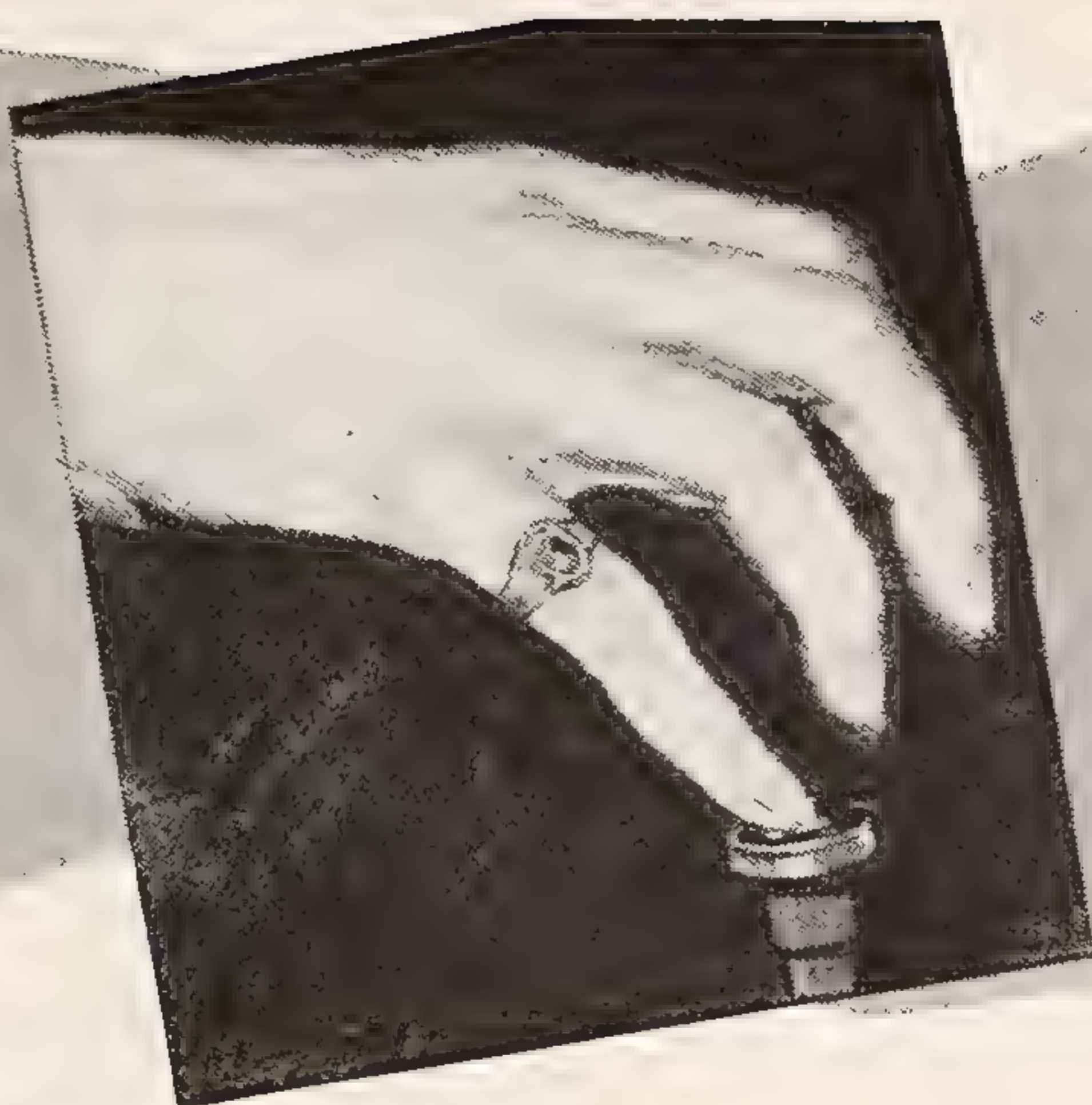
"You going to draw me a picture with that crayon?" Andey asks her.

"If you want me to. Only I don't do drawing very well."

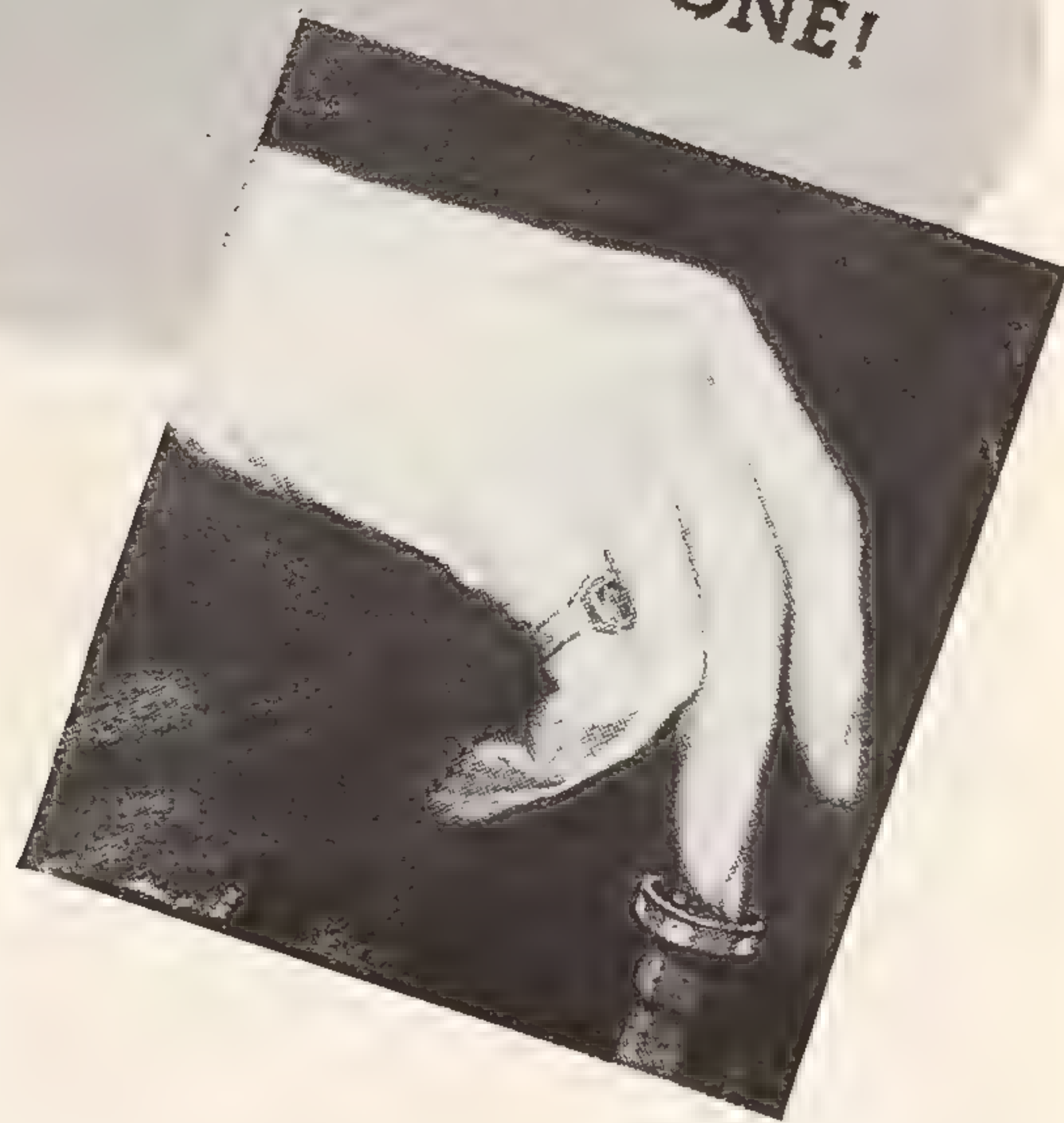
"Why, Shirley! What about my beautiful rose?" And from her kit, where it's obviously lain treasured for many a day, Andey produces the drawing of a highly colored rose, with this legend printed underneath: "Dear Andey, tomorrow we will have a coca cola together. Happy birthday. Don't forget. Shirley."

"But I didn't draw it," says honest Shir-

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WORK OF
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ley. "It was all drawn—drawn—and I just colored it."

Lessons are over, but there's still a little time left before lunch. "Suppose," suggests Miss Klamp, "we go over the new French expressions we learned today."

It's not for Shirley to object. Still it *would* be nice to concentrate for a while on this important raffia job that's got to be finished for daddy's birthday tonight. A thought flashes through her mind, and the lurking dimples come into play once more. She looks up at her teacher, innocent-eyed. "*N'avez-vous pas fait?*" asks Shirley, the diplomat, politely, and Miss Klamp concedes that her pupil has won the day.

* * *

Afternoon, and Shirley, as *Little Eva*, is rehearsing a scene for the version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" which is part of the script. There can be no doubt in the mind of anyone watching her that she's having a good time. You'll never find her, like many of her adult colleagues, off in a corner, mumbling her lines. She's as care-free before her scenes as after—dancing, chattering, without a worry in her head. Yet when she goes on, she does her part with the ease that has earned her the title of "One-take Shirley."

"It makes me laugh," said William Seiter, who's directing "The Bowery Princess," "to hear people ask: 'But aren't stage children cheated out of their childhood?' Shirley has a grander time than any kid I know—with her school work *and* her movie work. She doesn't have to sit long hours at a desk, she doesn't have to wait for the slow-pokes to catch up to her. Everything's a game with Shirley. There's a certain amount of playing she has to do before she settles down, and we all play with her. She likes to clown and tease, she likes to peep through a door before she comes in. Then, when she's played enough, you say: 'O. K. Shirley'—and, whatever's to be done, she goes to work and does it."

Mrs. Temple sits where Shirley can see her. The child's last glance before she begins a scene, her first when she finishes, is for her mother. If she thinks she hasn't done as well as she might, she looks rueful. If she knows she has, she's glad, of course—but takes no time out for self-congratulation. That's what she's there for—to do her best. It's nothing to take bows over.

The scene is with Frank Morgan—her grandfather in the story and, for the moment, playing in black-face. Shirley's a fastidious young person. She doesn't like dirt. "Will the black come off on me, Mr. Morgan?" she asks with a grimace of distaste.

"Oh, I think it's *fast* black, Shirley—it shouldn't come off."

Nevertheless they pin a towel round her frock—which is all very well for the frock, but still leaves her hands and face unprotected.

"Never mind, sweetheart," calls her mother. "If you get a little black, we'll wash it off."

The scene is rehearsed, and Shirley puts her arms round her grandfather. Heroically she refrains from looking at them till she comes off. Then she holds them up for Morgan's inspection, and closes one eye in what might be described as a wink. "Guess it must've been *slow* black, Mr. Morgan," she chuckles.

"Ready," calls Mr. Seiter. Shirley stands just outside the scene. She's to wait for a signal from the director before coming on. "Don't forget the high sign," she reminds him.

"I won't. We're going to do this in one take, Shirley.—Speed!" The cameras grind, *Dimples'* grandfather walks on between two officers. But *Dimples-Shirley's*

eyes, fixed on the director, widen in amazement. He's forgotten to give her the high sign. "Cut!" he calls, realizing his omission.

This is too good a chance to lose. It's not often that the director misses a trick. "I'm afraid, Mr. Seiter," Shirley points out, lips grave, eyes dancing, "I'm afraid it'll be *two* takes."

"I'm afraid, Miss Temple," he rejoins with a low bow, "I'm afraid you're right."

And Shirley bows back, as you saw her bow to Arthur Treacher in "Curly Top."

They try it again. He doesn't forget the high sign this time. But whether *Dimples* is still enjoying the joke, or whether it's only that even Homer nods, *this* time, Shirley—with twice as many lines, to be sure, as any of the adults—this time, it's one-take Shirley who blows up in her lines.

Her face is worth the price of admission. One blank look at her mother and Mr. Seiter—then, forefinger stuck at an angle into her topknot, she pirouettes silently and tiptoes back to her place on the sidelines—a picture of comical self-abasement.

The director picks up his cue. "I'm afraid, Miss Temple, darling," he observes with formal elegance, "it's going to be *three* takes."

She buttons her lips over the laughter that bubbles against them. "I'm afraid, Mr. Seiter dear," she bows, "you're right." Then the laugh rings out. "Guess we're just about even now," she crows.

There's a distinguished visitor on the set today. The fact that his name is David Wark Griffith means nothing to Shirley. The fact that he's a friend of Mr. Seiter's does.

"How do?" she smiles, and searches her mind for some form of entertainment. "Would you like a nice cool drink?" And off they go together, the tall man and the baby—the biggest movie name of twenty years ago hand in hand with the biggest movie name of today.

So, between happy work and happy play, the day wears on. At every opportunity Shirley scampers to her stool to go on with her blotter. Miss Klamp is there to lend aid and assistance. Her mother is within sight. Anthony, the still-man, strolls over for a little conversation. Anthony's a funny man. She never quite knows when he means what he says and when he doesn't. Which makes life all the more diverting.

"How do you like the color of my hair today?" he inquires.

"Very nice," she says, without looking up. "Azure, isn't it? You're the man with the azure hair."

Over her head Anthony turns an inquiring glance on Miss Klamp. But Miss Klamp only smiles. He'll get no help from her.

"My hair's pink," Anthony finally decides.

Shirley raises her eyes and inspects his clean-shaven face. "You're wrong, Anthony," she tells him solemnly. "Your *beard's* pink, but your hair's azure. You're a man of many colors, like Joseph's coat."

Anthony acknowledges defeat. "The coca colas are on me, Miss Temple."

"I had mine already," Miss Temple admits regretfully.

* * *

She stops work promptly at five. Having entered her dressing-room as *Dimples*, playing *Little Eva*, she emerges as Shirley, yellow coat buttoned over a dark blue dress, yellow beret in her hand. If you think she's tired, watch her playing tag with Griffith, the chauffeur—a forty-eight inch package of vitality and mirth. An actor, garbed as a policeman, gives her his club to make the game more exciting.

"Shirley," calls Mr. Seiter, "I'll have to arrest you for impersonating an officer."

"I'm not 'personating an officer," she

gurgles, between breathlessness and glee. "I'm just chasing Griff."

Then she climbs into the car. She's worked and romped, she's talked to a famous man, she lunched with people who came from faraway England and refused to go back without a glimpse of Shirley Temple, she's made some scenes in a picture that will go round the world to delight the hearts of people everywhere. All of which is incidental to Shirley. To herself, she's not a star, not a sensation, not the darling of millions—but a little girl who's made a present to give pleasure to someone she loves. What marks this a red-letter day to Shirley is the blotter, finished, clasped tight in her hand, which she's taking home to her daddy for his birthday.

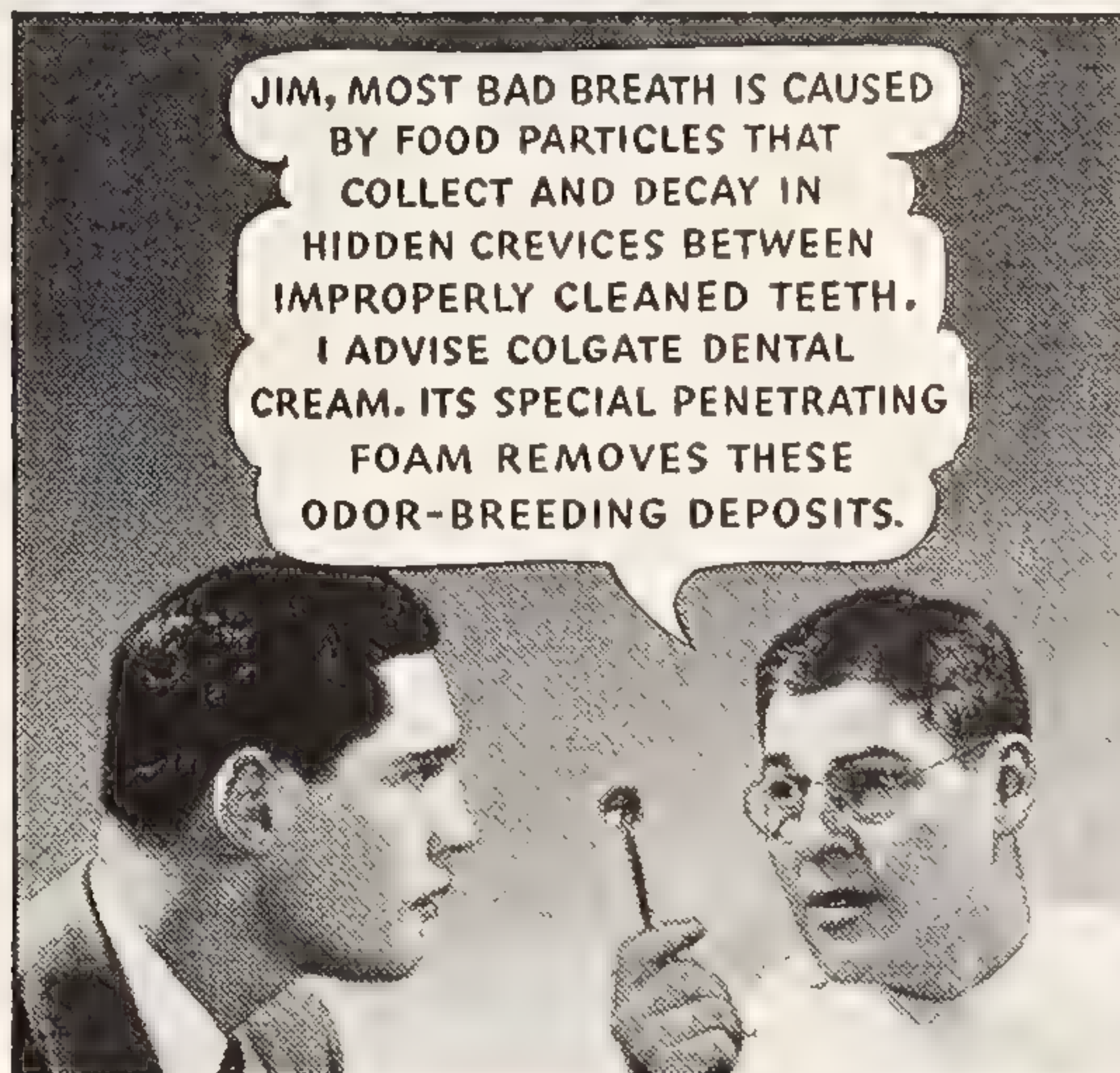
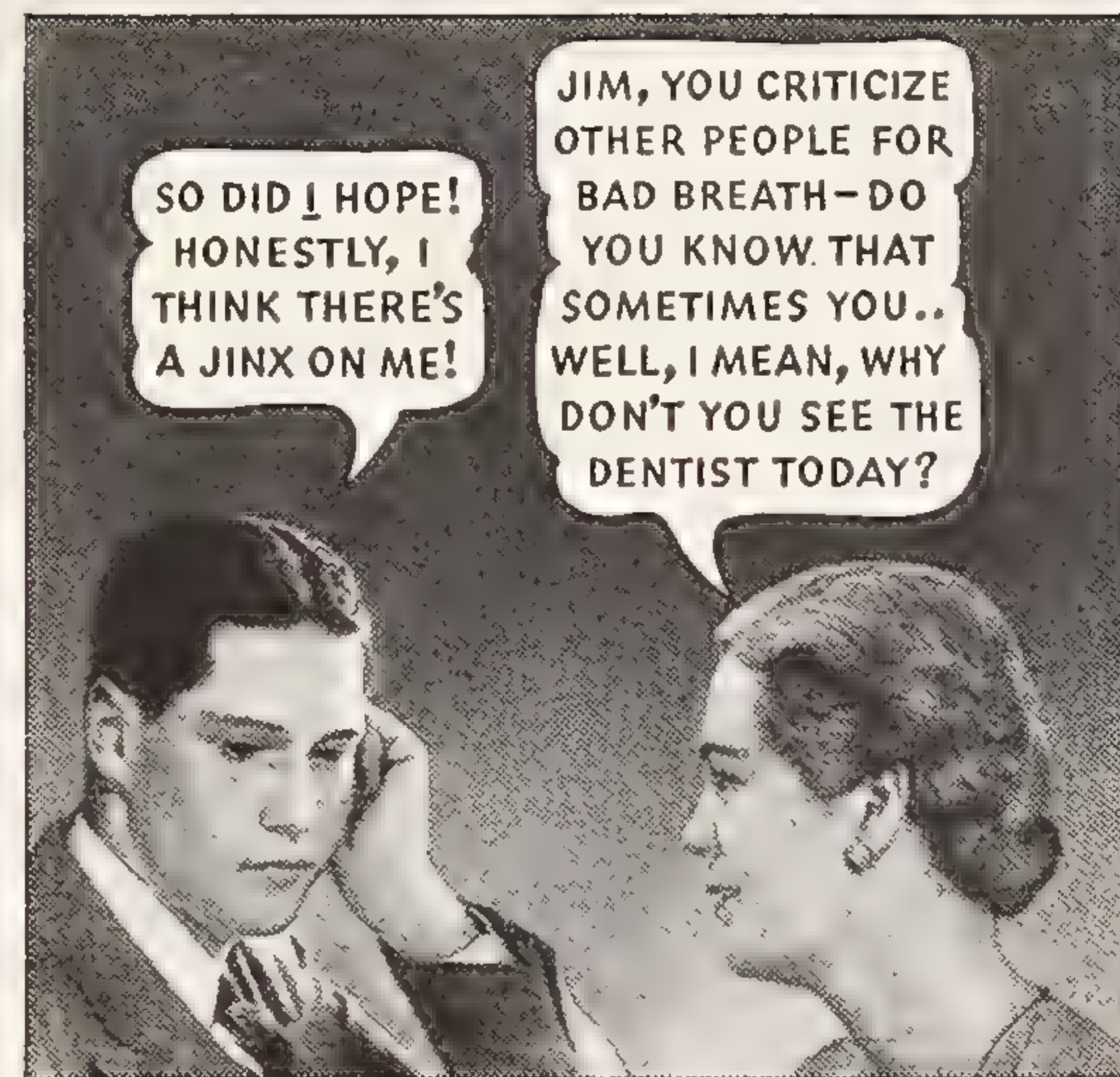
Claudette's New Private Life

Continued from page 51

like an awful lot of land to Claudette. But several weeks later when she got ready to build she discovered to her horror that the super-colossal salesman hadn't walked a very accurate boundary. Where he walked didn't agree at all with the figures on her deed, and to have ample grounds around the house and playhouse she had in mind she would have to buy another acre. Well, dear reader, it's a sad story but that last acre practically put our heroine in the poor house. It seems that the owner knew all the time that Claudette would need it very badly and so it became very dear to him. But he was finally coaxed to sell it, and another super-colossal salesman got a neat cut, and everybody was happy except Claudette who hates to be gyped.

Claudette wanted a charming, comfortable home, in the Georgian manner, with nothing modernistic about it—she loathes with an awful loathing everything modernistic including furniture, sur-realists, and Gertrude Stein—so naturally, but naturally, she engaged the most modernistic architect in Hollywood. (Sometimes I suspect she isn't as sane as I give her credit for being.) Well, we won't go through all that heart-break; suffice to say Claudette had more than her share of architect and contractor trouble, and I suppose you old home-owners can nod your head in sympathy. For quite some time there were those of us who began to believe we'd never live long enough to have tea *chez* Colbert. I think it was four times that Claudette had the living-room torn out because it wasn't what she wanted; but fortunately along about that time she fell terribly in love with Doctor Jack Pressman and she thought it would be a lovely idea to marry him on Christmas Eve and move into her first home at the same time—you know, the bride being carried over the threshold and all that!

Claudette at heart is a rank sentimentalist—don't ever let that sophisticated air of hers fool you—and she's a perfect child about Christmas, and she wanted this Christmas to be the happiest in her life. So she disguised herself as Mrs. Simon Legree and snapped her whip over the little men who were eating and drinking and sleeping on her time, and by some miracle or other things got finished and she moved in on Christmas Eve just as she planned. Of course there wasn't very much furniture, but a bride and a groom, so-o-oo-o in love, and a happy family and yours truly don't require much furniture, and anyway there was a Christmas tree, champagne cocktails to toast the bride, a rug that rubbed off on everybody's clothes and a heavenly dinner. I am sure that it was Claudette's hap-



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This new Glazo formula dries to a satiny surface that doesn't chip or peel, that wears for several *extra* days. Here is a polish that disdains streaking, that flows on with perfect ease and evenness. And so completely has evaporation been eliminated that the polish is usable to the last brushful.

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piest Christmas, and that she thought it well worth the worry and money she had put into her home.

The last minute worries, those that came the week before Christmas, were the worst, and I can't resist taking time out to tell them to you. You've probably had them, too. Visiting the house one morning Claudette noticed a terrific smell in her mother's dressing-room. After a consultation with all the workmen it was decided that something was dead—and that something proved to be a poor little field mouse who had gone to sleep one night in the wall only to waken the next morning to find himself tiled in. Well, hardly had the men gotten the tiles down again than there was a great shriek from Claudette downstairs in the dining-room. It seems that the plumbing leaked and her beautiful specially designed

It called for a celebration. At dinner that night there was a sudden lull in the conversation and quite unexpectedly to the assembled family and guests Claudette calmly announced, "I think I'll sell the house. And build another." Everyone practically swooned. "Two years!" I finally gasped, "and all that worry. And this beautiful home. Claudette, you *can't*!" "Yes," Claudette continued, "I think you have to build three houses before you get exactly what you want. I know what mistakes to avoid next time."

"Claudette," said Dr. Pressman from his end of the table, "would you mind putting ramps in that last house instead of stairs so they can wheel us up and down more easily!" Dr. Pressman got a dirty look from his frau.

Well, with all her disparaging remarks



"Lost Horizon," James Hilton's hauntingly beautiful book, is being translated to the screen under Frank Capra's direction, with Ronald Colman and Jane Wyatt, shown above, in the leading rôles.

wall paper was being ruined. Came the plumbers, and up came the tiles again. And hardly had Claudette told the plumbers what she thought of them than she was summoned to the basement by a disgruntled cook. It seems that the contractor had caused to be placed in the basement a hot-water boiler of the capacity to accommodate *two* hot baths. Of course it didn't occur to the dear man that four members of Claudette's family would live in the house, not to mention four servants, and all of them enjoyed bathing. Claudette called the contractor, and what she called him is none of your business, but at the end of the conversation, needless to say, the fellow knew what Miss Colbert thought of a boiler built for two. Of course the refrigerator didn't work at first and every time you rang a bell, either the front door bell or the room bells, you lost a finger nail or else the bell kept ringing which nearly drove the servants crazy. Oh, well, you've probably had all these little homing problems yourself, you landed gentry, you.

Despite the fact that Claudette moved into her new home on Christmas Eve it was not until June of this year that she finally completed finishing it. Claudette has taste, very exacting taste, and everything had to be just so. She took a trip to New York in March to buy several pieces of furniture, several paintings, including the famous Monet, and valuable screens and knick-knacks. In June she bought the last lamp-shade, and no matter how she looked at it, the house was completed at last.

about her new home, Claudette secretly is getting a big kick out of it and is quite proud of it, as well she should be. She's typically a home-loving person and appreciates a home more than any star I've met in Hollywood. She doesn't like gangs of people around her and she doesn't go in for stooges and yessers the way so many stars in Hollywood do—oh, to be sure, Miss Colbert likes a bit of flattery, as who doesn't; but she can usually tell whether it's sincere or not, and there's nothing that irks her quite so much as effusive insincerity. She'll take it with a prop smile as long as she can, and then she'll cut you down with a word.

She loves to entertain small groups of people, usually family and close friends, and her most informal dinners are formal, except for clothes and conversation. She's a stickler for flawless service, but she hates to dress for dinner herself, so rarely insists upon her guests doing so. The dinner invariably starts out with Claudette discussing a new play, a new book, (she is extremely well read), or the European political situation; but even before the entrée has arrived her most frequent guests have turned the conversation to the Main Street burlesque, the latest "handies," and the new Gene Fowler poem. Miss Colbert grimly announces she knows the Wrong People—and lends an eager ear.

Sunday is her day for entertaining. She likes to have her friends gather around her tennis court in the afternoon, and there you can always find a group of tennis-minded

people. Claudette herself plays a very good game of tennis, though there's still room for improvement. Her brother, Charles Wendling, an expert player himself, once called her Lead-in-the-Pants because she wouldn't run for tennis balls—if they bounced right in front of her, well and good, but if she had to run for one—oh, no, not for Colbert. But what with all the kidding from her brother and her husband, (not to mention her intimate friends), Claudette, this year, I am delighted to report, is running like a bat out of hell for balls and swatting them like a Helen Wills. Of course, if you happen to return one of the balls she has swatted she is quite hurt, she might even get mad, the idea is not to return any of Colbert's hard balls. That's the idea. But no one pays any attention.

She will not play partners with Jack. She believes that married people should not be partners in anything except marriage. In the late afternoon everyone assembles in the playhouse for tea, cocktails, conversation, ping pong, Monopoly, or practically anything you want—except bridge. Claudette will not play bridge. Then dinner in her very lovely dining-room with the specially designed wall papering, and then about nine everyone wanders back to the playhouse where a current picture is shown. Claudette is really nuts about movies. She misses very few of them. Her own projection machine is one of her most treasured possessions.

"Shoot Fast" Fonda

Continued from page 25

enough to attempt anything like that.

"All I can tell you is—don't shoot when light is directly above your subject unless you're looking for down-dropping shadows. So don't choose noon time. I like to have the sun coming from the side, but anyway I never have it too high.

"I've made over 2000 shots and am beginning to discover some of my own worst faults. The best way to learn is by your own mistakes. I have albums of excellent pictures made by experts, and I look at these whenever I have time and try to see how they did it. When I like something especially well, I experiment to see if I can get the same effect myself."

James Stewart and Henry Fonda share a house with a dialogue director and an assistant director. The four of them were together in New York, and all are congenial. Besides the house they share a single ambition. They all want to be directors.

"The best way to learn to be a director is to direct a picture. That's our idea, at any rate. So we have a small movie camera and the four of us are making a picture in color. Naturally, we have no sound, but we are learning a lot about action. You'd be surprised how many problems there are in a simple story. We use very few actors—mainly Jim in a variety of rôles—and we make the scenes around the house. One thing happened last Sunday. We'd shot two people talking to each other—then we went into close-ups of each one, and when we threw the rushes on the screen, the close-ups looked as if the two had their backs to each other! Re-takes!

"When you actually do a thing yourself, you realize the mistakes that can be made, so that's the way to learn the business.

"I'd like to take a fairy tale or a myth or a legend and make a color picture with the scenes laid in various lovely spots in California, to see what effects I could get. Maybe I will, when I've learned more about taking pictures."

FAMILY DOCTORS KNOW THAT VERY OFTEN...

"INCOMPATIBLE"

MEANS-
IGNORANCE
OF CORRECT
FEMININE
HYGIENE



For years, countless women have depended on "Lysol" as a means of antiseptic feminine hygiene... Doctors, clinics, nurses, know "Lysol" as a dependable germicide

IF YOUNG wives would only turn a deaf ear to "bridge table advice" which is usually more *friendly* than *informed*—and talk to reputable authorities, they would have the advantage of facts and knowledge... They would know that the "Lysol" method of antiseptic feminine hygiene is one recommended by many leading experts.

It is important to follow a method of feminine hygiene which you can use with confidence. "Lysol" has earned the confidence of countless women... probably no other preparation is so widely used for this purpose.

"Lysol" disinfectant is a dependable germicide. It is used by doctors, hospitals, clinics and nurses, the world over, because of its reliable, concentrated germ-killing power. "Lysol" has 6 qualities that make it valuable for feminine hygiene:—

The 6 Special Features of "Lysol"

1. NON-CAUSTIC... "Lysol" in the proper dilutions is gentle and reliable. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.
2. EFFECTIVENESS... "Lysol" is a *true germicide*, active under practical conditions... in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.). Some other preparations don't work under these conditions.
3. PENETRATION... "Lysol" solutions spread because of their low surface tension, and thus virtually *search out* germs.
4. ECONOMY... "Lysol", because it is concentrated, costs less than one cent an application in the proper solution for feminine hygiene.
5. ODOR... The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears *immediately* after use.
6. STABILITY... "Lysol" keeps its *full* strength, no matter how long it is kept, no matter how often it is uncorked.

New! Lysol Hygienic Soap for bath, hands and complexion. Cleansing and deodorant.

FACTS ALL WOMEN SHOULD KNOW

Lehn & Fink Products Corp., Dept. S9
Bloomfield, N. J.

Please send me the book called "LYSOL vs. GERMS", with facts about feminine hygiene and other uses of "Lysol".

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Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 10

"I never diet, but fortunately I like vegetables, salads, and fruit, so that may be why I don't gain. Over in England, it seems to me we were always eating. After we'd had tea in bed, breakfast, something at eleven, and a huge luncheon, we'd go riding for an hour and say to each other: 'I'm simply starved, aren't you?'"

"But here I don't 'famish' quite so easily. The latest Hollywood dish seems to be vegetable salad with a dressing of sour cream, but I haven't come to that yet. My favorite dish is creamed spinach—just plain spinach served with a thick cream sauce—it's heavenly!"

Not so long ago, Frances gave an English dinner to the English colony which is still spoken of tenderly here. And you can be sure it takes something really extraordinary in the culinary line to elicit the exclamations these days of our Hollywood celebrities. Let's look into it!

"We began with a clear soup," she told me, "then we had rack of lamb—that is, a row of rib lamb chops all stuck together and served with mint sauce; green peas, and potatoes roasted under the meat. The chef did it all as Julia told him."

"We had salad as a concession to our guests, who have become fond of it here. In England we wouldn't have served it. Then there was a sweet—a fluffy soufflé, and a savoury to follow. We had Angels' Wing, I remember. Know what that is? It's sardine on a scrap of toast, served very hot. I adore savouries, they give such a finish to a dinner. Sometimes we serve anchovy on toast, or hot cheese on toast."

"For tea sometimes we serve pikelets—they are like small pancakes only we serve them with strawberry jam," put in Miss Dean.

"Talking about excellent things to serve for that hot bite after the show," said Frances, "have you ever tried Angels on Horseback? They fairly melt in your mouth."

ANGELS ON HORSEBACK

Wash and drain 24 large Eastern oysters and wrap each oyster in a thin slice of lean bacon and fasten with a toothpick. Beat 3 eggs with 1 teaspoon of dry mustard mixed with 2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce and dip the covered oysters in them; roll in fine bread crumbs, place on a buttered pan, dot with bits of butter and bake in a hot oven seven minutes. Place 4 oysters on a square of toast, remove the toothpicks, pour over Maitre d'Hotel sauce and garnish with lemon quarters and branches of parsley.

"There's something very unusual that makes a good supper dish. It's called Bombay Turnovers. The customary thing is to serve these with a cold drink instead of hot tea or coffee, so we sometimes have a drink called Ching-a-Ling, if we can get the black currants for it."

BOMBAY TURNOVERS

Shred one pint of boiled crab meat, and mix with a tablespoon of melted butter, teaspoon of curry powder, and enough cream to make a smooth paste. Roll out pie crust very thin and cut into fine inch rounds. Fill with the mixture, fold in half, and fry in deep fat. Arrange on a napkin and garnish with parsley.

CHING-A-LING

To one quart of Orange Pekoe tea, add half a pint of black currant juice, three sprigs of crushed mint, a pinch of clove and sugar to taste. Chill thoroughly before serving.

ROSE SAPPHIRE

Eye Make-up by MAYBELLINE



Rose Saphire

Rose Saphire, New York's famous hat stylist, designs this gorgeous Roman-striped velvet turban—perfect with furs, and proper from noon till midnight. Here is a fashion hint from Mme. Saphire: "Turbans are famous for flattery to the eyes—and your eyes are your most important beauty feature."

Therefore, since beauty orders 'Eyes to the front', your eye make-up must naturally be selected with utmost care. Women of discrimination choose Maybelline as the finest which money can buy."

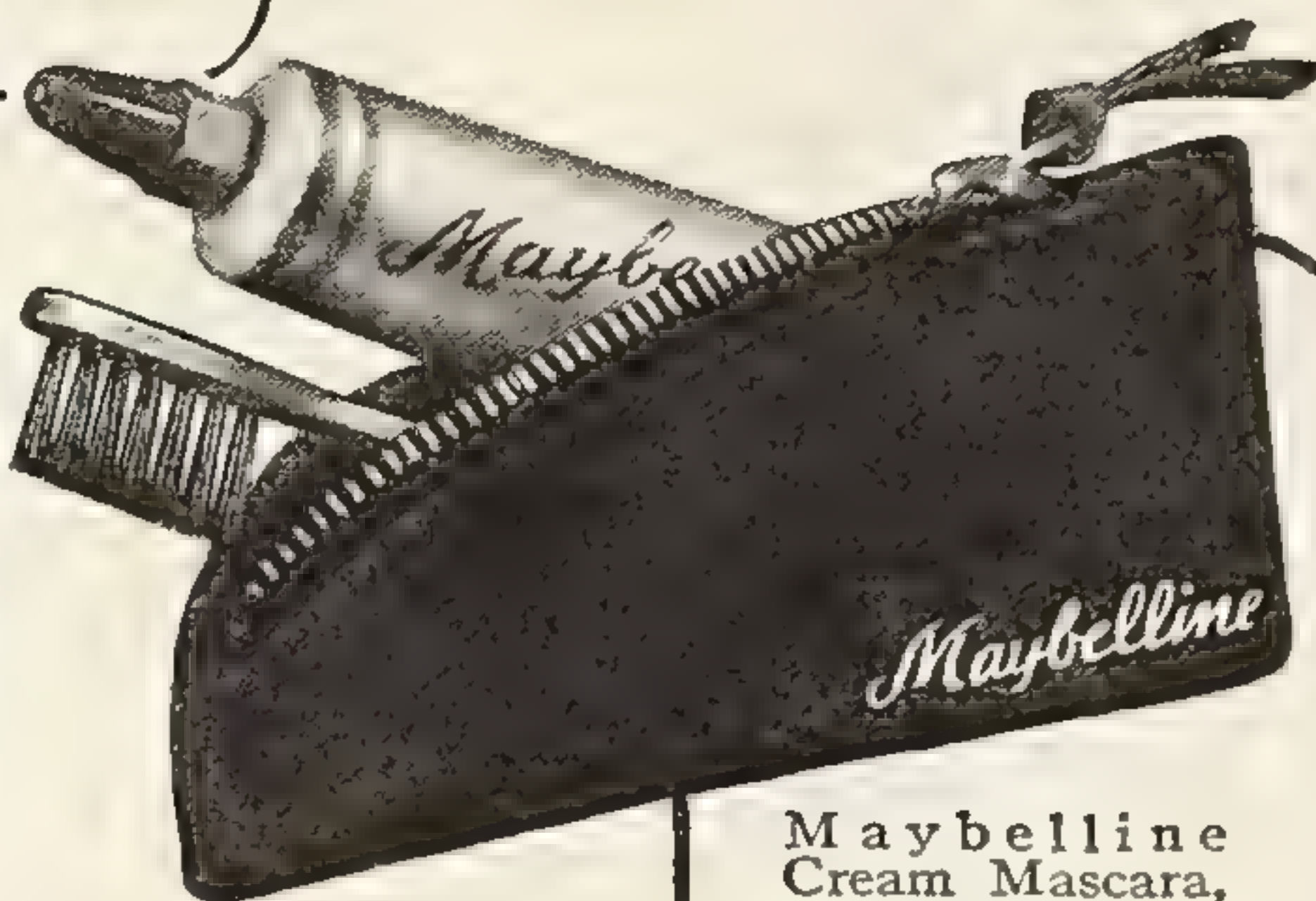
MODERN Eye Make-up IS AS NECESSARY FOR Beauty AS THE SMARTEST Hat

And really, how many smart and lovely women know this by heart! They study their eyes in the mirror, they discuss make-up with friends. And more than 10,000,000 modern, fastidious women now prefer the simple, instantly satisfying Maybelline way to lovelier, darker lashes! Let your eyes express the particular beauty that is YOU—with eye make-up in good taste! A few deft strokes of Maybelline and your lashes instantly appear twice as long and twice as luxuriant. You'll discover an entirely new beauty about your eyes, which adds thrillingly to the whole expression of the face.

There is no mascara more water-proof than either the famous Maybelline Solid form Mascara or the marvelous new Maybelline Cream form Mascara (which is breaking all sales records for new-found popularity.) Both are perfectly harmless and approved by highest authorities. Neither is beady, waxy or gummy on the lashes. The new Cream form, complete with case and brush, and the Solid form in the metal vanity, may each be obtained for only 75c at your favorite toilet goods counter. Generous introductory sizes of all Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids are on sale at leading 10c stores. Today—try this easy, certain way to lovelier, more enchanting beauty!

Maybelline

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Maybelline Cream Mascara, complete in smart zipper bag—separate pocket for brush. Black, Brown and Blue—75c.



Maybelline famous Solid Form Mascara. Black, Brown and Blue, in gold metal vanity.



Maybelline Eye Shadow. Smooth, Creamy, in Blue, Blue-Gray, Brown, Green and Violet.



Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil, smooth marking. Black, Brown and Blue.





Elizabeth Allan returns from England to play in "Portrait of a Rebel," starring Katharine Hepburn.

How Mary Budgets Her Career

Continued from page 66

wanted to play the same type of rôles she portrayed so wonderfully. Why, then, shouldn't I try to pattern myself after Miss Hayes in my rehearsals at home?

"I had no intention of trying at once to change my type from the collegiate—but in putting this actress before me as my goal I was now on a definite path, I had given myself a specific formula to follow.

"Getting a script of the picture that Miss Hayes was starring in required no great trick, and straightway I started studying her character. I found out what scenes were to be filmed day by day, and these I would take and rehearse as I thought they should be played.

"I acted them out before my mother and a girl friend, giving the part that Miss Hayes was to play everything I calculated should go into it. The next day, I would spend as much time as I could on the set, watching her to see just how she interpreted both the character and the lines, how and what she stressed, and how closely or differently I had portrayed the part the night before at home.

"Sometimes, I discovered I had the same thought in the delivery of lines as Miss Hayes; often I was wrong. But now I had something, somebody, to go by, some criterion by which I could tell how slow or how fast I was progressing.

"I considered every aspect of the character—how she should be dressed, how she walked, even what she thought in her own mind. I would compare these qualities, too, with Miss Hayes' costumes and acting.

"If every young player could take some great and exceptional actor or actress and follow them this way, I am sure they would benefit materially by such an action. I know that my own acting has improved one hundred per cent and I'm constantly striving to better myself every day.

"Not all of my time is devoted to work, on my 'career budget.' I have certain hours

When you're down...



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Come crashing down,
There's one way to soften
Fortune's Frown—

Buy Beech-Nut Gum

At stand or store . . .

The flavor makes dreaming
Worthwhile once more!

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... is so good it's the most popular flavor
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ORALGENE—Its firmer
texture gives much needed
mouth exercise... and its
dehydrated milk of magnesia
helps neutralize mouth acidity.
Each piece individually wrapped.

WORKED WONDERS FOR HER SKIN!

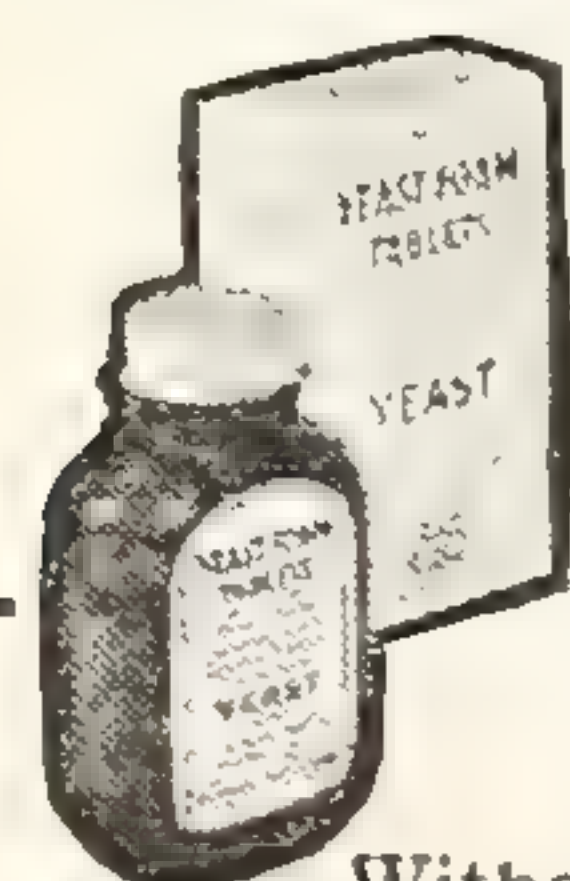
This advertisement is based on an actual experience reported in an unsolicited letter. Subscribed and sworn to before me.

Bernice Guttingh
NOTARY PUBLIC



ARE YOU missing good times—suffering needless embarrassment—because of a pimply, blemished skin? Then this true story from real life is meant for you! It's an actual experience, not an advertising claim—just one of thousands of letters from grateful users of pleasant-tasting Yeast Foam Tablets.

Let Yeast Foam Tablets help you as they have helped thousands of others. This pasteurized yeast is rich in precious natural elements which stimulate sluggish digestive organs—restore natural elimination—and rid the body of the poisons which are the real cause of so many unsightly skins. You'll look better—and feel better.



Ask your druggist for Yeast Foam Tablets today—and refuse substitutes.

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NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO.
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Without obligation, please send free trial sample of Yeast Foam Tablets. SC 9-35

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that I play, both for pleasure and for the sake of keeping fit. I attend parties, I circulate. I think this is both important and necessary for any young actress, so that she will be seen and so that she may meet people—as many as she can.

"There are certain nights that I attend picture shows, to watch acting and how characterizations are built up. Sometimes, I'll remain through two showings of the picture, if there's something particularly good or a performance that I think will help me by seeing twice.

"I enjoy working and seldom grow tired. Why, I've even asked the studio to put me in a picture, in a part no matter how small, rather than spend two or three weeks of inactivity.

"I've set a two-year plan for myself,

wherein I hope to satisfy a certain success and reach a specified point that I have defined in my own mind. If, at the end of this period I have not yet attained that goal I'll change my tactics and try to win stardom in a different way.

"But I think I'll succeed in what I have set out to do. I honestly believe that in budgeting my career I have skipped possibly one or two years that might otherwise have been consumed in learning the rudiments of acting."

In accordance with her plan, Mary followed the course now pursued by so many Hollywood stars—she accepted an offer to make a picture in England. The step was an important one for the little blonde.

Yes, it looks like Mary's two-year plan already is beginning to produce results.

Distant Star

Continued from page 21

THE STORY UP TO NOW

Bill Banton operates a newsstand at the entrance to the Ultra Alta studio, and of all the stars he sees daily he is most fascinated by Mavis Dorian, temperamental, haughty, the only actress who has never accorded Bill the kindness of a smile or a nod. When the little chorus girl, Carol Kelly, who is very friendly to Bill, tells him that Dorian is to make a big costume scene, Banton exercises his privilege of free access to the lot. While watching Dorian on the set, Banton accidentally stumbles and falls, his leg painfully twisted under him, a fragment of Dorian's costume, unconsciously grasped as he fell, clutched in his hand. The cringing figure at her feet, his face contorted with mingled pain and humiliation, is berated by the enraged Dorian. But the odd figure attracts the director. "There," the director cries, "there, Mavis, is the 'contrast' you've demanded for this scene. He's a natural. We'll write him into the story."

wistfulness that made the cameraman focus upon him rather than on the face of the star.

The scene went well. Bill said his lines with a halting tenderness that belied the commonplace words written into the script. And Mavis was imperious, queenly, superb. Only—and this was a thing that no one but Bill noticed—she avoided any physical contact with him. When his body moved toward her she jerked herself away. When the moment arrived—a mad moment of dreams come true—in which the jester laid his lips against the hand of the courtesan, it was the mere tip of one slender finger that Bill touched with his mouth.

Contrast? Oh, Bill supplied it! He stood out from the throng of beautiful women with an aching sincerity that caught at the throat. But it wasn't until the day of the first preview that the powers-that-be realized how cheap and unimportant the other members of the cast seemed, by contrast to the court jester. Bill's part—which hadn't been much more than a glorified bit—was hastily enlarged, and new shots were taken, and—this was important—new close-ups. To Bill the close-ups were always directed at his crippled foot, made more noticeable by the tights and the pointed slippers that he wore.

To Carol, watching from the sidelines, they were directed at Bill's profile.

It was a surprise to Bill—it was a shock to Mavis Dorian—to find Bill's name fea-

tured not very far from her own in the cast of characters, when the picture was finally ready for release. But it was neither a surprise nor a shock to Carol Kelly. She was quite prepared for what the reviewers would—and did—say.

* * *

The newsstand was sold. Not sold, really—given to a chap who had peddled papers alongside of Bill when they were both kids. Bill—who once hobbled to work—had a terraced apartment that was a good many blocks away from the Ultra Alta lot. It didn't matter now how near his dwelling place was, or how far away, for Bill rode to work in a car with deep cushioned seats and a special body.

"It's more than I have," Bill told one of the press department, who was doing a story about the cost of the car.

"What do you mean, more than you have?" queried the press agent. And Bill answered, shifting his crippled leg into a more comfortable position, "A special body."

The press agent grinned. He was aware, out of the corner of his eye, of a lady edging close. She was a new importation from Budapest, and very lovely.

"Baby," he observed, "you don't need a special body. You're the little lame prince of Hollywood—that's what you are. I'd break a couple of legs, myself, if it would bring me another sort of break."

Bill grinned his answer to the press agent. He edged away from the importation's rather predatory advance. He said:



Toby Wing shows you something new in tricky accessories: a clip and matched bracelets of white beads.

"Are you done with questions, Dave, now that you've got the facts on my car?"

The press agent said, "Yes. That is, except one. Who's the lead in your new picture? I suppose Dorian, as usual?"

Bill told him: "Yes, Dorian, as usual. But I have some news for you, at that. This is to be my first picture in a modern setting—maybe you don't know the story, but I'm—" he laughed—"a czar of gangland. My bum leg is supposed—" he laughed again—"to have embittered my life and thrown me into a career of crime. The big scene's laid in a cabaret, and as a bit of local color we've a tap dancer who will show the Eleanor Powells and the Ginger Rogerses where they get off. Her name's Carol Kelly."

Dave said: "It's a good old French name. Don't tell me Dorian's going to be your gun moll?"

Bill said, "Even so. She betrays me in the end. I shoot her. Then," he sighed, "myself."

The press agent chuckled—"A realistic story, huh? Be sure, Bill, that you fire the first shot—I know my Mavis. Remember Bunker Hill!"

* * *

It was that modern picture of Bill Banton's which caused one of the quick turnabouts of the industry. It was his film "Czar Crip" that lifted Carol Kelly from obscurity, and set her small dancing feet on the road to stardom. It was the same film that broke Mavis Dorian's contract and—incidentally—Bill's heart.

Mavis and Bill had been teamed together in three pictures—no, four—when production started on their saga of gangland. Mavis protested bitterly each time Bill was cast opposite her. The first time it hadn't been so bad—then she asked for contrast and Bill was the director's answer to her prayer. But the fans had said too little about Dorian and too much about Bill, after that first amazing interlude, and the word contrast had been ignored.

"What do I care if he is a natural," she raged, "he's a newsboy to me, and a lame one, at that! I'm tired of carrying the weight of every picture on my shoulders. I'm tired—"

It was the director who said nastily at that point: "You do seem tired. How old are you, Miss Dorian?"

Mavis looked at him with stark hatred in her eyes. "He wouldn't have dared that, a year ago," she thought fiercely. Aloud she said: "Old enough to slap you down—except that I don't want to dirty my hands."

Bill didn't know about this interchange of pleasantries. He tried hard to make things easier for Mavis Dorian. He worshipped her so completely—and had done it for so long—that he could quite understand her feeling for himself.

"If I were Miss Dorian," he told Carol, "I wouldn't want to touch me with a ten-foot pole. But, my God—if she felt different."

Carol said savagely: "I'm glad she doesn't. She might fall for you if she ever let go. I couldn't bear that."

Bill went on slowly. More as if he were talking to himself than to Carol.

"Sometimes I tell myself," he said, "when I'm stopping by at the florist's in the morning to order her gardenias, that she's like a flower. Fragile and sweet, for all her stately growth. Too fragile to be forced into contact with the ugly realities of the world."

Carol said, just as slowly: "So you send gardenias to her every morning? Probably without a card, either! Say, that one's as fragile as an armored tank, and as sweet as an octopus. Oh, Bill, I could kill you. You're a nitwit—you're—" all at once Carol was crying gustily. "No, I don't want your hankie, Bill," she sobbed, "or



See if the Shade You Are Using Is Really the Right One for You!

You're pretty sure about the shade of face powder you use, aren't you? You're quite certain it's the right shade for you.

By *Lady Esther*

What would you say if you were to find out it was the wrong shade entirely for you? Don't be so sure that this isn't the case. As any artist or make-up expert will tell you, many women use the wrong shade of face powder entirely. The result is, they look years older than they really are.

The reason so many women use the wrong shade of face powder is that they select their shades on the wrong basis altogether. It's a mistake to select your shade of face powder according to your so-called "type." You are not a "type." You are an individual.

One Way and Only One!

There is only one way to tell your most becoming shade of face powder and that is to try on all five basic shades. Any other method is only theory and guess-work.

To make it simple and conclusive for you to ascertain your right shade of face powder, I have invented a game called: "Find Your Right Shade of Face Powder." It's as enlightening as it is fascinating. Here's all you need do: Just send me your name and address and by return mail I'll send you all five shades of my Lady Esther Face Powder, free of charge. Take the five shades and sit down before your mirror. Start with the shade you think least suited to you and try that on. But don't stop at any one shade.

Go through all five and observe the effects in your mirror in each case.

You don't have to be any seer to recognize instantly that one of these five shades is more suited to you than any other. You will see immediately that one shade, more than any other, makes you look your youngest and most attractive. What that shade is, neither I nor anybody else, can tell you. You must see for yourself.

A Surprise May Be in Store for You!

Maybe the very shade you think least suited to you, the very one you would never think of using is actually your most becoming shade. Thousands of women have been amazed with the results of this test.

Decide today that you are not going to be in the dark any longer as to the shade of face powder you should use. Decide today that you are going to know once and for all which is your most becoming shade. Mail the coupon today and play the game that tells—my game of "face powder shades."

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.) (25)

Lady Esther, 2062 Ridge Ave., Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder; also a 7-days' supply of your Lady Esther Four-Purpose Face Cream.

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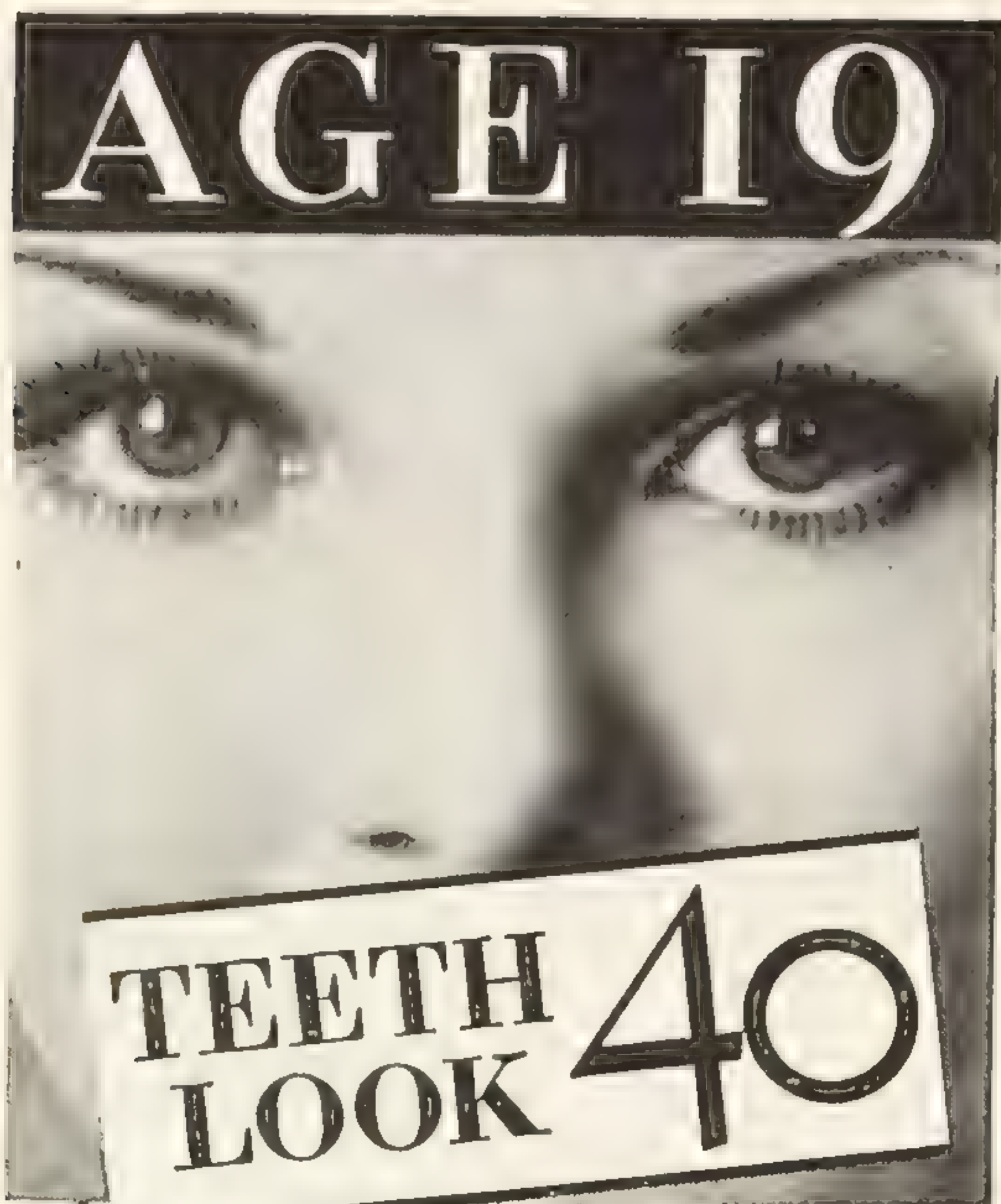
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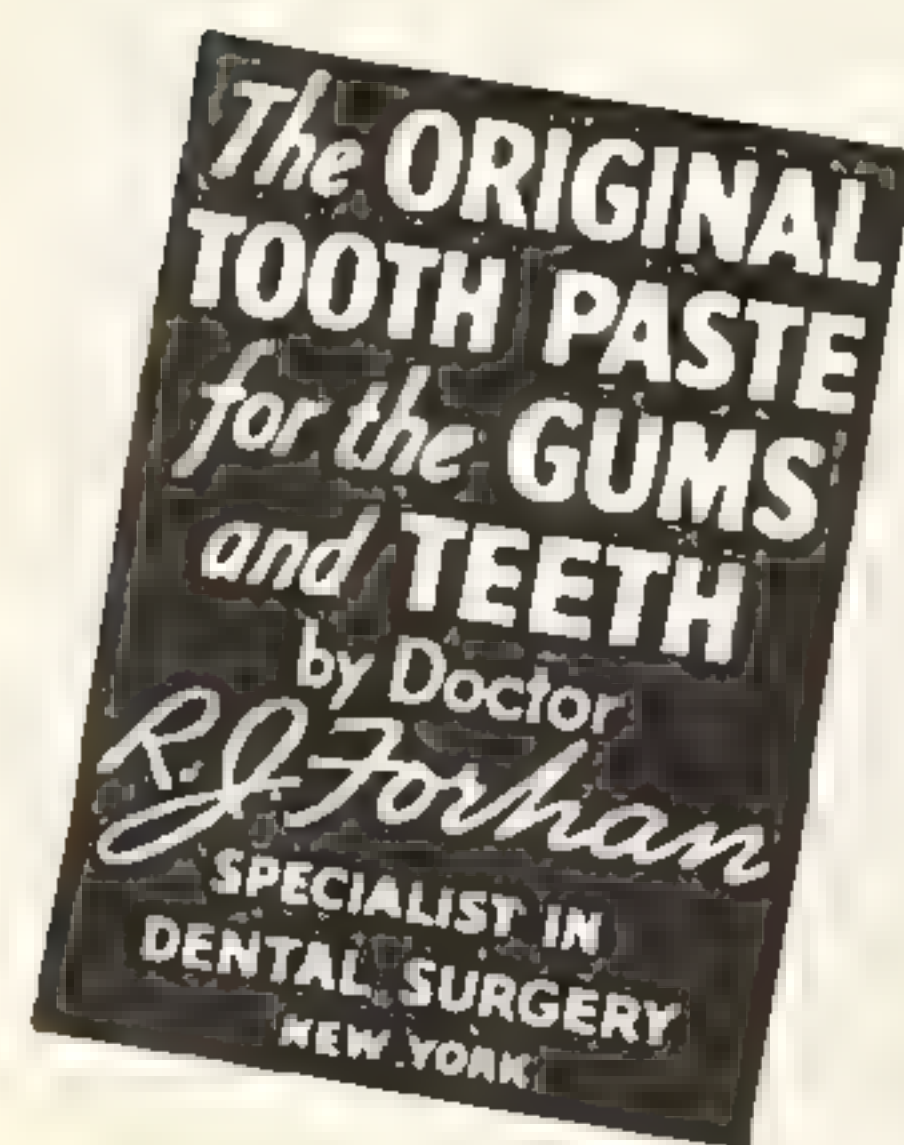
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because she used a
HALF WAY tooth paste

Don't waste another day on half way dental care. Superficial cleansing may keep your teeth white—for a while! But when your neglected gums grow soft and tender, all the half way measures in the world won't preserve your teeth.

Now—while your teeth are still firm and sound—replace half way care with the tooth paste that does both jobs. Forhan's whitens your teeth and fights the menace of spongy gums at the same time.



Why quit half way in caring for your teeth when Forhan's gives two-fold protection at the price of most ordinary tooth pastes? Be safe. Get Forhan's today!

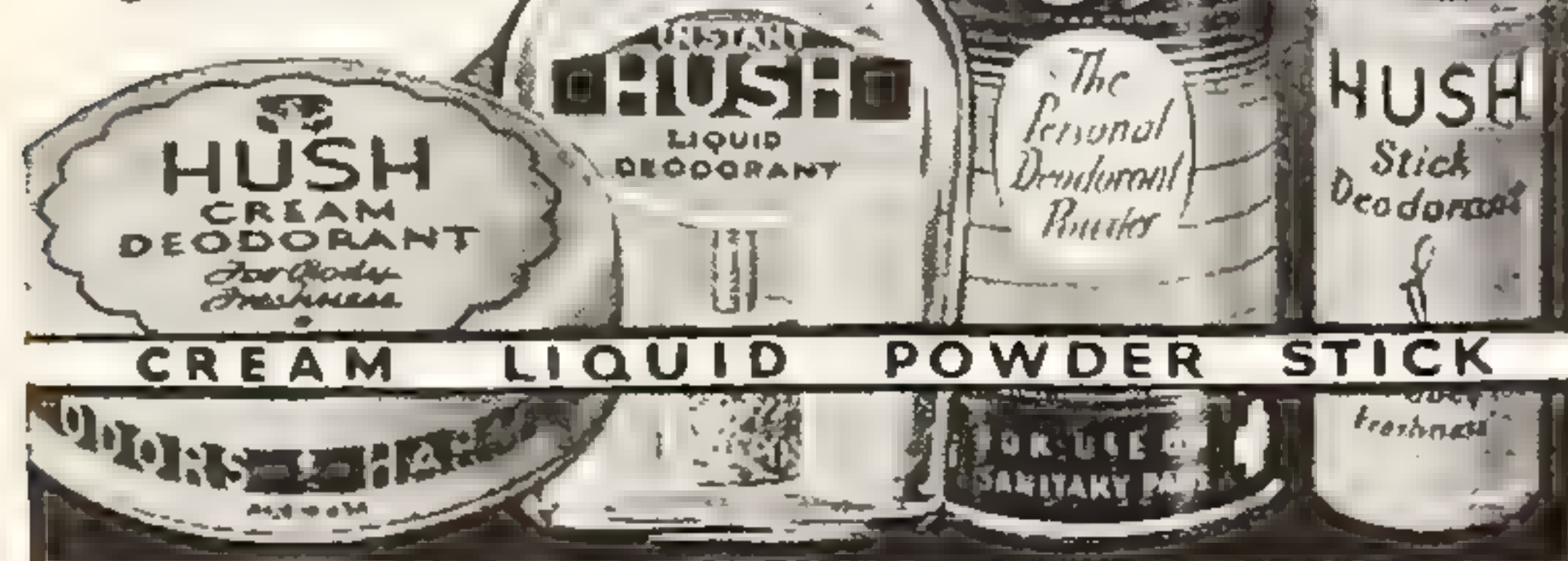
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Those who are fastidious and immaculate of their person welcome HUSH for its effective qualities to overcome excessive perspiration and unpleasant body odors. HUSH keeps the underarms fresh and free from every trace of odor. Use it daily.

4 Kinds

10c size at
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your gardenias. I wish you'd get the dickens away from here."

Bill had been having luncheon with Carol in a quiet little tea shoppe. He left her, quickly, his mind in a turmoil. But—despite all weather signals—he was unprepared for the explosion that happened when they were making the cabaret scene.

* * *

Carol was dancing. Her feet tapped out an impertinent rhythm, her slender arms made a pattern that was a part of the dance. Her face was uplifted, strangely pure and young—oddly intoxicated with youth. The colored orchestra didn't provide a melody for her—they followed her, improvising wildly.

The director slouched in his chair, but he wasn't directing. Next to him sat a bulky man who wore thick glasses and a thin smile. He was the president of Ultra Alta—he seldom appeared on the lot. He was there now because the director had said, "Draw up a chair, M. B., and learn something." Beside the bulky man was his secretary, taking note. She whispered once, "This is an experience, M. B. The girl's a darb. She's in love with life."

M. B. answered, under cover of an especially loud burst of music: "Damfools! To keep her in the background during all this dance craze."

Bill drank beer at a ringside table, with Mavis. His handsomeness of face had become a sinister handsomeness, under the magic of the make-up artist. Mavis looked hard and cruel, but she had scarcely needed make-up, she felt hard and cruel. Bill leaned forward to watch Carol's dancing; he was supposed to lean forward, but his eyes were intensely eager and the smile upon his mouth was the smile of a proud parent—or would have been but for a cleverly painted sneer. When the dance was finished—in a whirlwind burst of speed—he was on his feet, was stumbling forward, his hands outstretched. It was involuntary, that gesture of approbation, so involuntary that he forgot his semi-helpless foot. When it crumpled under him he fell into his chair. He didn't speak, he didn't need to.

The president's secretary murmured, "Swell business."

Mavis, also, was watching Carol. She didn't rise in her place, but her body tensed and her hands crumpled the cloth upon the ringside table, and her eyes blazed. She didn't say anything, but her painted lips moved, and her sneer was real.

The director leaned toward his boss. "Well," he asked, "what do you think?"

M. B. frowned. He always frowned when he was pleased.

"We'll sew her up for as long as we can," he said. "I'll have a contract here in half an hour." Abruptly he raised his voice. "Do that last bit over, Miss What's-your-name," he called. "No, I don't mean a retake. I just want to see it again."

Carol called, "Okay." She nodded to the colored orchestra leader.

Bill pulled his foot beneath the shielding table cover. He said to Mavis Dorian, "I guess she's gone over all right. Thank God for that."

"Thank God for nothing," snapped Mavis, "the little picture-stealing—!" The music drowned her voice, and Bill couldn't make out the last few words.

The encore went better, if possible, than the first run of the dance. Carol was a tornado in the spring. It made the director beat his hands together in applause.

At the blazing finale the president of the company did an unprecedented thing. He heaved his bulky self from his chair, and strode onto the set.

"You're a very pleasant surprise," he told Carol bleakly. "This means a featured spot for you."

Carol dimpled into his face. She was

quite at ease. She said: "I think you're swell to tell me so. Especially before I have a contract. I always heard you were big—and white."

M. B. smiled. His smile was so frosty that it could make an onlooker's ears tingle. But his hand was kind as it patted Carol's slight shoulder. "And I hear," he said, "that you're a discovery of Banton's. The two of you will be a great team in this picture. We'll put a lot of effort back of the exploitation. Take a note—" this to his secretary—"about the exploitation, Miss Smithers."

It was Mavis Dorian whose voice sounded across the set. It was Mavis—amazing in the flashy finery of a gun moll, who left



Florence Rice and Robert Young
are a new—and attractive—team.

her place at the ringside table and came sauntering toward the president of Ultra Alta.

"So," she drawled, "you'll put a lot of exploitation back of her. So—she'll make a fine team with your crippled newsboy. Well, I agree with you there. But where do I come in?"

Oddly enough the president's smile took on an unexpected warmth when his eyes fell upon Mavis. Miss Smithers, his secretary, held her breath. She knew what happened when M. B. lost his cool detachment.

"Oh, yes," said M. B., "Quite. Where do you come in?"

Mavis eyed him as Clyde Beatty eyes the largest lion. She said, "I'm the only star of this piece, and don't you dare overlook it."

Bill Banton had risen from his chair. He was limping forward. He'd forgotten his pleasure in Carol's performance—he'd forgotten everything save his concern for Mavis Dorian. He looked at her with a wide, beseeching gaze—a gaze that held an almost fanatic gleam of worship. He said to the president of Ultra Alta:

"Please don't pay any attention to what Miss Dorian says. We've been working day and night—she's exhausted. She doesn't mean what she—"

Mavis Dorian whirled on Bill. Her glance was a searing flame, and so was her body.

"Shut your ugly mouth!" she shrieked. "How do you dare to speak when I'm speaking! How do you dare to say I'm exhausted! That I don't know what I mean! You filthy guttersnipe! You—" swiftly her hand flew out, and the imprint of her five fingers stood forth redly upon Bill's face—"you caricature! I'm through with you. And—" she turned toward M. B., who ducked instinctively, "and you, too, you idiot! And this lousy picture. And Ultra Alta..."

The president of the company looked at Mavis with eyes that were again frosty.

"Just so," he said. "Make a note of it, Miss Smithers!"

(To BE CONTINUED)

Do Women Make or Break Actors?

Continued from page 59

William Powell was frank to say: "Certainly women have a lot to do with the success of an actor. There are outstanding cases where an actor has definitely been made by women. There's no better example than Rudolph Valentino. I think handsome men have a definite appeal for women, young ones in particular. When playing a part, however, the thought of an audience as men or women never occurs to me. It is only later that I realize what a tremendous force women are in determining the popularity of an actor."

Nelson Eddy took this view: "One cannot under-estimate the influence women have on the box-office, which is the barometer of success. Women set the trend in screen heroes. There was Valentino. Then came the era of the rugged actors—Gable, Cagney, and so on. From a romantic angle, women are in a position to know what type they prefer, and their preferences often determine whether an actor will 'go over' or 'flop.' As to his being handsome, that's a matter of individual taste. Some of our best actors are not handsome, so you can't measure ability by physical appearance. I believe women have a fine understanding of characterization, and that they judge by the quality of an actor's performance."

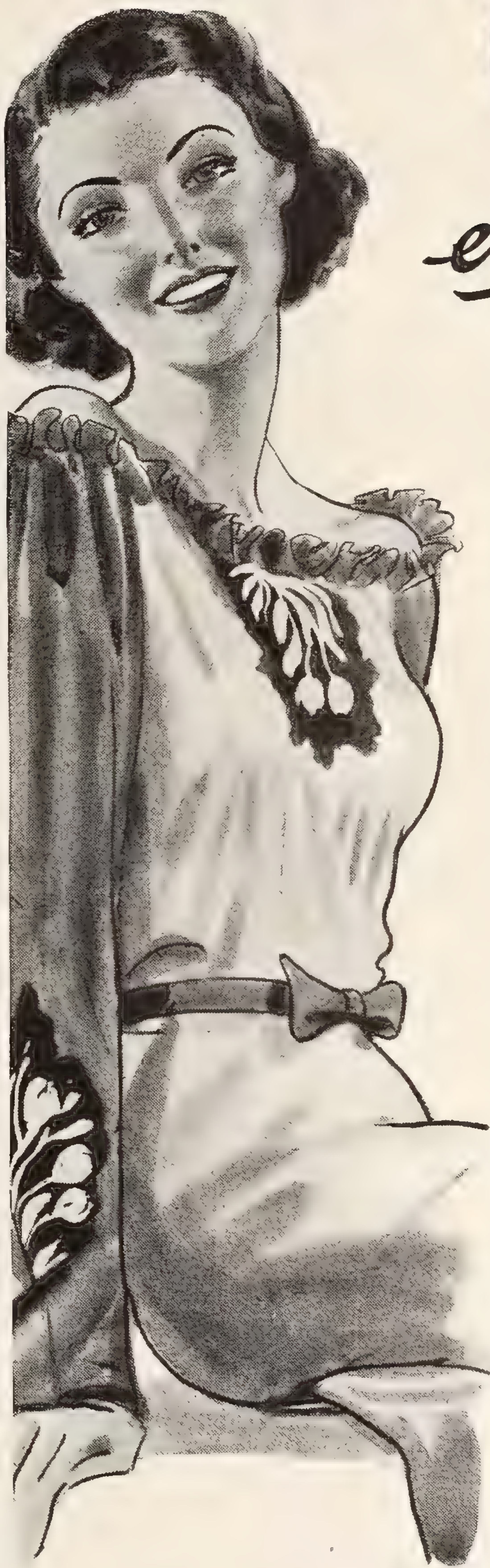
That idol of the feminine world, Clark Gable, spoke from experience: "There's no doubt that women determine an actor's success in a box-office way. This is particularly true of the 'romantic' type of actor. This fellow's chances are practically at the mercy of women. But his doesn't signify that he has to be handsome. Some of the men on the screen who aren't handsome are most successful—Charles Laughton, Paul Muni, and many more. This doesn't minimize the fact that the great majority of moving picture audiences are women, and so an actor's chances of success are largely in their hands. They are sensible enough to know that handsomeness is not the true secret of attractiveness. I'll admit, however, that good looks might help an actor along. But, above everything else, women like sincerity. All an actor can do is to play a part, good or bad, with as much sincerity and understanding as he can put into it. Then he can only hope to have the women on his side."

With British conservatism, Leslie Howard reflected: "This is a sweeping question. But if women as a body are against an actor I don't think he has much chance of success. Charles Frohman, who was the greatest maker of stage stars, believed that men were of limited appeal and put his ultimate faith in women stars. To me audiences are neutral, no cult, just human beings. But women have more leisure than men, so they are likely to have more opinions about actors. In this respect men are apathetic, with no violent preferences as to screen favorites. Women are louder in their praise or commendation, and it is this difference which makes them a power. All movie audiences are like matinee audiences in the New York theatre—that is, preponderantly feminine. Naturally, then, their opinion is of vital importance to the actor."

Robert Montgomery was of similar belief in one sense. "Women are more audible than men. They express themselves freely. This makes them powerful in settling the

She has what it takes

except one thing



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Joel McCrea on location for "Two in a Crowd." His last was "These Three." Joel must like numbers in his picture titles!

the fate of an actor. Collectively they are charming, and I must say they couldn't have been nicer to me. But there was one individual exception. I had a funny experience at the preview of a picture in which I ingloriously figured. With me was a woman star who was also in the picture, and both of us were suffering agonies. My groans at the things I saw myself doing finally caused a woman sitting just in front of us to object, 'I'm terribly sorry, but you're making me uncomfortable.' 'But,' I protested, just to get a rise out of the innocent companion beside me, 'did you ever see anything worse than that damn woman?' Without turning her head and blissfully unaware of my shameful identity, the lady in front snapped, 'Wait till that uncouth rat appears on the screen again.' That was me! But, I repeat, women have been very nice to me. And that's why I'm now bowing low."

Smiling, Ronald Colman was gallantly poetic with:

"What can I say,

Since Sylvia be ever faire to me?"

"No one knows better than producers how essential the good opinion of women is, for it is the lady of the household who decides what picture the family will go to tonight. Then it remains to be seen whether the actor is worthy to share in her good graces. If he has the romantic appeal this is unquestionably an asset. But almost every romantic actor, in my opinion, must have reached the age of thirty or forty before this appeal can satisfactorily be made to women. He must have experience behind it, and women know he couldn't have it at twenty-five. If he can please men as well, so much the better for him. But first of all he must please women to be a successful actor. Not that he should obviously and definitely seek to win his way into their hearts. I don't think of an audience at all when I'm working. But afterwards I do realize that the greater part of it is made up of women and that success or failure rests with them."

That rugged actor, Spencer Tracy, hit out straight from the shoulder: "Sure women have a lot to do with the success of an actor. As a rule they have more time for, and are more interested in, pictures than men. It's just like anything else. Women can make or break a man in business. They can determine whether a book will be a 'best seller,' whether a motor car will go over, whether a certain type of home will be popular—so why shouldn't they be able to make or break an actor? Women single out a certain actor they like particularly in a certain kind of part. It's my guess they don't go out of their way looking for handsome fellows. Of course, if their preference is for handsome men in real life, then the chances are they'll want that kind of screen hero. But it takes all kinds of men to make a world—and that's where we actors get a break!"

Fredric March took this surprising angle: "I think men are more romantic than women. It's part of their make-up. They idealize women, whereas women take them pretty much for granted—lucky thing, too! Women are more intuitive, men more sentimental, and they appeal sentimentally to women because of their chivalry. The actor can bank on this, and if he's wise he does. It's what might be called his sex appeal. Ernst Lubitsch believes that even comedians have sex appeal, and I agree with him. But if you try to play to one sex you're lost. You've got to satisfy yourself. If you do this you may satisfy women, though you never can tell. The main thing to bear in mind is that women choose the film the family will go to see. The husband may hate Fredric March, but if his wife says March that's what he gets! This domination by women extends to actors. It's just a case, all 'round, of feminine rule of the screen. If a picture doesn't have romantic appeal for women, the actor has a hard nut to crack. That's the whole thing in a nutshell."

Place aux dames! And while you make way, let them make or break actors.

Ten Lives—All Secret!

Continued from page 31

made the center of attraction, when he is out some place trying to enjoy himself.

Fred was wearing a plain tweed suit and a soft turned-down hat. Dark glasses shaded his eyes, to rest them after the piercing glare of the studio lights. Pan was wearing a new Palm Beach suit and was all dressed up the way people expect a movie star to look. For a moment the fans surveyed our box. (They knew darn well I wasn't Astaire.) Then they decided that of the two, Pan looked the most like a movie star.

While Fred sat and calmly watched the show, Pan signed book after book. Finally, the publicity man of the place came up and asked if he would pose for a picture and say a few words over the loud speaker. This time Fred was on his own. Any other actor might have been terribly annoyed at not being recognized. Fred was delighted and not a bit disappointed. It was one of the few times since he'd been in Hollywood that he could attend a show and actually get to see it.

Please don't get me wrong, that Fred does not appreciate the great public enthusiasm for his work. Quite to the contrary, he is more grateful than he can say. But I'm just trying to find out about this private life business. Fred feels the best way to show his appreciation is to give the very best of his talents. That's why at the present time, besides acting and creating all the dances for his new picture, he is also composing songs, and making phonograph records. What little time there is left of himself, I'm sure Fred feels he is entitled to have. But that's why his home life is so sacred to him and is his one refuge from the professional world that claims so much of his time.

When he is out in public, Fred objects to being photographed. It isn't because he dislikes having his picture taken. It's just that he gets self-conscious having people stare at him. On his last trip to New York, the train made its customary stop at the Kansas City station. Fred decided to get out and stretch his legs. Over in a corner stood one of those automatic camera booths, that give out eight poses for a dime. Fred looked around to see if anyone was watching. Thinking himself quite alone, he went into the booth and drew the curtains.

Picture, if you can, the debonair Fred Astair, who poses for thousands of studio photographs yearly, doing his stuff in a lone booth in a Kansas City railroad station! Actually, he was doing it for a gag and having the time of his life. When the pictures were finished, Fred drew back the curtains and stepped out. Two hundred people, who stood waiting, broke into loud applause. A waitress at a counter had recognized Fred and spread the good word around. For the balance of the stop-over, Fred autographed menus, soda fountain checks, and anything they could lay their hands on.

Before Fred was acquainted in Hollywood, he had to go to the dentist. His work wasn't serious, so he went to a man in the neighborhood. When the dentist took one look at his famous patient, a strange look came over his face. Fred asked him to speed up the job, because rehearsals were waiting at the studio. In the middle of his work, the man suddenly stopped.

"I've always wanted to be a famous dancer," said the dentist. (Fred forced a sickly smile.) "I make up difficult steps, you know. Now what do you think of this one?" With that the man began dancing

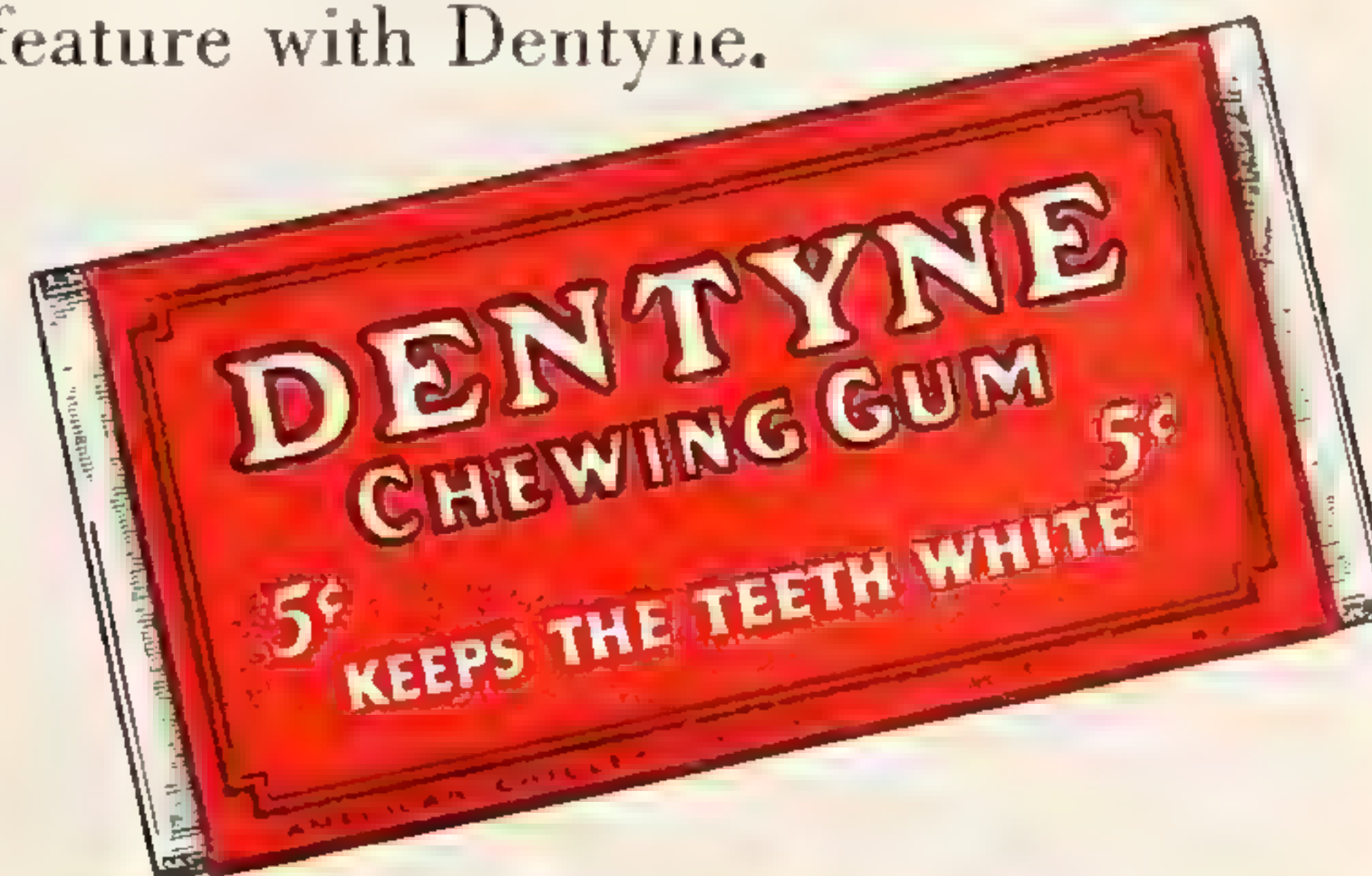
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in circles around Fred's chair, at the same time waving his instruments in mid-air. There was nothing for Fred to do but sit back and try to look impressed.

A similar thing happened when Fred went to his first Hollywood barber shop. Just as he was settling himself comfortably in the chair, the man next to him showed signs of recognition. Immediately he went into a lengthy discourse on his dear, sweet, little Betty Lou, who really was a great undiscovered child prodigy.

Fred listened politely and assured the dotting parent that he was sure his little girl would grow up to be a great pride and joy to the family. But he wasn't to get out of it so easily. The man insisted that he take photographs of Betty Lou, (who was minus several important teeth), and insisted that Fred arrange for the child to have an audition. Needless to say, little Betty Lou *didn't* become an Astaire discovery. Now Fred goes to the studio barber shop, where he can get a haircut—and like it.

To the Bow-Wows!

Continued from page 33

Dolores Del Rio's white Bull Terriers, (English), are well known to all her admirers, since they appear so frequently in photographs with her. Their sleek whiteness is in grand contrast to her dark beauty. They are about the cleanest looking dogs alive. Bonny was a present from Cedric Gibbons and is reputed to be worth \$5000. She won her championship in the East and has not been shown again out here. The male is Michael. He once warned Dolores of a rattlesnake that suddenly appeared in her sun-bathing arena, and killed the snake. A Dachshund recently performed the same service for Joan Crawford. My goodness, it makes one wonder if a tan is really worth it!

But the dogs certainly are. They are a grand bunch, and their masters and mistresses will do well to remain worthy of their devotion.

Maybe you think Clark Gable is spending most of his time with blondes these days—but ah, not when there's a dog around! All through the "Voice of Bugle Ann," Gable put in all his spare time out on the back lot with the grand hunting dogs used in that picture; and he adores his own dog, a beautiful setter.

Chester Morris's five Cockers have everybody in a dither. He just recovered from a siege of dog-house and run-building, and he has to get home from work in time to do the feeding every night. When one of them had puppies recently, there was some doubt expressed as to whether Chester wasn't the one actually having them.

A lot of dog showing has been going on, Hollywood having become dog-show conscious. The field is pretty evenly divided

among those who say they wouldn't show their dog or dogs under any circumstances, and those who frame their wins of blues and reds. Genevieve Tobin is working for a championship for Beau Geste, one of her West Highland White Terriers.

Bill Gargan is one of the most enthusiastic showmen with his English Bulldog, Lord Nagrag, (Gargan, spelled backwards). He has made a lot of good shows, and ought to be well up to his fifteen points, the essential number for a championship.

Stu Erwin has fun showing his Scotties, and Charley Ruggles owns a very smart toggery, the "Terrier Shop," where you can buy everything including overshoes and a raincoat for your pup.

Warren William doesn't go in much for showing his four pedigreed Wires, but he does have a grand time inventing trick collars and doghouses and gadgets for them.

The Arlens' little Schipperke, Jill, is a familiar sight in Toluca. Glenda Farrell's Heinze, (explanatory name), is king of View Crest Terrace, and you have to be pretty well known to that household before you walk in. The newest Siamese cat over there is called Tacky, because nobody can pronounce his involved name, and he swears something awful. What, you never heard a cat swear? Well, when Teresa, (Glenda's cook), decides she is tired of wearing Tacky around her neck, where he loves to ride, she pries him loose. And he sits there on the floor, glaring, lashing his tail, and using the foulest language in yowls and growls and moans and zips and dots and dashes. Never heard the like of it!

Everyone thinks it is awfully cute of Garbo to have a Scotty named Wimpy,



Jack Haley wants to make friends with all the bow-wows, it seems. That English sheep dog, left, thinks it's okay, but the whippet in the background isn't so sure.

since it proves she reads the funny papers. Wimpy loves hamburgers, and many a villager will swear he has seen Greta herself stop the old town car at the roadside hamburger joint and order two—one for Garbo, and one for Wimpy. (Hey, how about the driver?).

Paul Muni's favorite pet is his Airedale, Simon, the only member of the family outside of Muni himself who is allowed to enter the actor's rehearsal house. Simon is an interested, if silent, audience, and he loves to watch his master putting on a make-up. It intrigues and saddens him at the same time—he knows it means Muni is going to the studio, and he begins figuring ways to get in the car, unnoticed. Muni adores him, and a fine *entente cordial* exists between them.

Barton MacLane also goes in for a breed which has come to be considered typically a man's dog—the Irish Setter. He has seven, Bess, Queen and Belle, Jack and Joe, and the sire and dam of these pups, Sweeny and Babe. Good thing he has a ranch.

Of course, no dog-story would be complete without including Mrs. Pat Campbell's Moonbeam. Moonbeam has traveled with his lady in every country in the world. He has appeared in many plays and every picture with her—if there is no part for him, one has to be written in. When the rushes of the picture are viewed, it is Moonbeam about whom she is concerned. "How was he?" she inquires in agitation of the director. No concern at all about herself.

The Super Cowboy

Continued from page 61

chores before the cameras. But you know that Ken Maynard gallivants all over the continent of North America in his own plane; that Buck Jones rides the waves even harder than he gallops the range, pushing out into deep waters in his yacht at every opportunity; and that George O'Brien is one of the most inveterate travelers you'll find in or out of picture business.

Fresh out of college when the Big War started, George began seeing the world as a gob aboard ship in the Pacific fleet. He got the itch to travel so bad he hasn't recovered yet, though he's been all over the Far and Near East, Europe, Mexico, South America, the Philippines—just about everywhere.

"I like to know what's going on," he says. "When I started in pictures my father gave me some advice that I took seriously, as well as eagerly, like a kid would take ice cream or candy. He told me I couldn't get my name in all the electric lights, so I might as well take it not too hard. 'Work eight months, say, and travel, get out and see things and relax four months of the year,' he told me. And, by gosh, that's what I've been doing ever since. My luck held out when I married. I took a detour around marriage for a long time, all things considered. But when I saw the girl I wanted to marry, it turns out she likes to travel as much as I do, so traveling we go."

In a way it's odd to meet up with a man possessing such conflicting characteristics as a powerful urge to travel and a thoroughly domestic trait of loyalty to home and its human ties. O'Brien and his father, a police captain in San Francisco, were much closer than the average father and son. The father died some years ago, but George's conversation about any of his experiences is richly studded with references to his father. And he doesn't get far

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A scene from the English production of Sabatini's "The Marriage of Corbal." You'll recognize Nils Asther on the right in this scene with Hazel Terry and Hugh Sinclair.

along any line of talk without swinging around to mention of his wife, Marguerite Churchill, who took temporary retirement from the screen to devote herself to establishing their home and presenting George with a beautiful girl baby and who now is back in pictures.

"I met her," he'll tell you, "when she played opposite me in 'Riders of the Purple Sage.' I didn't want her as leading lady, because I'd heard she had won a scholarship or a prize for acting in the Theatre Guild School, and out there we had at that time more prize winners who turned out to be anything but prizes than you could shake a stick at. Anyway, I went with the director to interview this girl at the office. After a bit she said 'Well, when do we start?' I said, 'Not so fast, please. When we "start" we go on location to Arizona, and there's plenty of action in this picture.' 'What,' she said, 'Arizona in mid-August?' So I replied that shouldn't bother an actress from the stage in New York. And she replied, 'But, Mr. O'Brien, I didn't play on the stage in New York in mid-August.' And I must say I admired the way this girl neatly took the play into her own hands and out of mine."

Riding the train George and the Churchill girl who was to do her first western, found they had a lot of interests in common. She liked music; and George, who had studied piano and always, even now, carries a portable phonograph with him on location trips, had a fine collection of records. Among them some rather exotic things he picked up in far-off corners—Oriental music. These latter he played frequently, and one member of the company, sure he was terribly artistic, found in these strange sounds shadings of poetic significance that he proceeded to explain very profoundly. And without knowing he was being ribbed, the poor Dodo unwittingly was serving in the army of Dan Cupid, for George and Marguerite thereby had one of those private little jokes that have a way of bringing people a long way along the road to mutual interest and understanding.

While in New York on this visit—George and Marguerite visit there often—O'Brien was so busy with his business affairs and the convention of the company he has recently joined, that he had no time to visit with his wife's people. "They asked Marguerite," he said, "if that husband of hers was getting high-hat, because otherwise why doesn't he come and see us?"

George O'Brien is a strong, very husky, deep-chested chap, and shows at first glance that he can take care of himself whether the script calls for a fight on the cliff, or an actual experience brings him into a struggle, physical or otherwise. But off-

screen he's no Hollywood cowboy vacationing and giving the natives a treat while he struts out in the trappings he wears on the screen. George checks his ten-gallon hat as well as his histrionics at the studio gate when he leaves the work-shop. In manner he is the hail fellow, and how are you? sort that wins instant popularity with all kinds of people in all kinds of places. Certainly he has a lot of friends in New York, and is popular along the main lanes of the town.

There's another advantage these western stars have when they do arrive at the top. They are practically alone in the acting field as partners in their productions as well as stars of the films. O'Brien's new production arrangements place him in partnership with the producer, with a voice over stories, directors, and so forth, as well as a participant in the profits of the pictures.

He isn't planning to make all western pictures. They are to be what the trade knows as "romantic action dramas." His first is to be a dramatic portrayal of the more colorful episodes in the life of Daniel Boone—and there's a historical character that not only the screen but the biographers and novelists have neglected. In "Daniel Boone" O'Brien will play the name part and launch his new endeavors in screen acting. He plans to make a story with a background in India, a military subject, perhaps, as well as some of the frankly western stories for which he is famous.

George O'Brien won't neglect westerns. He played his first important part in a story about a horse—"The Iron Horse," not a real rarin' steed. Then he scored again quickly in that grand picture "Sunrise." Then the Fox studios put George on a real horse, and neither they nor the public that rallied 'round this pleasant, unaffected chap whose acting has less of the studied and is more genuinely natural than perhaps any of his contemporaries, would let George get off that horse, except for a picture here and there over a period of ten years.

Well, we can't see that there's any reason for us to shake our heads sadly, or for George to complain about that arrangement now. He has eight horses, including the big black, Mike, which works so spiritedly with O'Brien in the films; he's married to one of the prettiest and most gracious young ladies they ever imported to Hollywood for pictures; they're happy they're married and have a young daughter, Orin O'Brien, to contribute to and share their happiness; they like to travel and they like their work in pictures, and they can do the former because they have nice, very nice arrangements providing them with the latter—at nice, very nice wages.

The Love Story of "Ramona"

Continued from page 29

this girl who had been always like a sister to him until yesterday when she came home and he saw her for the first time a woman grown.

"You're sweet, Felipe." The words came as easily as they had when they were children together. "All the time I was at the convent I was wishing I was home with you. If you were my brother I couldn't love you any better than I do."

All the glow was gone from Felipe's eyes as he listened. *This* wasn't what he wanted to hear; but maybe in time she would come to feel the thing he was feeling, the thing that his mother had seen and warned him against. He knew that Señora Moreno had long planned Ramona's marriage to Valdez but there had been more than that in her voice when she spoke to him. Maybe it was the secret thing that had hung over the girl

Ramona

Fictionized from the
20th Century-Fox Picture

THE CAST

Loretta Young *Ramona*
Don Ameche *Alessandro*
Kent Taylor *Felipe Moreno*
Pauline Frederick *Señora Moreno*
Jane Darwell *Aunt Ri*
Katherine DeMille *Margarita*
Pedro de Cordoba.. *Father Salvierderra*

From the novel by Helen Hunt Jackson

Directed by Henry King

Screen play by Lamar Trotti

Executive Producer: Sol M. Wurtzel

even when she was a child and he had seen his mother's eyes follow them as they played together. The whispered words he had heard once that hinted Ramona was not his aunt's child as everyone supposed.

For a little time there was silence between them as they danced, and Ramona's eyes softened and stared into space. And once again she was seeing the tall young Indian who had stood under the apple tree that morning and remembered how his hands had trembled as he lifted her to the ground.

The Indians were out on the grazing ground early in the morning, even before the stars had faded from the sky and the sun had come up. For after the great ones had their noon-day siesta the races would start, and they could not take part unless their work was finished.

It was just before the riders took their positions at the starting post that Ramona drove up with Felipe, and as she reined in her mount it reared and swung around so that if Alessandro had not caught her reins she would have been thrown.

"Oh, thank you!" Her eyes softened as she looked down on him again. "Are you always around when ladies are in distress? I'm afraid I neglected to thank you for rescuing me from the apple tree yesterday."

It was almost as if Alessandro had neither voice nor thought when he was with her, so difficult was it to think what he could say to her. But somehow his voice came.

"Señorita, I want to apologize for taking you in my arms, like I did."

"Why?" The girl was laughing now softly, and it was a caressing sound like a



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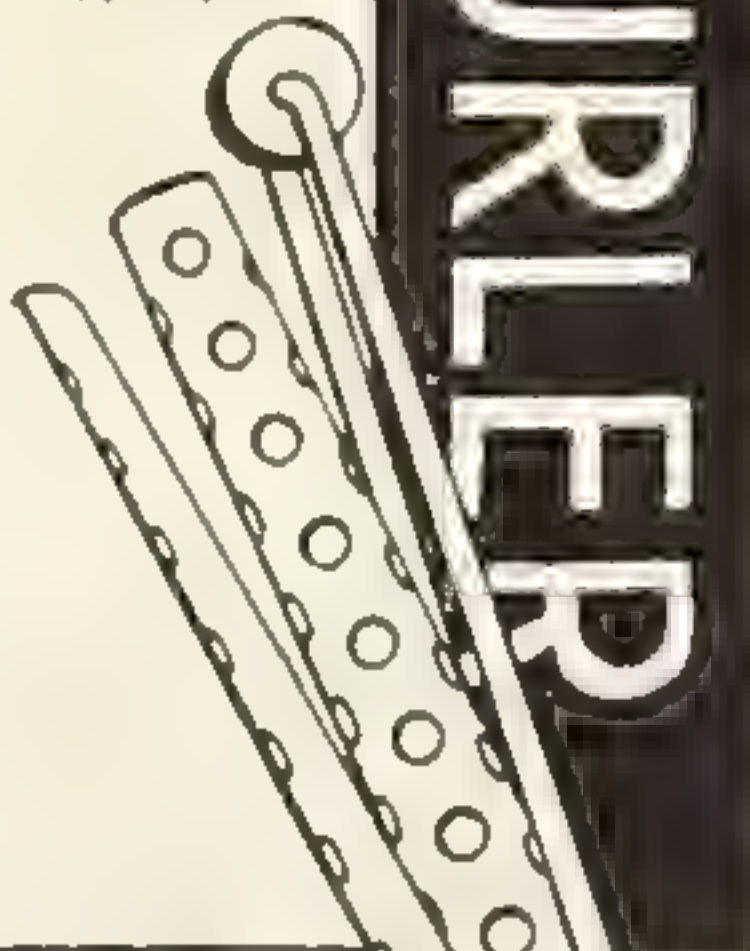


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young breeze sweeping through the pepper trees at night. "How else could you have lifted me down? Will you please give me a hand, again?"

There was the small weight of her as he lifted her to the ground, her hair grazing his cheek like a kiss, and again his hands trembled and something almost like a prayer stirred in his heart. He must not love her. When he went to the mission again he must ask the padre's help and maybe then he could stop this madness that was holding him.

It was the girl who gave the signal that started the race between Felipe and Alessandro. The best of the Spanish riders and the best of the Indians. It was the most important event in the day's sport.

They were off then, the Spaniard and the Indian, neck and neck, so evenly matched that there was not a straw's advantage to either. Once around the field and then a second time, and now Alessandro was in the lead, his long, brown body almost lying on his horse's back as he urged him forward.

A third time—and as they passed the grove of eucalyptus trees at the far end of the field, Felipe's horse stumbled and threw him. There was a shout, and the crowd surged towards him. But it was Ramona who reached him first and cradled him in her arms, and whose eyes looked imploringly up at Alessandro as he dismounted and came back to them.

Strange, this thing she felt about this man, that he could do anything she wanted him to. Even miracles!

It was Alessandro who rode the many miles to San Diego for the doctor and who stayed because she begged him, until Felipe recovered. And it was Alessandro who made the bed of raw-hide for the sick man so that he might lie under the sun and so get well.

Ramona laughed as she helped Alessandro lift him on the crude bed and carry him down to the patio below. The sun could heal anything, so Alessandro had told her, and Felipe would get well because Alessandro had told her that too.

"Ramona!" Señora Moreno's voice came

clipped and angry from the balcony above them. "You and Alessandro get out of here! Leave Felipe alone—he must have quiet and rest! If anything happens to my son as a result of this I shall hold you responsible. I can overlook your disrespect to me, but I won't forget your lack of consideration for my boy's health."

Alessandro's eyes narrowed as Ramona gave that one small cry and stumbled away.

"Why does the Señora speak so crossly to the Señorita?" he asked Juan after the old man had been sent for to help carry Felipe into the hacienda.

"I'll tell you why." The man nodded knowingly. "Ramona is no Moreno, any more than I am. She's—I'll tell you—" and he whispered something in the younger man's ears. Something that filled him with a strange elation until he remembered the love for Ramona that he had seen in Felipe's eyes.

What did it matter now that Ramona's mother was an Indian, too; that she was of his blood, his people. If his friend loved her he still must stand aside.

It was in the morning that he told Ramona he would be leaving.

"Does that mean we won't see you again for a whole year?" she asked, and then her mouth twisted and tears came to her eyes so that she could only look at him.

"Why, Señorita, you are crying," he whispered, and a great awe swept through him. It did not matter now that Felipe loved her, too; for the thing he read in her eyes was for him, Alessandro, and for him alone. "I love you," he whispered. "I love you!"

He took her in his arms and his lips found hers, shy at first, then warm and eager. And a world stopped and began again as he held her, as his lips drank full of her sweetness.

It was the girl who saw the Señora first and drew herself from the man's arms.

"I should have known better than to trust an Indian!" The woman's words came with slow scorn that sent the blood flooding to Alessandro's forehead. "Get your pay and leave the ranch at once. And you, Ramona. Go to the house!"



Watch the beauties go by! Among the sun-kissed California lovelies you see here are Mary Lang, June Wilkins, Julie Laird, Virginia Gray, Dorothy Swan, Diane Cook and Mary Howard.

From his room upstairs Felipe heard his mother's angry voice and pulled himself down the stairway forcing his injured leg to support him.

"I caught this girl in the arms of a beggarly Indian," the Señora said as she saw him, and there was a strident triumph in her voice, for much as she adored this only son of hers, she could not forgive him for having loved the girl too. "My servants would set the dogs on him if I bid them."

"I love Alessandro," Ramona said simply, but her head went up in a proud gesture. "I want to marry him."

"You love Alessandro!" All life was drained from Felipe's voice as he saw her eyes. Once he had hoped they would look like that because of him. Once, it must have been a life-time ago, when he had still known happiness and joy.

"I'm going to send her to the convent where she'll be forced to conduct herself respectably," the Señora cut in sharply. She faced the girl, and the hatred that had come for her with Felipe's dawning love etched the cold words with cruelty. "All the time since you've been here I've lived in fear that some day the blood of your mother would come out."

"How can you speak that way of my mother!" Ramona was angry now too. "She was your sister!"

"She was not!" The Señora laughed. Strange what a joy it had become to hurt the girl. "She was an Indian squaw. A *squaw*! Your father was a man of good family and he was once engaged to my sister, but a lover's quarrel sent him away. Years later he brought you back, a tiny baby, and my sister took you because she loved him, and when she lay dying she made me promise to take you into my house and rear you as my own daughter."

Once her words would have filled the girl with dismay; now they brought only that singing happiness that echoed in her voice as she spoke.

"Then I belong to Alessandro's people," she whispered. "I belong to him."

Even when the Señora had locked her in her room and she knew that on the the morrow she would be sent back to the convent, her happiness could not quite go. It made her seem so close to Alessandro, closer even than his words had made her. Closer than his kiss even.

The moon was not quite up when she heard the key being turned in her door and she looked up to see Felipe standing there.

"Ramona," he came towards her haltingly, and for the first time she saw how worn he looked, and that his eyes were older with all the light gone from them. "Are you sure, really sure, that you want to marry Alessandro?"

"Yes, Felipe." Her voice was so calm for all that mad turmoil in her heart. "I'm sure."

"Very well." His words came with such an effort. "I've seen him. He is waiting for you by the brook. Goodbye, and God bless you!"

She waited only long enough to kiss him. And it was the way she had kissed him when they were children. But as he stood at the window looking after her as she ran across the courtyard he lifted his hand to his cheek and held it there, as if he would hold her kiss there too, in all the long years that would come without her.

Alessandro was waiting, but it had seemed so long before she came that hope was almost gone. Then the sound of her feet running and she was in his arms again, and again there was that beating of their hearts as she held her.

It was almost two days before they reached the far mission where they were married. Days when their horses took their way through meadow grass and the poppies tangled in it like golden coins. Nights

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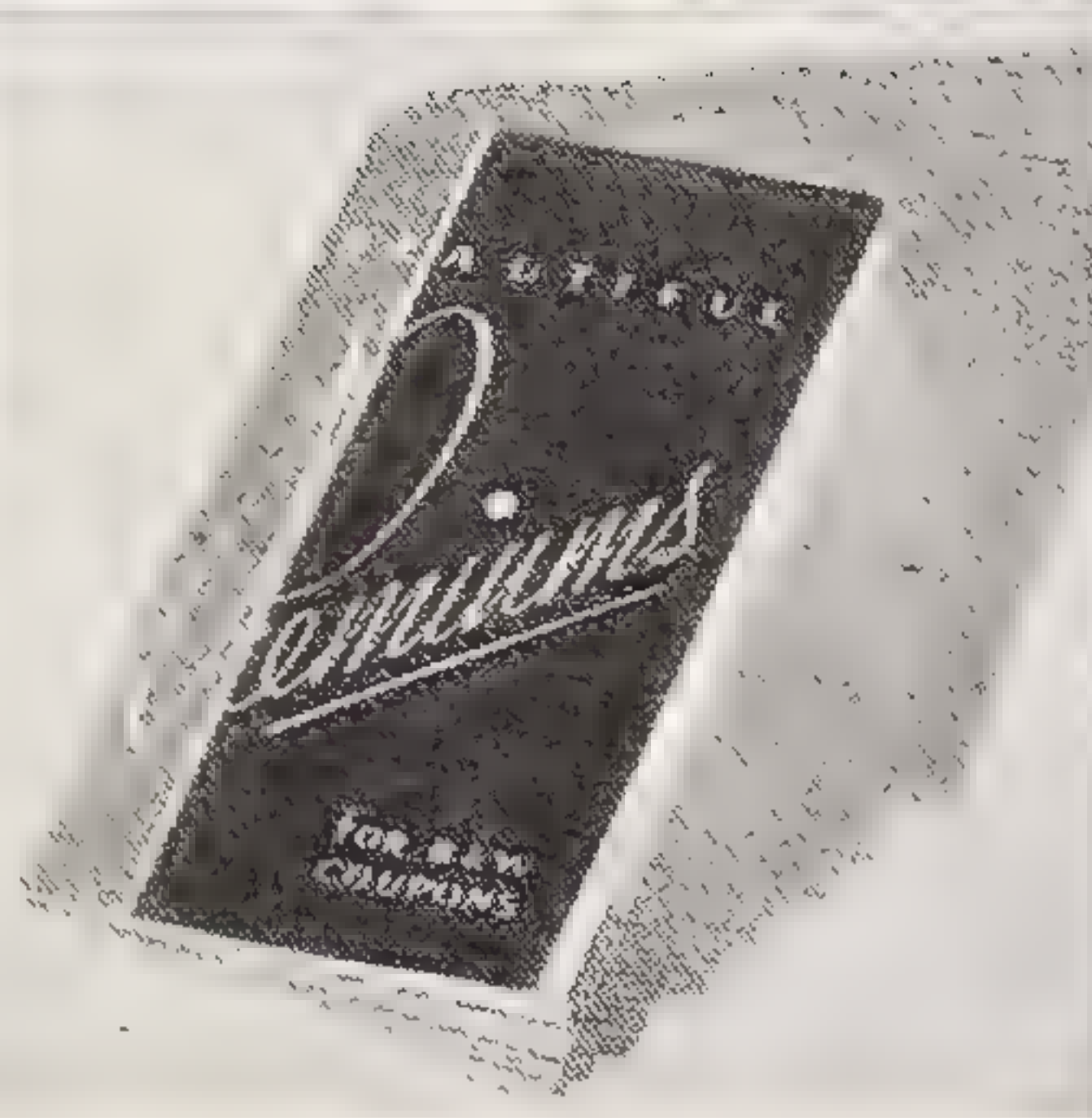
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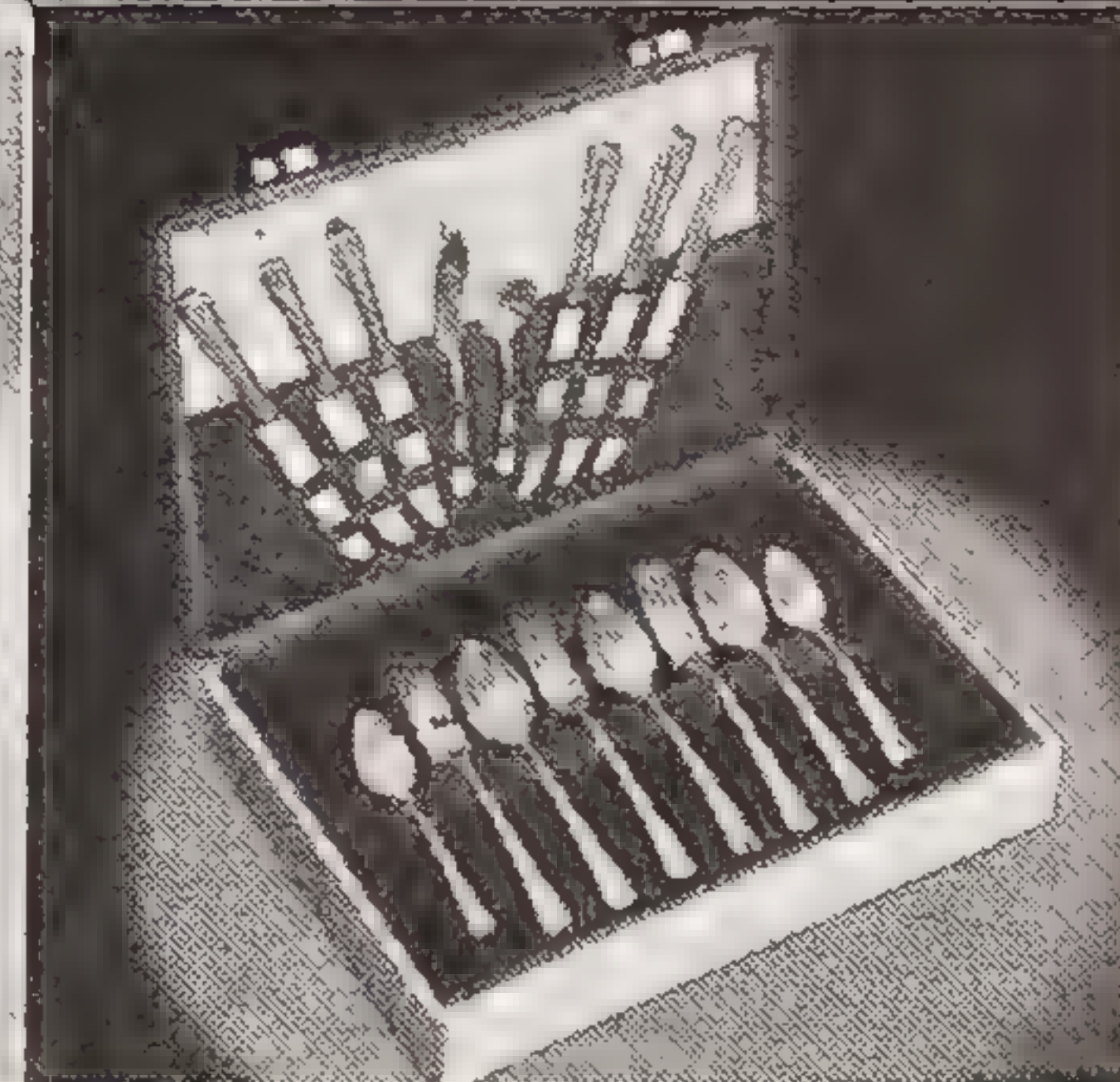
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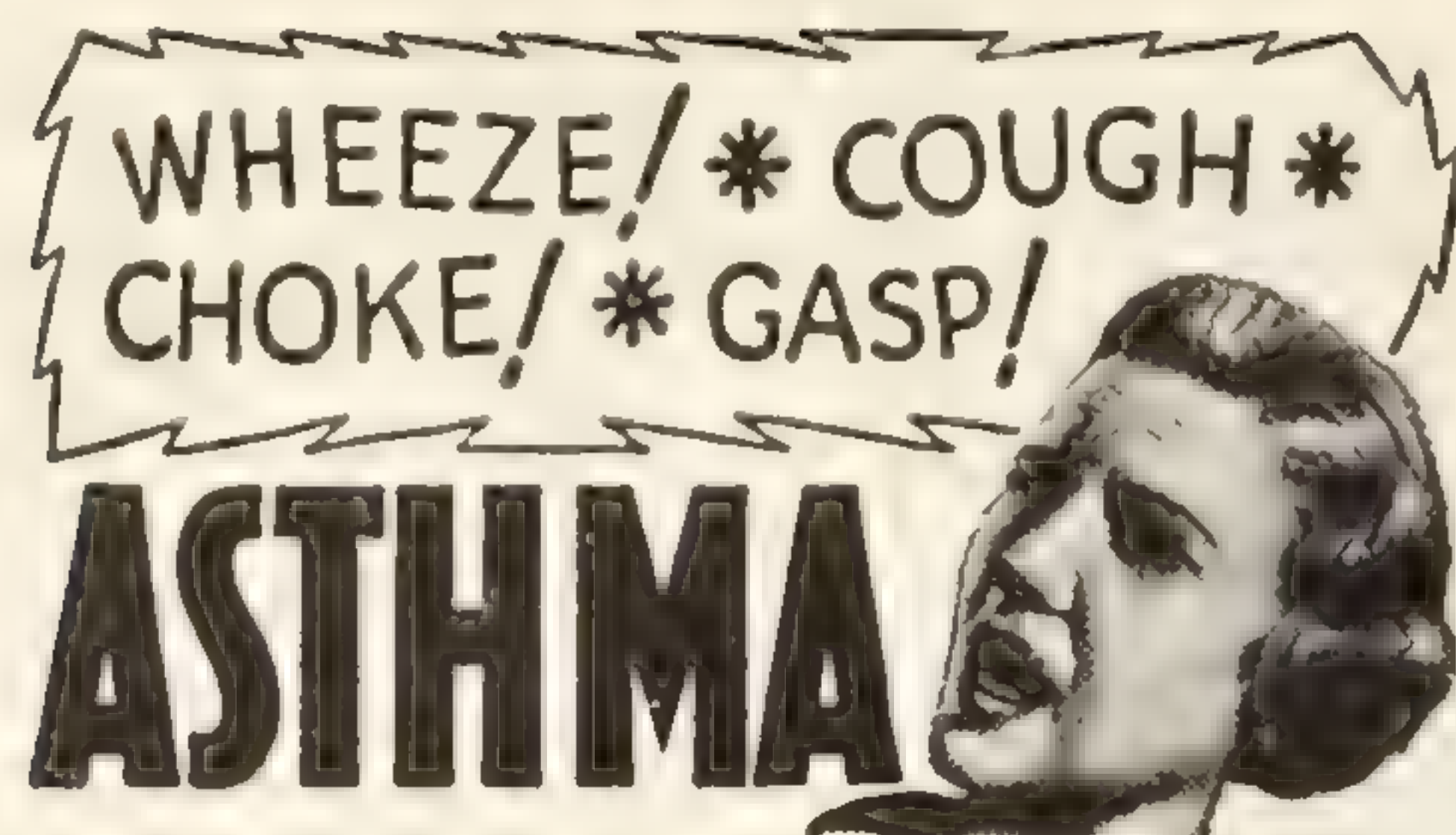


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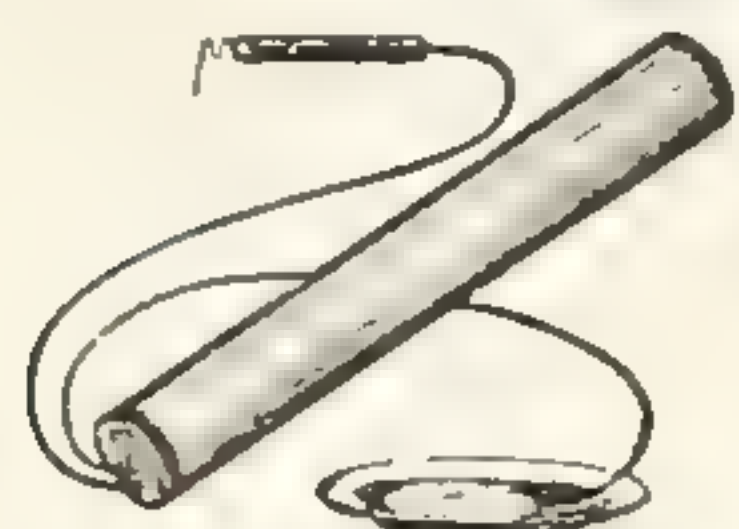
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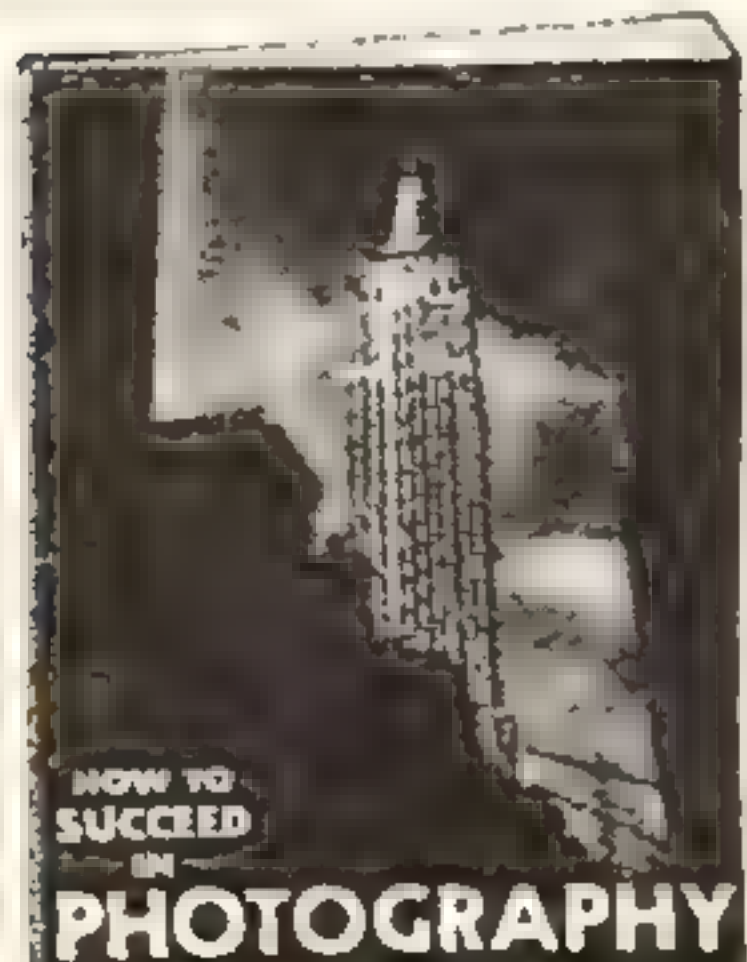
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when they lay apart under the stars with only his hand touching her hair and his smile waiting for her when morning came again.

At first when he brought her home his people were shy with her because they had known her as a great lady. But no one could be shy with anyone so joyous, and when they saw her working in the fields and laughing with Alessandro they forget their awe. So that at last when the new, small Ramona was born they accepted her entirely as one of them.

Everything was prospering so with Alessandro that year. It was even as if love could make the wheat grow taller in his fields and the clover sweeter in his grazing meadows, and the fruit hung thicker in his orchards than he had ever remembered it before.

Even his sheep, when he herded them together to drive them into San Diego, were finer than any of his neighbors. And his heart was full of a quiet happiness when he kissed the two Ramonas in farewell and departed.

Other years he had enjoyed the trip to the city, the excitement of the market place and the bustle around him. But now he could not wait to get home.

He had been away a week and it had seemed an eternity. Only one more hill to climb and he would be in view of his fertile valley again; would see the first of the small houses of his people and his own in the distance. He might even see Ramona and the girl child she had borne him waiting in his fields.

Only one more hill—and it was as if his love gave wings to his horse's hoofs so that he galloped up the length of it as though the weary road from the city did not lie behind them. And then as he reached the summit terror struck to his heart, for he saw strange white men moving menacingly below, and some of them held guns in their hands; and he saw too that the house nearest him was in flames, and it was the Indian who had built it who was holding the torch in his hand.

Alessandro spurred on his horse and tore the torch from his neighbor's hand.

"Have you gone mad?" he demanded. "What are you doing?"

"Burning my house so the Americans can't take that too," the man said grimly. "The courts at San Francisco ruled Indian landgrants no good. The Americans are claiming our lands and driving us from our homes."

Ramona was sitting on the low steps and the child wept in her arms, and for the first time she could not summon a smile to her lips at the sight of him. Only a sob came as he put his arm around her.

It was sunset when they left with the others, and children clung to their mother's skirts and wept. Ramona sat quietly on the wagon seat beside Alessandro and the baby, exhausted, slept in her arm. Slowly they climbed the hill, and then as they reached the top Alessandro reined in the horses and looked down on the valley that had been their home.

"I can see where I laid my last furrow. Over there."

He remembered how Ramona had walked beside him as he plowed and that they had sung together as they walked.

"Don't look back, darling," Ramona was remembering too. Remembering how he had pulled her down in his arms into the meadow grass when she had brought his mid-day meal out to him. "Don't look back."

"See how green our garden is." He shaded his eyes, but it was not because of the sun for that was back of him. "The beans are almost ready for picking. And the peppers—"

"We'll have another garden, dear,"

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Ramona said. Strange this feeling she had of suddenly growing up. She had never had it before, not even when she had stood before the padre with Alessandro, not even when her baby was born. Strange this feeling of being strong. Stronger than Alessandro, even, so that now it seemed as if he had become her child too.

There came another valley and another house built by Alessandro's strong arms, by Ramona's courage urging him on. There began another garden, and they found they could laugh again when green shoots sprouted through the soil.

Another field of wheat began growing and soon Ramona's new beans would be ready for picking. Then, when it was almost the way it had been and Alessandro sang again as he walked behind his plow, more Americans came.

"Hey, you Indians can't camp here!" the leader bellowed. "We've filed in this valley. It's ours! Get your things and get out!"

It was useless to resist the guns the white hands touched in their holsters. And so once again they drove away and this time Alessandro did not look back and Ramona could find no words to comfort him.

"Where shall we go now?" she said, and he saw that her eyes were frightened.

"To the mountains." There was bitterness in his voice. "White men don't want them."

There was rain that night and the baby shivered in her mother's arms, so that when they saw the house lighted on the road in front of them they forgot the cruelty white men had shown them and knocked at the door.

But these people were different. This weatherbeaten old woman with the pipe in her mouth, this white-haired man who smiled at them as he flung the door open.

They had forgotten kindness, but now they remembered it again as the kindly mountain people set the fire to blazing and brought hot milk to them in heavy cups.

But Ramona wondered if it were too late even for kindness, for the baby fretted in her arms and when morning came the small body was hot with fever.

It was a day's journey to the nearest doctor and Alessandro's horse was tired with that other long journey, but he spurred him on and then when he came at last to the village it was only to find that a plague was there before him and the doctor would not leave.

"Is it because I'm an Indian?" Alessandro demanded bitterly.

"Great Lord! I'm a doctor!" There was only pity in the man's voice. "It's your baby against a hundred lives! What can I do? Here, I'll fix you some medicine. That's really all I could do if I were there."

For a second time a white man had offered him kindness and Alessandro took it gratefully and wiped out the score he had held against the race he had come to dread. It was the same with them as it was with the Indians, he decided, as he rode quickly away. Some were good and some were bad. Indians were like that, too.

So when his horse went lame after the long journey he was not afraid to knock at the door of the ranch house he came to. And when no one answered he went to the corral and took a horse, leaving his own there in its place. White men were kind too. In the morning when he returned the horse he would tell the owner of his baby's illness and of his need. He would understand, like the kindly mountain folk who had given him shelter, like the doctor whose medicine would bring their baby back to Ramona again.

He jumped on the horse's back and spurred it on and so intent was he on making haste that he did not see the buggy that drove up behind him or hear the cry, "Stop, horse thief!" that the driver flung after him.

Ramona was alone in the house when he came back and the baby was quieter now; she could even smile when he came in.

First there were the drops they fed the baby and then the paste that was to make a poultice, and Ramona's hope flared again as she stirred the iron pot over the fire.

"I'll need more water," she said, and she smiled again as Alessandro took the bucket and started for the spring.

It was then she heard the shot. She stopped bewildered, and thought she had imagined the sound until the second one came in quick succession.

Somehow she knew then, even before she ran out and saw a strange white man putting his gun back in its holster again; even before she saw Alessandro lying in front of the spring, before she saw the water had suddenly become crimson.

"That's the only medicine for a horse thief!" the man was saying grimly. But Ramona did not hear him, did not hear even her own voice calling, "Alessandro," over and over again, or the echo of her terror as the hills flung it back to her as she ran.

And when at last she reached him she did not even feel terror as she knelt beside him, or horror, or sorrow. It was as if her own life was gone with his. As if happiness in going had not been able to leave even sorrow in its place.

It was months after that before she felt anything again. Even when the mountain people drove her home to the Moreno Rancho and Felipe came to meet her, a smile struggling to his lips at the sight of her so white and still, she had felt nothing. When they told her the Señora had died in the years she had been away she had only looked at them vacantly with tired eyes and turned her head away.

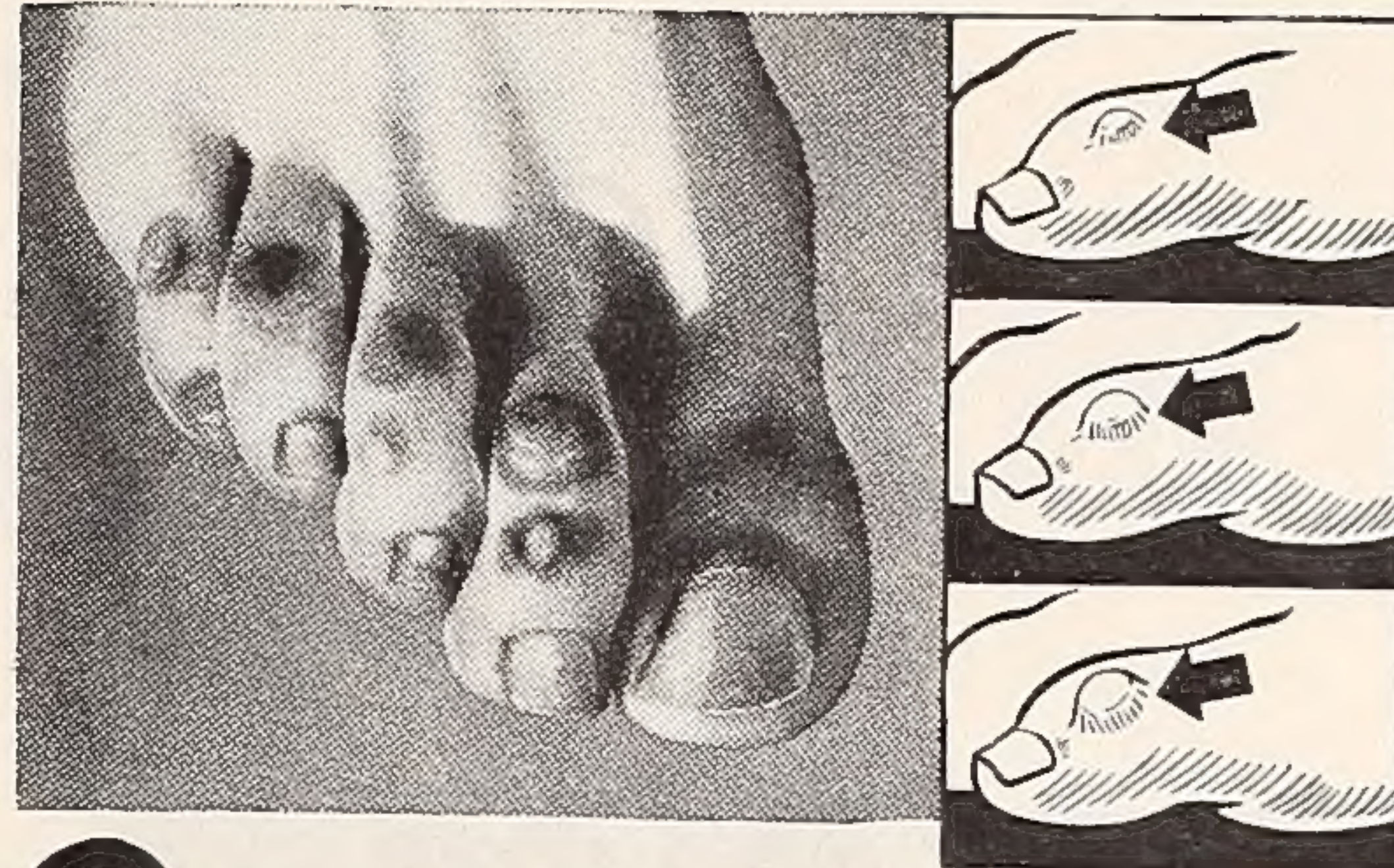
But on this first day of Spring Felipe had brought a raw-hide bed into the patio and carried her down to it, and her tears came then; and slowly, painfully, life came back to her. She saw that the poppies were gold in the grass again as they had been that time she had ridden to the mission with Alessandro, and she pressed her face against the leather strips of the bed.

Alessandro's hands had tied those strips together. It was almost as if in pressing her face against them, she was pressing it against his hands again and feeling them warm and alive.

Then Felipe was standing there and in his arms was Alessandro's child, and Ramona smiled when the baby threw chubby arms around him and gurgled contentedly.

And somehow it was good to feel the sun warm on her face. Good to feel life flowing through her veins again, and she remembered what Alessandro had said on that other day when life still lay before them: "The sun is good. It will heal everything."

They had not thought of sorrow then. But Alessandro had said it would cure everything. Maybe that meant sorrow, too. For Alessandro had always been so wise. Maybe he had known even this.



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Here's Hollywood!

Continued from page 65



It's a gag! Basil Rathbone smiles as Marlene Dietrich combs his hair, but wait until he finds out that Director Boleslawski has cropped it meantime.

WE KNOW that Hollywood stars are awfully busy, but Jeanette MacDonald walks away with all honors. Recently, an acquaintance stopped Jeanette and asked if he could call her at her home, where she would be free to talk to him. Jeanette was willing—but suggested that the man call her secretary to make an appointment—to call her on the phone! Incidentally Jeanette is many pounds lighter these days. Whether it's work, diet, or Gene Raymond, we wouldn't be knowing. And Jeanette, she no tell!

THE prop man on Lionel Barrymore's latest picture was startled out of his sleep when his phone rang at two o'clock in the morning. Thinking it a wrong number, he turned over and tried to go back to sleep. But the phone persisted until it had almost wrung itself off the wall. Finally the sleepy-eyed prop man dragged out of bed and muttered a weak "hello." Imagine his surprise when he heard the voice of Lionel Barrymore on the other end of the wire. Lionel had suddenly remembered he left his bridge work on the set. He wanted to be sure that the man found it first thing in the morning!

THE day after he returned from a vacation in Bermuda was Gary Cooper's birthday. He also started work on his new picture. In his dressing-room, Gary found a bicycle with his name painted on the side bar. It was given to him by his stand-in, "Cracker" Henderson. Gary was touched. He got into his white tie and tails and then quite casually pedaled his way over to the sound stage. Gary was completely unconscious of the amusing sight he presented in his full evening attire and long legs whirling around like mad.

THERE is a new portrait on Jack Oakie's dressing-room door, to replace the modest little life-size number that has been there for some time. This one is done with greasepaint and was executed right on the wood by Jack's make-up man.

THE début of the Music Box Theatre on Hollywood Boulevard, as a broadcasting station, was quite an auspicious occasion. Hundreds of people came to witness Marlene Dietrich and Clark Gable give a stirring performance. However, there was just as much drama before the broadcast and after the broadcast, as there was while the players were reading their lines. Marlene had to have her microphone adjusted so she could face her audience. It seems she is quite self-conscious about her profile. On the other hand, Clark prefers giving his audience a profile view, instead of meeting them full-face. After these little matters were adjusted, the play got off to a flying start. At the end of the broadcast, Dietrich lost no time in getting in touch with her representatives. It seems that Clark's name had been mentioned first in the announcements and—well, you know how sensitive some people are!

LYNN RIGGS, who authored "Green Grow the Lilacs," (the play that brought Franchot Tone to pictures), is happy. For years the RKO studios have held the screen rights to the play. Now they have allowed them to be bought by M-G-M and it looks as if Franchot Tone will recreate his original rôle for the talkies.

MARGO, the lovely little Spanish dancer who became a dramatic star, is now in Hollywood to do "Lost Horizon." John Howard, the boy who changed his name from John Cox and immediately became successful, is also in the same picture. Both of them have worked for Hecht and MacArthur and claim that as a mutual attraction for their friendship. But they do dance together so-o-o-o divinely, down at the La Golindrina Café in old Los Angeles!



Ginger Rogers rides a bike around the RKO lot, from set to dressing-room to commissary, etc. It's a relief and a rest from all the dancing she does.



Mary Garden, one of opera's greatest stars, now is an adviser on music at the M-G-M studios, and this is her latest portrait, made at the studio.

GIRLS will be boys in Hollywood. That tiny morsel of humanity you saw in "Three Godfathers" is also playing *Prince James*, in Hepburn's "Mary of Scotland." Actually, the baby is a girl. And she isn't one baby—she's two! Because the law only allows the studio to work the baby for a minute at a stretch, they alternate with her twin sister.

OUT Sunset Boulevard way there is a tiny hole-in-the-wall shop called "Gates Nut Kettle." It is here the most glamorous of all the glamor gals can say "Nuts" and be perfectly in order. Besides selling nuts to all the famous ones the "Kettle" specializes in a nutberger sandwich. It is round steak ground up with peanuts. The result is soo-o-o wonderful, but kind of hard on the waistline. Charlie Chaplin and Paulette Goddard are steady customers. They usually stop in late at night when there are few people around. Once when an unexpected rush came up, Charlie donned white cap and apron and went behind the counter. George Raft, Clark Gable, and Freddy March are "nutty" customers. Fred Astaire often drops in and buys ten-cent bags, to munch on his way to work. Even Garbo showed up one night and asked for some salted "nuts."

WHEN Burgess Meredith, who scored such a success in "Winterset," arrives in Hollywood to create his original rôle, he will be accompanied by his wife, Margaret Perry. It wasn't so many years ago that Margaret fled from Hollywood, a frightened and disillusioned girl. After the preview of her first M-G-M picture, a daily trade paper gave her an unkind and unfair criticism—considering it was the first time she had ever faced a camera. When the studio called Margaret for retakes they discovered she had taken the first train out of town. She has grown up since that experience, and rumor has it that the Columbia studios have several interesting parts lined up for her.

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● (Above) In Olivia's private life Lux plays a major role—protecting her lovely things.

● (Right) The gorgeous "Angela" becomes an opera star, while the real Olivia rockets to fame in costume parts.



● (Above) Olivia's lovely peasant Luxables in "Anthony Adverse" looked fresh as new after scores of "takes."

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